THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF PHILIP MASSINGER, COMPLEAT.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

Reviſed, Corrected, and all the various Editions Collated,

By THOMAS COXETER, Eſq;

WITH

NOTES Critical and Explanatory,

Of various AUTHORS.

To which are prefixed,

CRITICAL REFLECTIONS

ON THE

Old Engliſh DRAMATIC WRITERS,

ADDRESSED TO

DAVID GARRICK, Eſq;

LONDON:
Printed for T. DAVIES, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden.*
MDCCLXI.

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THE
WORKS
OF
PHILIP MASSINGER.

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The VIRGIN MARTYR.
The DUKE of MILAN.
The BONDMAN.
The ROMAN ACTOR.

TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

SIR,

IT is with the greatest Pleasure I prefix your Name to the Works of MASSINGER; and I am conscious that, were the old Bard alive, he would think himself honoured in the highest Degree, to have met with your Patronage and Approbation.

'Tis to You, our inimitable SHAKESPEAR is more indebted, than to all his Commentators: They indeed may claim the Merit of restoring Passages to their original Meaning, and of explaining such as were obscure; but in You he lives and breathes; and so united is your Fame, that SHAKESPEAR must cease to be, when GARRICK is no more remembered.

Who is so ignorant as not to be acquainted with your superior Taste and Judgment in the Management of the Stage, and in Reviving of the best Dramatic Pieces? And as you have thought

thought MASSINGER deſerving of your particular Approbation, were you to pay the ſame Regard to him as you have done to your favourite SHAKESPEAR, he ſurely would not be undeſerving of the Public Attention.

But I ſhall not expatiate on your Theatrical Capacity; it would only betray my own Ignorance; for your Excellencies are ſo great and various, that, conſcious of my own Weakneſs, inſtead of giving what your Merit might juſtly challenge, I muſt only prove a poor Detractor. It would be, as your great Maſter elegantly expreſſes it.

To gild refined Gold, to paint the Lilly,
To throw a Perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the Ice, or add another Hue
Unto the Rainbow, or with Taper Light
To ſeek the beauteous Eye of Heav'n to garniſh.

To attempt this, or to praiſe you, would be *waſteful and ridiculous Exceſs.*

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Very Humble Servant,

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THE PREFACE.

SEVERAL Attempts have been made to re-publiſh a Compleat Edition of the Works of PHILIP MASSINGER; which, by the death of the Editors, or other caſual Accidents, have hitherto all proved abortive.

It is but paying thoſe ingenious Gentelmen, who have made it their Buſineſs to revive ſeveral of our ancient Poets, an ill Compliment to ſay, that nothing but a blind partiality, a wilful inattention, or the more alluring Proſpect of Gain, they might derive from Poets whoſe Names the World were more familiarly acquainted with. I ſay, nothing but this could have induced them to paſs over the Works of MASSINGER, and with ſuch ſilent Neglect, as not even to have mentioned his Name.

I have obſerved, in a Note upon the *Fatal Dowry*, (Vol. II. page 232. of this Edition,) that Mr. *Rowe* had a Deſign of Reviving MASSINGER, and that ſeveral ſimilar Paſſages of his Works are Proofs what a great Admirer he was

of our Author, as well as SHAKESPEAR. I only wiſh he had lived to have perfected his intentions, as none were more capable of ſuch an undertaking.

The late ingenious Mr. COXETER had corrected and collated all the various Editions; and, if I may judge from his Copies, he had ſpared no diligence and care to make them as correct as poſſible. Several ingenious Obſervations and Notes he had likewiſe prepared for his intended Edition, which are all inſerted in the preſent. Had he lived to have compleated his Deſign, I dare ſay he would have added many more, and that his Work would have met with a very favourable reception from every Perſon of true Taſte and Genius.

Thus much I thought proper to premiſe, concerning thoſe who did intend to revive MASSINGER. What remains is to ſay ſomething of the preſent Edition.

To diſturb the Aſhes of the Dead, by a bigoted Partiality, or to detract from the Merit of others, in order to raiſe the Character and Reputation of a favourite Author, would be Folly and Weakneſs to the laſt Degree; yet, on the other hand, when real Merit ſuffers, and is hid in the Shades of Obſcurity, it would be Injuſtice to be ſilent, and not to attempt to draw the Veil.

The

The frequent Intercourſe and diligent Attention that Editors pay to the Authors they revive, commonly make them too partial in their Favour; but ſurely I ſhall not be accuſed of that, when I ſay, MASSINGER is certainly a Poet of no ſmall Eminence; equal, if not ſuperior, to any of our ancient Dramatic Authors, SHAKESPEAR only excepted.

To make my Aſſertion good, I might here follow the Example of ſeveral Commentators, and produce Paſſages from his Works, in Oppoſition to thoſe of his Cotemporaries; but, to mark every Beauty of an admired Author, or to point out every Similitude, would be an endleſs Taſk; tireſome to an Editor, and diſguſtful to the Reader. Readers love to judge for themſelves, and (I think) 'tis fit they ſhould

Mr. POPE obſerves that, "the prevailing Paſſion of ſome is to diſcover *new Meanings* in the Author, whom they will cauſe to appear myſterious, purely for the Vanity of being thought to unravel him." This, I am afraid, may too juſtly be applied to moſt of our modern Commentators, who are fond, on every trifling Incident, to diſplay their vaſt Learning and profound Erudition.

To avoid an Imputation of this Kind, the Editor of MASSINGER has been ſtrictly true to the Text of the old Copies; he has not indulged himſelf in the licentious Spirit of Criticiſm;

nor has he taken thoſe wanton Liberties (too common in Works of this Kind) to alter any Paſſage, but where the Senſe abſolutely required it.

'Tis true, the Buſineſs of an Editor is to amend ſuch Paſſages that he finds corrupt, to explain whatever is obſcure and difficult, and to mark the Beauties and Defects of Compoſition; how far I have acquitted myſelf in this Point is left to the Determination of the impartial Reader. All that I have to ſay concerning myſelf is, that if the Public join with me in Opinion that MASSINGER is worthy of their Notice, that he is a Poet of Genius and real Merit, I ſhall then have gained my End, and think that, in ſome Degree, I merit their Applauſe for the Revival of an Author who has been too long and unjuſtly neglected.

I ſhall ſay nothing more concerning MASSINGER, nor attempt any laboured Encomiums upon him: His Works muſt ſpeak for themſelves; and I dare ſay they will prove a better Advocate for him than the moſt laviſh Praiſes, the Fondneſs of his Editor can beſtow.

SOME

SOME

ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

OF

Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER.

THERE are very few Circumſtances to be gathered concerning the Life of MASSINGER; and, indeed, the Lives of moſt of our eminent Poets are ſo deſtitute of Events, their Tranſactions ſo little known, that were it not for their Works, thoſe living Monuments of Fame, many of them would be buried in Oblivion, and their Names no more remembered.

When Narration is wanting, their Works are indeed the beſt Comments on their Lives; and from MASSINGER's we learn, that he was a Man of a mild and gentle Diſpoſition, humane, and grateful. He was extremely beloved by the Poets of that Age, and there were few who did not eſteem it an Honour to write in Conjunction with him, as MIDDLETON, ROWLEY, FIELD, and DECKER did; and LANGBAINE tells us that he was likewiſe a Partner with FLETCHER in ſeveral Plays, but that he could not aſcertain which they were.

What farther confirms this Aſſertion, is the following Copy of Verſes, wrote by Sir Aſton Cokain

to Mr. Humphrey Moſely and Mr. Humphrey Robinſon, the Printers of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, in Folio.

In the large Book of Plays you late did print
(In Beaumont's and in Fletcher's Name) why in't
Did you not Juſtice? give to each his Due?
For Beaumont (of thoſe many) writ in few;
And Maſſinger in other few; the main
Being ſole Iſſues of ſweet Fletcher's Brain.
But how came I (you aſk) ſo much to know?
Fletcher's chief boſom Friend * inform'd me ſo.
I' th' next Impreſſion, therefore, Juſtice do,
And print the old ones in one Volume too:
For Beaumont's Works, and Fletcher's ſhould come
With all the Right belonging to their Worth. [forth

The few Particulars I have been able to collect, relating to his Life, are the following:

Philip Maſſinger was the Son of Mr. Philip Maſſinger, a Gentleman belonging to the Earl of Montgomery, in whoſe Service he both lived and died †.

Our Poet was born at Saliſbury, about the Year 1585, and was entered a Commoner in St. Alban's Hall in Oxford, 1601, where, though he was encouraged in his Studies, (ſays Mr Wood) by the Earl of Pembroke, yet he applied his Mind more to Poetry and Romances, than to Logic and Philoſophy.

He remained a Student for three or four Years, then quitted the Univerſity without a Degree, and being impatient to move in a public Sphere, he came to London, in order to improve his Poetic

* Mr. Cha. Cotton. See Cokain's Poems, page 92.
† See the Dedication to the BONDMAN.

Fancy,

Fancy, and polite Studies, by Converſation, and reading the World. Here he applied himſelf to the Stage, and wrote ſeveral Tragedies and Comedies, with great Applauſe, and were (as Langbaine ſays) highly eſteemed by the Wits of thoſe Times, for their Purity of Stile, and the Oeconomy of their Plots.

He is ſaid to have been a Man of great Modeſty; but if one may judge from the general Strain of his Dedications, he was always in a State of Dependence and Neceſſity.

He died ſuddenly at his Houſe on the Bank-ſide, Southwark, near to the then Playhouſe; for he went to Bed well, and was dead before Morning, the 17th of March 1669. His Body was interred in the Church of St. Mary Overy's, and was attended to the Grave by all the Comedians then in Town. Sir Aſton Cokaine has an Epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. Philip Maſſinger, who, as he ſays, both lie buried in one Grave; this Epitaph I ſhall here tranſcribe, and then conclude with an Account of his Plays.

In the ſame Grave Fletcher was buried, here
Lies the Stage Poet Philip Maſſinger.
Plays they did write together, were great Friends,
And now one Grave includes them at their Ends:
So whom on Earth nothing did part, beneath
Here (in their Fames) they lie, in ſpight of Death.
Sir Aſton Cokain's Poems, page 186.

The following Liſt is given in the Order as the Plays are printed in this Edition.

VOL I.

The VIRGIN MARTYR, a Tragedy, acted by his Majeſty's Servants with great Applauſe. By the

Servants of his Majeſty's Revels. London, printed in 4to, 1622.

The DUKE OF MILAN, a Tragedy, acted by his Majeſty's Servants, at the Black Friers. Printed in 4to, 1623.

The BONDMAN, an ancient Story, often acted at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, by the Lady Elizabeth's Servants. Printed in 4to, 1638.

The ROMAN ACTOR; performed ſeveral Times with Succeſs, at the Private Houſe in Black Friers. Printed in 4to, 1629. This Tragedy was revived by Mr. Betterton.

VOL. II.

The RENEGADO, a Tragi-Comedy, often acted by the Queen's Servants, at the Private Playhouſe in Drury-Lane. Printed in 4to, 1630.

The PICTURE, a Tragi-Comedy, often preſented at the Globe and Black-Friers Playhouſes, by the King's Servants. Printed in 4to, 1630.

The FATAL DOWRY, a Tragedy, often acted at the Private Houſe in Black Friers. Printed in 4to, 1632.

The EMPEROR OF THE EAST, a Tragi-Comedy, acted at the Black Friers and Globe Playhouſe. Printed in 4to, 1632.

The MAID OF HONOUR, a Tragi-Comedy, often acted at the Phœnix in Drury-Lane, by the Queen's Servants. Printed in 4to, 1632.

VOL. III.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS, a Comedy. Printed in 4to, 1633. This Play met with great Succeſs on its firſt Repreſentation, and has been ſince revived by Mr. Garrick, and acted on the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, 1750.

The

The GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE, a Comical Hiſtory, often preſented with Succeſs at the Phœnix in Drury-Lane. Printed in 4to, 1636.

The UNNATURAL COMBAT, a Tragedy, preſented by the King's Servants, at the Globe. Printed in 4to, 1639.

The BASHFUL LOVER, a Tragi-Comedy, often acted at the Private Houſe in Black Friers, by his late Majeſty's Servants, with Succeſs. Printed in 8vo, 1655.

VOL. IV.

The GUARDIAN, a Comical Hiſtory, often preſented with Succeſs, at the Phœnix in Drury-Lane. Printed in 8vo, 1655.

A VERY WOMAN, or the Prince of Tarent, a Tragi-Comedy, often acted at a Private Houſe in Black Friers. Printed in 8vo, 1655.

The OLD LAW, or a new Way to pleaſe you; acted before the King and Queen in Saliſbury Houſe. Printed in 4to, 1656.

The CITY MADAM, a Comedy, acted at the Private Houſe in Black Friers, with Applauſe. Printed in 4to, 1659.

To his dear Friend the AUTHOR: On the ROMAN ACTOR.

I AM no great Admirer of the Plays,
Poets, or Actors, that are now-a-days:
Yet, in this Work of thine, methinks, I ſee
Sufficient Reaſon for Idolatry.
Each Line thou haſt taught CÆSAR, is as high
As he could ſpeak, when grov'ling Flattery,
And his own Pride (forgetting Heaven's Rod)
By his Edicts ſtil'd himſelf great Lord and God.
By thee, again the Laurel crowns his Head;
And, thus reviv'd, who can affirm him dead?
Such Power lies in this lofty Strain, as can
Give Swords, and Legions, to DOMITIAN:
And, when thy PARIS pleads in the Defence
Of Actors, every Grace, and Excellence
Of Argument for that Subject, are by thee
Contracted in a ſweet Epitome.
Nor do thy Women the tir'd Hearers vex
With Language no way proper to their Sex.
Juſt like a cunning Painter thou lets fall
Copies more fair than the Original.
I'll add but this: From all the modern Plays
The Stage hath lately borne, this wins the Bays.
And, if it come to Trial, boldly look
To carry it clear, thy Witneſs being thy Book.

T. JAY.

In

In Philippi Massingeri, Poetæ Elegantiſſ. Actorem Romanum, typis excuſum.

διπαστιχον.

ECCE Philippinæ, celebrata Tragædia Muſa
Quam Roſeus Britonum Roſcius egit, adeſt.
Semper, fronde ambo vireant Parnaſſide, ſemper
Liber ab invidia dentibus eſto, Liber.
Crebra papyrivori ſpernas incendia pati
Thus, Vænum expoſiti tegmina ſuta libri:
Nec metuas raucos, Memorum Sybila, rhoncos
Tam bardus nebulo ſi tamen ullus, erit.
Nam totiés feſtis, actum, placuſſe Theatris
Quod liquet, hoc, Cuſum, crede, placebit, opus.

Tho. Goff.

To his deſerving Friend, Mr. Phiplip Massinger, upon his Tragedy, The Roman Actor.

PARIS, the beſt of Actors in his Age,
Acts yet, and ſpeaks upon our Roman Stage
Such Lines by thee, as do not derogate [State.
From Rome's proud Heights, and her then learned
Nor great Domitian's Favour; not th' Embraces
Of a fair Empreſs, nor thoſe often Graces
Which from th' applauding Theatres were paid
To his brave Action, nor his Aſhes laid
In the Flaminian Way, where People ſtrew'd
His Grave with Flow'rs, and Martial's Wit beſtow'd
A laſting Epitaph; not all theſe ſame
Do add ſo much Renown to Paris' Name,
As this that thou preſent'ſt, his Hiſtory,
So well to us. For which, in Thanks, would he
(If that his Soul, as thought Pythagoras,
Could into any of our Actors paſs)
Life to theſe Lines by Action gladly give
Whoſe Pen ſo well has made his Story live.

Tho. May.

Upon Mr. MASSINGER his Roman Actor.

TO write, is grown ſo common in our Time,
That ev'ry one, who can but frame a Rhime,
However monſtrous, gives himſelf that Praiſe
Which only he ſhould claim, that may wear Bays,
By their Applauſe whoſe Judgments apprehend
The Weight, and Truth, of what they dare commend.
In this beſoted Age, Friend, 'tis thy Glory
That here thou haſt out-done the Roman Story.
Domitian's Pride; his Wife's Luſt unabated,
In Death; with Paris, merely were related
Without a Soul, until thy abler Pen
Spoke them, and made them ſpeak, nay act again
In ſuch a Height, that here to know their Deeds,
He may become an Actor, that but reads.

JOHN FORDE.

LOng'ſt thou to ſee proud Cæſar ſet in State,
His Morning Greatneſs, or his Evening Fate,
With Admiration here behold him fall,
And yet out-live his Tragick Funeral?
For 'tis a Queſtion whether Cæſar's Glory
Roſe to its Height before, or in this Story.
Or whether Paris, in Domitian's Favour,
Were more exalted, than in this thy Labour.
Each Line ſpeaks him an Emperor, ev'ry Phraſe
Crowns thy deſerving Temples with the Bays:
So that reciprocally both agree:
Thou liv'ſt in him, and he ſurvives in thee.

ROBERT HARVEY.

To

To his long known and loved Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, upon his Roman Actor.

IF that my Lines, being plac'd before thy Book,
Could make it ſell, or alter but a Look
Of ſome ſour Cenſurer, who's apt to ſay,
No one in theſe Times can produce a Play
Worthy his reading, ſince of late, 'tis true,
The old accepted are more than the new:
Or, could I on ſome Spark o' the Court work ſo,
To make him ſpeak no more than he doth know;
Not borrowing from his flatt'ring flatter'd Friend
What to diſpraiſe, or wherefore to commend:
Then (gentle Friend) I ſhould not bluſh to be
Rank'd 'mongſt thoſe worthy ones, which here I ſee
Uſhering this Work; but why I write to thee
Is, to profeſs our Love's Antiquity,
Which to this Tragedy muſt give my Teſt,
Thou haſt made many good, but this thy beſt.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

To his worthy Friend Maſter PHILIP MASSINGER, on his Play call'd The Renegado.

THE Boſom of a Friend cannot breath forth
A flatt'ring Phraſe to ſpeak the noble Worth
Of him that hath lodg'd in his honeſt Breaſt,
So large a Title: I, among the reſt
That honour thee, do only ſeem to praiſe,
Wanting the Flow'rs of Art, to deck that Bays
Merit has crown'd thy Temples with. Know, Friend!
Though there are ſome, who merely do commend
To live i' th' World's Opinion, ſuch as can
Cenſure with Judgment, no ſuch Piece of Man,
Makes up my Spirit; where Deſert does live,
There will I plant my Wonder, and there give

My

My beſt Endeavours to build up his Story
That truly merits. I did ever glory
To behold Virtue rich; though cruel Fate
In ſcornful Malice does beat low their State
That beſt deſerve; when others, that but know
Only to ſcribble, and no more, oft grow
Great in their Favours, that would ſeem to be
Patrons of Wit, and modeſt Poeſy:
Yet, with your abler Friends, let me ſay this,
Many may ſtrive to equal you, but miſs
Of your fair Scope; this Work of yours Men may
Throw in the Face of Envy, and then ſay
To thoſe, that are in great Mens Thoughts more bleſt,
Imitate this, and call that Work your beſt.
Yet wiſe Men, in this, and too often, err,
When they their Love before the Work prefer.
If I ſhould ſay more, ſome may blame me for't,
Seeing your Merits ſpeak you, not Report.

DANIEL LAKYN.

To his worthy Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, upon his Tragi-Comedy, ſtiled, The Picture.

METhinks I hear ſome buſy Critick ſay,
Who's this that ſingly uſhers on this Play?
'Tis Boldneſs, I confeſs, and yet perchance
It may be conſtru'd Love, not Arrogance.
I do not here upon this Leaf intrude
By praiſing one, to wrong a Multitude.
Nor do I think, that all are ty'd to be
(Forc'd by my Vote) in the ſame Creed with me.
Each Man hath Liberty to judge; Free Will,
At his own Pleaſure to ſpeak Good, or Ill.
But yet your Muſe already's known ſo well
Her Worth will hardly find an Infidel.
Here ſhe hath drawn a Picture, which ſhall lie
Safe for all future Times to practice by.

What-

Whate'er ſhall follow are but Copies, ſome
Preceding Works were Types of this to come.
'Tis your own lively Image, and ſets forth,
When we are Duſt, the Beauty of your Worth.
He that ſhall duly read, and not advance
Ought that is here, betrays his Ignorance.
Yet whoſoe'er beyond Deſert commends,
Errs more by much than he that reprehends;
For Praiſe, miſplac'd, and Honour ſet upon
A worthleſs Subject, is Detraction.
I cannot ſin ſo here, unleſs I went
About, to ſtyle you only Excellent.
Apollo's Gifts are not confin'd alone
To your diſpoſe, he hath more Heirs than one.
And ſuch as do derive from his bleſt Hand
A large Inheritance in the Poet's Land,
As well as you; nor are you I aſſure,
Myſelf, ſo envious, but you can endure [known,
To hear their Praiſe, whoſe Worth long ſince was
And juſtly too prefer'd before your own.
I know you'd take it for an Injury,
(And 'tis a well-becoming Modeſty)
To be parallel'd with Beaumont, or to hear
Your Name by ſome too partial Friend write near
Unequal'd Jonſon; being Men whoſe Fire,
At Diſtance, and with Rev'rence, you admire.
Do ſo, and you ſhall find your Gain will be
Much more, by yielding them Priority,
Than with a Certainty of Loſs to hold
A fooliſh Competition; 'tis too bold
A Taſk, and to be ſhun'd; nor ſhall my Praiſe,
With too much Weight ruin, what it would raiſe.

THOMAS JAY.

To my worthy Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, upon his Tragi-Comedy, call'd, The Emperor of the East.

SUffer, my Friend, theſe Lines to have the Grace,
That they may be a Mole on Venus' Face.
There is no Fault about thy Book, but this;
And it will ſhew how fair thy Emperor is.
Thou more than Poet! our Mercury, that art
Apollo's Meſſenger, and do'ſt impart
His beſt Expreſſions to our Ears, live long
To purify the ſlighted Engliſh Tongue,
That both the Nymphs of Tagus and of Po,
May not henceforth deſpiſe our Language ſo.
Nor could they do it, if they e'er had ſeen
The matchleſs Features of the Fairy Queen;
Read Jonſon, Shakeſpear, Beaumont, Fletcher, or
Thy neat-limn'd Pieces, ſkilful Maſſinger.
Thou known, all the Caſtilians muſt confeſs
Vega de Carpio thy Foil, and bleſs.
His Language can tranſlate thee, and the fine
Italian Wits, yield to this Work of thine.
Were old Pythagoras alive again,
In thee he might find Reaſon to maintain
His Paradox, that Souls by tranſmigration
In divers Bodies make their Habitation:
And more, that all Poetick Souls yet known,
Are met in thee, contracted into one.
This is a Truth, not an Applauſe: I am
One that at fartheſt Diſtance view thy Flame,
Yet may pronounce, that, were Apollo dead,
In thee his Poeſy might all be read.
Forbear thy Modeſty: thy Emperor's Vein
Shall live admir'd, when Poets ſhall complain
It is a Pattern of too high a Reach,
And what great Phœbus might the Muſes teach.
Let it live, therefore, and I dare be bold
To ſay, it with the World ſhall not grow old.

ASTON COKAINE.

A Friend to the Author, and Well-wiſher to the Reader.

WHO with a liberal Hand, freely beſtows
His Bounty, on all Comers, and yet knows
No Ebb, nor formal Limits, but proceeds
Continuing his hoſpitable Deeds,
With daily Welcome ſhall advance his Name
Beyond the Art of Flattery; with ſuch Fame,
May yours (dear Friend) compare. Your Muſe hath
Moſt bountiful, and I have often ſeen [been
The willing Seats receive ſuch as have fed,
And riſen thankful; yet were ſome miſled
By Nicety, when this fair Banquet came
(So I allude) their Stomachs were to blame,
Becauſe that excellent, ſharp, and poignant Sauce
Was wanting, they aroſe without due Grace,
Lo! thus a ſecond Time he doth invite you:
Be your own Carvers, and it may delight you.

John Clavell.

To my true Friend and Kinſman, Philip Massinger.

I Take not upon Truſt, nor am I led
By an implicit Faith: what I have read
With an impartial Cenſure I dare crown
With a deſerv'd Applauſe, howe'er cry'd down
By ſuch whoſe Malice will not let 'em be
Equal to any Piece limn'd forth by thee.
Contemn their poor Detraction, and ſtill write
Poems like this, that can endure the Light,
And Search of abler Judgments. This will raiſe
Thy Name; the other's Scandal is thy Praiſe.
This, oft perus'd by grave Wits, ſhall live long,
Not die as ſoon as paſs the Actor's Tongue,

(The Fate of ſlighter Toys) and I muſt ſay,
'Tis not enough to make a paſſing Play,
In a true Poet: Works that ſhould endure,
Muſt have a Genius in 'em, ſtrong as pure.
And ſuch is thine, Friend; nor ſhall Time devour
The well-form'd Features of thy EMPEROR.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.

To my worthy Friend the Author, upon his Tragi-Comedy, The Maid of Honour.

WAS not thy EMPEROR enough before
For thee to give, that thou doſt give us more?
I would be juſt, but cannot: that I know
I did not ſlander, this I fear I do.
But pardon me, if I offend: Thy Fire
Let equal Poets praiſe, while I admire.
If any ſay that I enough have writ,
They are thy Foes, and envy thee thy Wit.
Believe not them, nor me; they know thy Lines
Deſerve Applauſe, but ſpeak againſt their Minds.
I, out of Juſtice, would commend thy Play,
But (Friend, forgive me) 'tis above my Way.
One Word, and I have done (and from my Heart
Would I could ſpeak the whole Truth, not the Part)
Becauſe 'tis thine; it henceforth will be ſaid,
Not the Maid of Honour, but the Honour'd Maid.

ASTON COKAINE.

To the ingenious Author, Maſter PHILIP MASSINGER, on his Comedy, called, A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

'TIS a rare Charity, and thou could'ſt not
So proper to the Time have found a Plot:
Yet whilſt you teach to pay, you lend, the Age
We Wretches live in; that to come, the Stage,
The thronged Audience that was thither brought
Invited by your Fame, and to be taught
This Leſſon. All are grown indebted more,
And when they look for Freedom ran in Score.
It was a cruel Courteſy to call,
In Hope of Liberty, and then, enthral.
The Nobles are your Bondmen Gentry, and
All beſides thoſe that did not underſtand.
They were no Men of Credit, Bankrupts born,
Fit to be truſted with no Stock, but Scorn.
You have more wiſely credited to ſuch,
That though they cannot pay, can value much.
I am your Debtor too, but to my Shame,
Repay you nothing back, but your own Fame.

HENRY MOODY. Miles.

To his Friend the AUTHOR.

YOU may remember how you chid me, when
I rank'd you equal with thoſe glorious Men,
Beaumont and Fletcher: If you love not Praiſe,
You muſt forbear the publiſhing of Plays.
The crafty Mazes of the cunning Plot,
The poliſh'd Phraſe, the ſweet Expreſſions, got
Neither by Theft, nor Violence; the Conceit
Freſh and unſullied; all is of Weight,
Able to make the captive Reader know
I did but Juſtice when I plac'd you ſo.

A ſhame-

A ſhamefac'd Bluſhing would become the Brow
Of ſome weak Virgin Writer, we allow,
To you a Kind of Pride; and there where moſt
Should bluſh at Commendations, you ſhould boaſt.
If any think I flatter, let him look
Off from my idle Trifles on thy Book.

THOMAS JAY. Miles.

On his Great Duke of Florence.

To Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, my much eſteem'd Friend.

ENJOY thy Laurel! 'tis a noble Choice,
Not by the Suffrages of Voice
Procur'd; but by a Conqueſt ſo atchiev'd,
As that thou haſt at full reliev'd
Almoſt neglected Poetry, whoſe Bays
(Sully'd by childiſh Thirſt of Praiſe)
Wither'd into a Dullneſs of Deſpair,
Had not thy later Labour (Heir
Unto a former Induſtry) made known
This Work, which thou may'ſt call thine own,
So rich in Worth, that th' Ignorant may grudge
To find true Virtue is become their Judge.

GEORGE DONNE.

To the deſerving Memory of this worthy Work *, and the Author, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER.

ACTION gives many Poems Right to live;
This Piece gave Life to Action; and will give
For State, and Language, in each Change of Age,
To Time, Delight; and Honour to the Stage.
Should late Preſcription fail which fames that Seat,
This Pen might ſtyle The Duke of Florence GREAT.
Let many write; let much be printed, read,
And cenſur'd: Toys; no ſooner hatch'd than dead.
Here, without Bluſh to Truth of Commendation,
Is prov'd, how Art hath out-gone Imitation.

JOHN FORD.

* The Great Duke of Florence.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 46, line 1, *after* Gain *insert* a;
85, line 8 from the bottom, *for* through *read* though.
In the Dedication to the BONDMAN, line 13 *for* Arthur *read* Philip.
Page 127, line 20, *for* Fate can alter, *read* Fate cannot alter.
187, line 19, *for* give *read* gives.
202, line 3, *for* gives her a Scarf, *read* gives her Scarf.
296, line 3 from the bottom, *for* heard *read* hear.
331, line 6 from the bottom, *for* ſtand *read* ſtood.
345, line 18, *for* hard *read* heard.

VOL. II.

Page 125, line 29, *for* Dame *read* Dam.
135, line 20, *for* Food *read* Good,
141, line 15, *for* Queen *read* Queens.
158, line 22, *for* no *read* my.
160, line 2 from the bottom, *for* write *read* right.
223, line 17, *for* Charmi *place* Char.
293, line 7, *for* mark *read* mark'd.
308, line 1, *for* War *read* Way.
331, line 6, *for* their *read* thy.
341, line 3 of the Note, *for* peculiar *read* peculiarly.
344, line 17, *for* to *read* too.
353, line 10, *for* ſtands *read* ſtand.
435, line 3 in the Note, *for* Mithridate *read* Mithridates.
437, line 17, *for* your *read* you.
448, line 26, *for* charge *read* change.
453, line 27, *for* Rober. *read* Gonz.

VOL. III.

Page 7, line 28, *for* to Scavenger, *read* to be Scavenger.
13, line 18, *for* love her *read* love to her.
51, line 28, *for* Marg. *place* Mar.
62, line 7 in the Note, *for* is *read* are.
65, line 14, *for* your *read* you.
97, line 31, *for* whey *read* when.
99, line 25, *for* to report him, *read* report him.
205, line 3, *for* you *read* your.
16, *for* dim'd Sorrow *read* dim'd with Sorrow.
241, line 13, *for* Feaver *read* Fever.
244, line 12, for her *read* the.
267, line 12, for A. I. *read* as I.

VOL.

VOL. IV.

Page 22, line 31, *for* dary *read* dare.
27, line 11, *for* Fogs *read* Frogs.
36, line 20, *for* be wou'd *read* wou'd be.
72, line 1, *for* Words *read* Woods.
117, line 14, *for* with you *read* with your.
128, line 28, *for* the *read* thee.
142, line 34, *for* This may take, will, ſure, *read* This may take, it will.
151, line 4, *for* How I like, *read* How like.
175, line 7, *for* you *read* your.
205, laſt line, *for* Years Years, *read* Years.
215, line 4, *for* Oh! my, *read* of my.
236, line 36, for we're *read* were.
143, line 14, for Breaths *reads* Breathes.
254, line 26, for know *read* no.
343, line 15, for Ruſſes *read* Ruffs.
349, line 17, for Vaſſels *read* Vaſſals.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted in the Year 1631, by his MAJESTY's Servants, with Great Applauſe.

WRITTEN BY

PHILIP MASSINGER,

AND

THOMAS DECKER.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DIOCLESIAN, } Emperors of ROME.
MAXIMINUS, }
A King of PONTUS.
A King of EPIRE.
A King of MACEDON.
SAPRITIUS, Governor of *Cæſarea*.
THEOPHILUS, a zealous Perſecutor of the Chriſtians.
SEMPRONIUS, Captain of SAPRITIUS's Guards.
ANTONINUS, Son to SAPRITIUS.
MACRINUS, Friend to ANTONINUS.
HARPAX, an Evil Spirit, following THEOPHILUS in the Shape of a Secretary.
ARTEMIA, Daughter to DIOCLESIAN.
CALISTE, } Daughters to THEOPHILUS.
CHRISTETA, }
DOROTHEA, The Virgin-Martyr.
ANGELO, a Good Spirit, ſerving DOROTHEA in the Habit of a Page.
A BRITISH Slave.
HERCIUS, a Whoremaſter, } Servants to DOROTHEA.
SPUNGIUS, a Drunkard, }
A Prieſt to JUPITER.
Officers, and Executioners.

THE

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theophilus.

COME to *Cæsarea* To-night?
Harpax. Most true, Sir.
Theoph. The Emperor in Person?
Harp. Do I live?
Theoph. 'Tis wond'rous strange! The Marches of great Princes,
Like to the Motions of prodigious Meteors,
Are Step by Step observ'd; and loud-tongu'd Fame
The Harbinger to prepare their Entertainment:
And, were it possible so great an Army,
Though cover'd with the Night, could be so near,
The Governor cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his Person,
But, by some secret Means, he should have Notice
Of *Cæsar*'s Purpose in this;—Then excuse me
If I appear incredulous.
Harp. At your Pleasure.

* This Tragedy was wrote jointly by MASSINGER and DECKER, and is far inferior to those of *Massinger*'s own Composition. *Decker* was Cotemporary with *Ben Johnson* in the Reign of King *James* I. and a great Contender for the Bays. He wrote Eight entire Plays himself, and was concerned in five more; but the latter vastly exceed the former: And this, in Point of Merit, is superior to any.

Theoph. Yet, when I call to Mind you never fail'd me
In Things more difficult; but have diſcover'd
Deeds that were done thouſand Leagues diſtant from me,
When neither Woods, nor Caves, nor ſecret Vaults;
No, nor the Power they ſerve, [1] could keep theſe Chriſtians
Or from my Reach, or Puniſhment, but thy Magick
Still laid them open; I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore,
It is not poſſible thy powerful Art
Should meet a Check, or fail.

Enter a Prieſt with the Image of Jupiter, Caliſte, Chriſteta.

Harp. Look on the Veſtals,
The holy Pledges that the Gods have giv'n you,
Your chaſte, fair Daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A Service to a Maſter, not unthankful,
I could ſay this, in Spite of your Prevention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd Faith, not Reaſon,
(Which is the Strength of Nature) quite forſaking
The gentle Gods, had yielded up themſelves
To this new-found Religion. This I croſs'd,
Diſcover'd their Intentions, taught you to uſe,
With gentle Words and mild Perſuaſions,
The Pow'r and the Authority of a Father,
Set off with cruel Threats, and ſo reclaim'd them:
And, whereas they with Torments ſhould have dy'd,
(Hell's Furies to me had they undergone it.) *Aſide.*

[1] *Could keep theſe Chriſtians*
Or from my Reach or Puniſhment.

The Plot of this Play is founded on the tenth and laſt general Perſecution of the Chriſtians, which broke out in the nineteenth Year of Diocleſian's Reign, and raged ten whole Years, with a Fury hardly to be expreſſed; the Chriſtians being every where, without Diſtinction of Sex, Age, or Condition, dragged to Execution, and tortured with the moſt exquiſite Torments that Rage, Cruelty, and Hatred could invent.

They

They are now Vot'ries in great *Jupiter*'s Temple,
And, by his Prieſt inſtructed, grown familiar
With all the Myſt'ries, nay, the moſt abſtruſe ones,
Belonging to his Deity.

Theoph. 'Twas a Benefit,
For which I ever owe you. Hail, *Jove*'s *Flamen!*
Have theſe my Daughters reconcil'd themſelves
(Abandoning for ever the Chriſtian Way;—
To your Opinion?

Prieſt. And are conſtant to it:
They teach their Teachers with their Depth of Judgment;
And are with Arguments able to convert
The Enemies to our Gods, and anſwer all
They can object againſt us.

Theoph. My dear Daughters!

Cal. We dare diſpute againſt this new-ſprung ſect,
In private or in publick.

Harp. My beſt Lady,
Perſevere in it.

Chriſteta. And what we maintain,
We will ſeal with our Bloods.

Harp. Brave Reſolution!
I e'en grow fat to ſee my Labours proſper.

Theoph. I young again — to your Devotions.

Harp. Do —
My Prayers be preſent with you.

[*Exeunt Prieſt and Daughters.*

Theoph. O my *Harpax!*
Thou Engine of my Wiſhes, thou that ſteel'd'ſt
My bloody Reſolutions; thou that arm'ſt
My Eyes 'gainſt womaniſh Tears and ſoft Compaſſion,
Inſtructing me without a Sigh to look on
Babes torn by Violence from their Mother's Breaſt,
To feed the Fire, and with them make one Flame:
Old Men, as Beaſts, in Beaſt's Skins torn by Dogs:
Virgins and Matrons tire the Executioners;
Yet I, unſatisfied, think their Torments eaſy.

Harp. And in that, juſt, not cruel.

Theoph. Were all Scepters
That grace the Hands of Kings made into one,
And offer'd me, all Crowns laid at my Feet,
I would contemn them all,—thus ſpit at them;
So I to all Poſterities might be call'd
The ſtrongeſt Champion of the Pagan Gods,
And rooter out of Chriſtians.

Harp. Oh, mine own,
My own dear Lord! to further this great Work
I ever live thy Slave.

Enter Sapritius *and* Sempronius.

Theoph. No more — the Governor.

Sap. Keep the Ports cloſe, and let the Guards be doubl'd;
Diſarm the Chriſtians, call it Death in any
To wear a Sword, or in his Houſe to have one.

Semp. I ſhall be careful, Sir.

Sap. 'Twill well become you.
Such as refuſe to offer Sacrifice
To any of our Gods, put to the Torture.
Grub up this growing Miſchief by the Roots;
And know, when we are merciful to them,
We to ourſelves are cruel.

Semp. You pour Oil
On Fire that burns already at the Height.
I know the Emp'ror's Edict and my Charge;
And they ſhall find no Favour.

Theoph. My good Lord,
This Care is timely, for the Entertainment
Of our great Maſter, who this Night in Perſon
Comes here to thank you.

Sap. Who! the Emperor?

Harp. To clear your Doubts, he does return in Triumph,
Kings lackeying by his triumphant Chariot;
And in this glorious Victory, my Lord,
You have an ample Share: For know, your Son,
The ne'er enough commended *Antoninus*,
So well hath fleſh'd his maiden Sword, and dy'd

His

His ſnowy Plumes ſo deep in Enemies Blood,
That, beſides public Grace beyond his Hopes,
There are Rewards propounded.
Sap. I would know
No Mean in thine, could this be true.
Harp. Hy Head anſwer the Forfeit.
Sap. Of his Victory
There was ſome Rumour; but it was aſſured,
The Army paſs'd a full Day's Journey higher
Into the Country.
Harp. It was ſo determin'd:
But, for the further Honour of your Son,
And to obſerve the Government of the City,
And with what Rigour, or remiſs Indulgence
The Chriſtians are purſu'd, he makes his Stay here;
For Proof, his Trumpets ſpeak his near Arrival.
Trumpets a-far off.
Sap. Haſte, good *Sempronius!* draw up our Guards,
And with all ceremonious Pomp receive
The conqu'ring Army. Let our Garriſon ſpeak
Their Welcome in loud Shouts; the City ſhew
Her State and Wealth.
Sempr. I'm gone. [*Exit Sempronius.*
Sapritius. O, I am raviſh'd
With this great Honour! cheriſh, good *Theophilus*,
This knowing Scholar; ſend your fair Daughters;
I will preſent them to the Emperor,
And in their ſweet Converſion, as a Mirror,
Expreſs your Zeal and Duty. [*A Leſſon of Cornets.*
Theoph. Fetch them, good *Harpax!*

A Guard, brought in by Sempronius's *Soldiers, leading in three Kings bound*; Antoninus *and* Macrinus *carrying the Emperor's Eagles*; Diocleſian *with a gilt Laurel on his Head, leading in* Artemia; Sapritius *kiſſes the Emperor's Hand, then embraces his Son*; Harpax *brings in* Caliſte *and* Chriſteta.—*Loud ſhouts.*

Diocle. So, at all parts I find *Cæſerea*
Completely govern'd, the licentious Soldie

Confin'd in modeſt Limits, and the People
Taught to obey, and, not compell'd with Rigour;
The ancient *Roman* Diſcipline reviv'd,
(Which rais'd *Rome* to her Greatneſs, and proclaim'd her
The glorious Miſtreſs of the conquer'd World:)
But, above all, the Service of the Gods
So zealouſly obſerv'd, that, good *Sapritius*,
In Words to thank you for your Care and Duty,
Were much unworthy *Diocleſian*'s Honour,
Or his Magnificence to his loyal Servants.
But I ſhall find a Time with noble Titles
To recompence your Merits.

Sap. Mightieſt *Cæſar!*
Whoſe Power upon this Globe of Earth is equal
To *Jove*'s in Heaven; whoſe victorious Triumphs
On proud rebellious Kings that ſtir againſt it,
Are perfect Figures of his immortal trophies
Won in the Giants War; whoſe conqu'ring Sword
Guided by his ſtrong Arm, as deadly kills
As did his Thunder; all that I have done,
Or, if my Strength were centupl'd, could do,
Comes ſhort of what my Loyalty muſt challenge,
But, if in any Thing I have deſerv'd
Great *Cæſar*'s Smile, 'tis in my humble Care
Still to preſerve the Honour of thoſe Gods,
That make him what he is: my Zeal to them
I ever have expreſs'd in my fell Hate
Againſt the Chriſtian Sect, that with one Blow,
Aſcribing all Things to an unknown Power;
Would ſtrike down all their Temples, and allow them
No Sacrifice nor Altars.

Diocl. Thou, in this,
Walk'ſt Hand in Hand with me[a]; my Will and Power
Shall

[a] ——— *Thou in this,*
Walk'ſt Hand in Hand with me,

As the Subject of this Play is turned ſo much on the Perſecution of the Chriſtians, I ſhall here tranſcribe ſuch Paſſages of *Diocleſian*'s Life as

Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this moſt forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cæſar!*
If your Imperial Majeſty ſtand pleas'd
To ſhow'r your Favours upon ſuch as are
The boldeſt Champions of our Religion;
Look on this reverend Man, to whom the Power
Of ſearching out, and puniſhing ſuch Delinquents,
Was by your Choice committed; and, for proof,
He hath deſerv'd the Grace impos'd upon him,
And with a fair and even Hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himſelf, or thoſe
Of equal Nearneſs to himſelf; behold
Theſe Pair of Virgins.

Diocl. What are theſe?

Sap. His Daughters.

Artem. Now by your ſacred Fortune, they are fair ones;
Exceeding fair ones: Would 'twere in my Power
To make them mine.

as may ſerve to illuſtrate not only what the Poet here makes him ſpeak, but ſeveral other Parts of the Tragedy before us.

"Happy and glorious had hitherto been the Reign of *Diocleſian*; but he no ſooner began to imbrue his Hands in the Blood of the Righteous, ſays *Euſebius*, than he felt the Effects of divine Vengeance in the many Calamities which ſoon overtook him. A few Days after the iſſuing of the firſt Edicts againſt the Chriſtians, a Fire broke out in the Palace at *Nicomedia* where *Diocleſian* and *Galerius* (a moſt violent Perſecutor) were lodged, and reduced Part of it to Aſhes. *Euſebius* writes, that he could never know how that Accident happened. *Conſtantine*, who was on the Spot, aſcribes it to Lightning; and *Lactantius* aſſures us, that *Galerius* cauſed Fire to be privately ſet to the Palace, that he might lay the Blame of it upon the Chriſtians, and by that Means incenſe *Diocleſian* ſtill more againſt them, which he did accordingly. *Diocleſian* was ſo diſturbed with this Accident, that thenceforth he conſtantly imagined he ſaw Lightning falling from Heaven; his Terror and Diſmay was greatly increaſed by a ſecond Fire, which broke out in the Palace fifteen Days after the firſt, but was ſtopped before it had done any great Miſchief: However, it had the Effect which was intended by the Author of it *Galerius*; for *Diocleſian* aſcribing it to the Chriſtians, reſolved to keep no Meaſures with them; and *Galerius*, the more to exaſperate him againſt them, withdrew from *Nicomedia* the ſame Day, ſaying, that he was afraid of being burnt alive by the Chriſtians."

Theoph.

Theoph. They are the Gods, great Lady!
They were moſt happy in your Service elſe:
On theſe (when they fell from their Father's Faith)
I us'd a Judge's Power, Intreaties failing
(They being ſeduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy pow'rs we worſhip; I put on
The ſcarlet Robe of bold Authority:
And, as they had been Strangers to my Blood,
Preſented them (in the moſt horrid Form)
All kind of Tortures, part of which they ſuffer'd
With *Roman* Conſtancy.

Artem. And could you endure,
Being a Father, to behold their Limbs
Extended on the Rack?

Theoph. I did; but muſt
Confeſs, there was a ſtrange Contention in me,
Between th' impartial Office of a Judge,
And Pity of a Father; to help Juſtice
Religion ſtept in, under which Odds
Compaſſion fell:—Yet ſtill I was a Father;
For even then, when the flinty Hangman's Whips
Were worn with Stripes ſpent on their tender Limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they would
Be cruel to themſelves, they would take Pity
On my grey Hairs. Now note a ſudden Change,
Which I with Joy remember; thoſe, whom Torture,
Nor fear of Death could terrify, were o'ercome
By ſeeing of my Sufferings; and ſo won,
Returning to the Faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the Gods; and be aſſur'd
I, that us'd Juſtice with a rig'rous Hand
Upon ſuch beauteous Virgins, and mine own,
Will uſe no Favour, where the Cauſe commands me,
To any other; but, as Rocks, be deaf
To all Intreaties.

Diocl. Thou deſerv'ſt thy Place;
Still hold it, and with Honour. Things thus order'd
Touching the Gods, 'tis lawful to deſcend

To human Cares, and exerciſe that Power
Heav'n hath confer'd upon me; which that you,
Rebels and Traytors to the power of *Rome*,
Should not with all Extremities undergo,
What can you urge, to qualify your Crimes,
Or mitigate my Anger?

Epire. We are now
Slaves to thy Power, that Yeſterday were Kings,
And had Command o'er others; we confeſs
Our Grandſires paid yours Tribute, yet left us,
As their Forefathers had, Deſire of Freedom.
And, if you *Romans* hold it glorious Honour,
Not only to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your Empire, (though our Fortune
Denies that Happineſs) who can accuſe
The famiſh'd Mouth, if it attempt to feed;
Or ſuch, whoſe Fetters eat into their Freedoms,
If they deſire to ſhake them off.

Pontus. We ſtand
The laſt Examples, to prove how uncertain
All human Happineſs is, and are prepar'd
To endure the worſt.

Macedon. That Spoke, which now is higheſt
In Fortune's Wheel, muſt, when ſhe turns it next,
Decline as low as we are.[3] This, conſider'd,
Taught the *Ægyptian Hercules*, *Seſoſtris*
(That had his Chariot drawn by Captive Kings)

[3] *This conſider'd,*
Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Seſoſtris.

Seſoſtris might have been conſidered as one of the moſt illuſtrious and moſt boaſted Heroes of Antiquity, had not the Luſtre of his warlike Actions, as well as his pacific Virtues been tarniſhed by a Thirſt of Glory, and a blind Fondneſs for his own Grandeur, which made him forget that he was a Man; the Kings and Chiefs of the conquered Nations came, at ſtated Times, to do Homage to their Victor, and pay him the appointed Tribute: On every other Occaſion he treated them with ſome Humanity and Generoſity; but when he went to the Temple, or entered his Capital, he cauſed theſe Princes, four a-breaſt, to be harneſſed to his Carr inſtead of Horſes; and valued himſelf upon his being thus drawn by the Lords and Sovereigns of other Nations.

To

To free them from that Slavery;—but to hope
Such Mercy from a *Roman*, were meer Madneſs:
We are familiar with what Cruelty
Rome, ſince her infant Greatneſs, ever us'd
Such as ſhe triumph'd over; Age nor Sex
Exempted from her Tyranny; ſcepter'd Princes
Kept in your common Dungeons, and their Children
In Scorn train'd up in baſe, mechanic Arts
For public Bondmen: In the Catalogue
Of thoſe unfortunate Men, we expect to have
Our Names remember'd.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
Ev'n Cruelty is uſeful; ſome muſt ſuffer,
And be ſet up Examples to ſtrike Terror
In others, though far off: But, when a State,
Is rais'd to her Perfection, and her Baſes
Too firm to ſhrink, or yield, we may uſe Mercy,
And do't with Safety: But to whom? Not Cowards,
Or ſuch whoſe Baſeneſs ſhames the Conqueror,
And robs him of his Victory, as weak *Perſeus*
Did great *Æmilius*.[4] Know, therefore, Kings
Of *Epire*, *Pontus*, and of *Macedon*,
That I with Courteſy can uſe my Priſoners
As well as make them mine by Force, provided
That they are noble Enemies: Such I found you
Before I made you mine; and, ſince you were ſo,
You have not loſt the Courages of Princes,

[4] ——— *As weak* Perſeus
Did great Æmilius.

It is ſaid that *Perſeus* ſent to deſire *Paulus Æmilius* not to exhibit him as a Spectacle to the *Romans*, and to ſpare him the Indignity of being led in Triumph. *Paulus Æmilius* replied coldly, *the Favour he aſks of me is in his own Power; he can procure it for himſelf.* He reproached in thoſe few Words his Cowardice and exceſſive Love of Life, which the *Pagans* thought incumbent on them to ſacrifice generouſly in ſuch Conjunctures. They did not know that it is never lawful to attempt upon one's own Life. But *Perſeus* was not prevented by that Conſideration: For further Particulars ſee *Rollin*'s Ancient Hiſtory, Vol. II.

Although

Although the Fortune. Had you borne yourſelves
Dejectedly, and baſe, no Slavery
Had been too eaſy for you: but ſuch is
The Power of noble Valour, that we love it
Ev'n in our Enemies, and, taken with it,
Deſire to make them Friends, as I will you.
Epire. Mock us not, *Cæſar!*
Diocle. By the Gods, I do not.
Unloſe their Bonds;—I now as Friends embrace you;
Give them their Crowns again.
Pontus. We're twice o'ercome;
By Courage and by Courteſy.
Macedon. But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithful Vaſſals
To *Diocleſian*, and the Power of *Rome.*
Epire. All Kingdoms fall before her.
Pontus. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Cæſar!*
Diocle. I believe
Your Tongues are the true Trumpets of your Hearts,
And in it I moſt happy. Queen of Fate,
Imperious Fortune, mix ſome light Diſaſter
With my ſo many Joys, to ſeaſon them,
And give them ſweeter Reliſh; I'm girt round
With true Felicity; faithful Subjects here;
Here bold Commanders; here with new made Friends;
But, what's the Crown of all, in thee, *Artemia!*
My only Child! whoſe Love to me and Duty
Strive to exceed each other.
Artem. I make Payment
But of a Debt which I ſtand bound to tender
As a Daughter and a Subject.
Diocle. Which requires yet
A Retribution from me, *Artemia!*
Ty'd by a Father's Care, how to beſtow
A Jewel, of all Things to me moſt precious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief Joys of Creation, Marriage Rites;
Which that thou may'ſt with greater Pleaſures taſte of,

Thou

Thou ſhalt not like with mine Eyes, but thine own.
Among theſe Kings, forgetting they were Captives,
Or thoſe, remembring not they are my Subjects,
Make Choice of any; by *Joves* dreadful Thunder,
My Will ſhall rank with thine.
Artem. It is a Bounty
The Daughters of great Princes ſeldom meet with;
For they, to make up Breaches in the State,
Or for ſome other public Ends, are forc'd
To match where they affect not:—May my Life
Deſerve this Favour.
Diocle. Speak! I long to know
The Man thou wilt make happy.
Artem. If that Titles,
Or the adored Name of Queen, could take me,
Here would I fix mine Eyes, and look no further:
But theſe are Baits to take a mean-born Lady,
Not her, that boldly may call *Cæſar* Father:
In that I can bring Honour unto any,
But from no King that lives receive Addition.
To raiſe Deſert and Vertue by my Fortune,
Though in a low Eſtate, were greater Glory,
Than to mix Greatneſs with a Prince, that owns
No Worth but that Name only.
Diocle. I commend thee:
'Tis like myſelf.
Artem. If then, of Men beneath me,
My Choice is to be made, where ſhall I ſeek,
But among thoſe that beſt deſerve from you?
That have ſerv'd you moſt faithfully; that in Dangers
Have ſtood next to you; that have interpos'd
Their Breaſts, as Shields of Proof, to dull the Swords
Aim'd at your Boſom; that have ſpent their Blood
To crown your Brows with Laurel.
Macrinus. Cytherea,
Great Queen of Love, be now propitious to me! [*Aſide.*
Harp. Now mark what I foretold.
Anton. Her Eyes on me,
Fair *Venus*'s Son! draw forth a leaden Dart,

And,

And, that ſhe may hate me, transfix her with it;
Or, if thou needs wilt uſe a Golden one,
(Shoot,) in the Behalf of any other;
Thou know'ſt I am thy Votary elſewhere. [*Aſide.*

Artem. Sir!

Theoph. How he bluſhes!

Sap. Welcome, Fool, thy Fortune!
Stand like a Block, when ſuch an Angel courts thee?

Artem. I am no Object to divert your Eye
From the beholding.

Anton. Rather a bright Sun
Too glorious for him to gaze upon,
That took not firſt Flight from the Eagle's Airy.
As I look on the Temples, or the Gods,
And with that Reverence, Lady, I behold you,
And ſhall do ever.

Artem. And it will become you,
While thus we ſtand at Diſtance; but, if Love
(Love, born out of the Aſſurance of your Virtues,)
Teach me to ſtoop ſo low——

Anton. O, rather take
A higher Flight!

Artem. Why fear you to be rais'd?
Say I put off the dreadful Awe that waits
On Majeſty, or with you ſhare my Beams;
Nay, make you too outſhine me, change the Name
Of Subject into Lord; rob you of Service
That's due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuſe me?

Anton. Refuſe you, Madam? Such a Worm, as I am,
Refuſe what Kings upon their Knees would ſue for?
Call it, great Lady, by another Name;
An humble Modeſty, that would not match
A Molehill with *Olympus.*

Artem. He that's famous
For honourable Actions in the War,
As you are, *Antoninus*, a prov'd Soldier,
Is fellow to a King.

Anton.

Anton. If you love Valour,
As 'tis a Kingly Virtue, ſeek it out,
And cheriſh it in a King; there it ſhines brighteſt,
And yields the braveſt Luſtre. Look on *Epire*,
A Prince, in whom it is incorporate;
And let it not diſgrace him that he was
O'ercome by *Cæſar*; it was a Victory
To ſtand ſo long againſt him: Had you ſeen him,
How in one bloody Scene he did diſcharge
The Parts of a Commander and a Soldier,
Wiſe in Direction, bold in Execution;
You would have ſaid, great *Cæſar*'s Self excepted,
The World yields not his Equal.

Artem. Yet I've heard,
Encount'ring him alone in the Head of his Troop,
You took him Priſoner.

Epire. 'Tis a Truth, great Princeſs;
I'll not detract from Valour.

Anton. 'Twas mere Fortune; Courage had no Hand in it.

Theoph. Did ever Man
Strive ſo againſt his own good!

Sap. Spiritleſs Villain!
How I am tortur'd! By th' Immortal Gods,
I now could kill him.

Diocl. Hold, *Sapritius*, hold!
On our Diſpleaſure hold!

Harp. Why, this would make
A Father mad; 'tis not to be endur'd;
Your Honour's tainted in't.

Sap. By Heav'n, it is;
I ſhall think of it.

Harp. 'Tis not to be forgotten.

Artem. Nay, kneel not, Sir! I am no Raviſher;
Nor ſo far gone in fond Affection to you,
But that I can retire, my Honour ſafe;
Yet ſay, hereafter, that thou haſt neglected
What, but ſeen in Poſſeſſion of another,
Will make thee mad with Envy.

Anton.

Anton. In her Looks
Revenge is written.
Macrin. As you love your Life,
Study to appeaſe her.
Anton. Gracious Madam, hear me!
Artem. And be again refus'd.
Anton. The Tender of
My Life, my Service, not, ſince you vouchſafe it,
My Love, my Heart, my All, and pardon me!
Pardon, dread Princeſs! that I made ſome Scruple
To leave a Valley of Security,
To mount up to the Hill of Majeſty,
On which, the nearer *Jove*, the nearer Light'ning.
What knew I, but, your Grace made Trial of me?
Durſt I preſume t'embrace. where but to touch
With an unmanner'd Hand, were Death? The Fox,
When he ſaw firſt the Foreſt's King, the Lion,
Was almoſt dead with Fear; the ſecond View
Only a little daunted him; the third
He durſt ſalute him boldly: Pray you, apply this,
And you ſhall find a little Time will teach me
To look with more familiar Eyes upon you,
Than Duty yet allows me.
Sap. Well excus'd!
Artem. You may redeem all yet.
Diocl. And, that he may
Have Means and Opportunity to do ſo,
Artemia, I leave you my Subſtitute
In fair *Cæſaria*.
Sap. And here, as yourſelf,
We will obey and ſerve her.
Diocl. *Antoninus.*
So you prove hers, I wiſh no other Heir.
Think on't — be careful of your Charge, *Theophilus*:
Sapritius, be you my Daughter's Guardian.
Your Company I wiſh, Confederate Princes,
In our *Dalmatian* Wars, which finiſhed,
With Victory I hope, and *Maximianus*
Our Brother and Copartner in the Empire,

At my Requeſt won to confirm as much,
The Kingdoms I took from you we'll reſtore,
And make you greater than you were before.

[*Exeunt all but* Antoninus *and* Macrinus.

Anton. Oh! I am loſt for ever! loſt, *Macrinus!*
The Anchor of the Wretched, Hope, forſakes me,
And with one Blaſt of Fortune all my Light
Of Happineſs is put out.

Macrin. You're like to thoſe
That are ill only, 'cauſe they are too well;
That, ſurfeiting in the Exceſs of Bleſſings,
Call their Abundance Want — What could you wiſh,
That is not fall'n upon you? Honour, Greatneſs,
Reſpect, Wealth, Favour, the whole World for a Dower;
And with a Princeſs, whoſe excelling Form
Exceeds her Fortune.

Anton. Yet Poiſon ſtill is Poiſon,[5]
Though drunk in Gold; and all theſe flatt'ring Glories
To me, ready to ſtarve, a painted Banquet,
And no eſſential Food: When I am ſcorch'd
With Fire, can Flames in any other quench me?
What is her Love to me, Greatneſs, or Empire,
That am Slave to another, who alone
Can give me Eaſe or Freedom?

Macrin. Sir, you point at
Your Dotage on the ſcornful *Dorothea:*
Is ſhe, though fair, the ſame Day to be nam'd
With beſt *Artemia?*—In all their Courſes,
Wiſe Men propoſe their Ends.—With ſweet *Artemia*
There comes a long Pleaſure, Security,
Uſher'd by all that in this Life is precious:

[5] *Yet Poiſon ſtill is Poiſon,*
Though drunk in Gold; &c.

Mr. *Hughes*, in his *Siege of Damaſcus*, has given us a Paſſage that much reſembles this:

"What Happineſs ſubſiſts in Loſs of Freedom?
"The Gueſt conſtrain'd but murmurs at the Banquet,
"Nor thanks his Hoſt, but ſtarves amidſt Abundance."

With

With *Dorothea* (though her Birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senator of *Rome*,
By him left rich, yet with a private Wealth,
And far inferior to yours) arrives
The Emp'ror's Frown, which, like a mortal Plague,
Speaks Death is near; the Princeſs' heavy Scorn,
Under which you'll ſink; your Father's Fury,
Which to reſiſt, e'en Piety forbids:
And but remember that ſhe ſtands ſuſpected
A Favourer of the Chriſtian Sect, ſhe brings
Not Danger, but aſſured Deſtruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one Smile of great *Artemia*
Is to be cheriſh'd, and prefer'd before
All Joys in *Dorothea* — Therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou thinkſt thou art moſt wiſe, thou art
Groſly abus'd, *Macrinus*, and moſt fooliſh.
For any Man to match above his Rank,
Is but to ſell his Liberty: With *Artemia*
I ſtill muſt live a Servant; but, enjoying
Divineſt *Dorothea*, I ſhall rule;
Rule as becomes a Huſband. For the Danger,
Or call it, if you will, aſſur'd Deſtruction,
I ſlight it thus — If, then, thou art my Friend,
As I dare ſwear thou art, and wilt not take
A Governor's Place upon thee, be my Helper.

Macrin. You know I dare, and will do any thing;
Put me unto the Teſt.

Anton. Go then, *Macrinus*,
To *Dorothea*; tell her, I have worn,
In all the Battles I have fought, her Figure,
Her Figure in my Heart, which, like a Deity,
Hath ſtill protected me. Thou can'ſt ſpeak well,
And of thy choiceſt Language ſpare a little,
To make her underſtand how much I love her,
And how I languiſh for her. Bear her theſe Jewels,
Sent in the Way of Sacrifice, not Service,
As to my Goddeſs. All Lets thrown behind me,
Or Fears that may deter me, ſay, this Morning

I mean to visit her by the Name of Friendship.
— No Words to contradict this.

Macrin. I am yours:
And, if my Travel this Way be ill spent,
Judge not my readier Will by the Event.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Spungius *and* Hircius.[1]

Spung. TURN Christian? Would he, that first tempted me to have my Shoes walk upon Christian Soles, had turn'd me into a Capon: For I am sure now, the Stones of all my Pleasure, in this fleshly Life, are cut off.

Hir. So then, if any Coxcomb has a galloping Desire to ride, here is a Gelding, if he can but fit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a Horse;—look else.

Hir. But that is a kickish Jade, Fellow *Spungius!* Have not I as much Cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a Pagan, there was an Infidel Punk of mine, would have let me come upon Trust for my curvetting: A Pox on your Christian Coccatrices, they cry like Poulterers Wives, no Money, no Coney.

Spun. Bacchus, the God of brew'd Wine and Sugar, Grand Patron of Rob-Pots, upsy-freesy Tiplers, and Super-naculum-takers; this *Bacchus*, who is Head-

[1] Very few of our old *English* Plays are free from these Dialogues of low Wit and Buffoonery: 'Twas the Vice of the Age; nor is *Massinger* less free from it than his Cotemporaries. To defend them is impossible, nor shall I attempt it. They are of this Use, that they mark the Taste, display the Manners, and shew us what was the chief Delight and Entertainment of our Forefathers.

Warden

Warden of Vintner's-Hall, Ale-Conner, Mayor of all Victualling-Houſes, the ſole liquid Benefactor to Bawdy-Houſes. Lanſepeſade to Red Noſes, and invincible Adelantado over the Armado of pimpled, deep-ſcarlet-ed, rubified, and carbuncled Faces. ———

Hir. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalian Stinker, did I make Legs to ——

Hir. Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no Danger of loſing a Man's Ears by making theſe Indures; he that will not now and then be *Calabingo*, is worſe than a *Calamoothe*. When I was a Pagan, and kneeled to this *Bacchus*, I durſt out-drink a Lord; but your Chriſtian Lords out-bowl me. I was in Hope to lead a ſober Life, when I was converted; but, amongſt the Chriſtians, I can no ſooner ſtagger out of one Ale-houſe, but I reel into another: They have whole Streets of nothing but Drinking-Rooms, and Drabbing-Chambers, jumbled together.

Hir. Bawdy *Priapus*, the firſt School-maſter that taught Butchers how to ſtick Pricks in Fleſh, and make it ſwell, thou knoweſt was the only Ningle that I cared for, under the Moon; but, ſince I left him, to follow a ſcurvy Lady, what with her Praying, and our Faſting, if now I come to a Wench, and offer to uſe her any thing hardly (telling her, being a Chriſtian ſhe muſt endure) ſhe preſently handles me as if I were a Clove, and cleaves me with Diſdain, as if I were a Calves Head.

Spun. I ſee no Remedy, Fellow *Hircius*, but that thou and I muſt be half Pagans, and half Chriſtians; for we know very Fools that are Chriſtians.

Hir. Right: The Quarters of Chriſtians are good for nothing but to feed Crows.

Spun. True: Chriſtian Brokers, thou know'ſt, are made up of the Quarters of Chriſtians; parboil one of theſe Rogues, and he is not Meat for a Dog: No, no, I am reſolved to have an Infidel's Heart, though in Shew I carry a Chriſtian's Face.

Hir. Thy Laſt ſhall ſerve my Foot—ſo will I.

Spun. Our whimpering Lady and Miſtreſs ſent me with two great Baſkets full of Beef, Mutton, Veal, and Gooſe, Fellow *Hircius* ——

Hir. And Woodcock, Fellow *Spungius.*

Spun. Upon the poor lean Aſs-Fellow, on which I rid, to all the Alms-Women: What thinkeſt thou I have done with all this good Cheer?

Hir. Eat it; or be choak'd elſe.

Spun. Would my Aſs, Baſket and all, were in thy Maw, if I did: No, as I am a Demi-Pagan, I ſold the Victuals, and coined the Money into Pottle Pots of Wine.

Hir. Therein thou ſhew'd'ſt thyſelf a perfect Demi-Chriſtian too, to let the Poor beg, ſtarve, and hang, or die of the Pip. Our puling, ſnotty-nos'd Lady ſent me out likewiſe with a Purſe of Money, to relieve and releaſe Priſoners —did I ſo, think you?

Spun. Would thy Ribs were turned into Grates of Iron, then.

Her. As I am a total Pagan, I ſwore they ſhould be hanged firſt; for, Sirrah *Spungius*, I lay at my old Ward of Lechery, and cried, a Pox on your Two-penny Wards! and ſo I took ſcurvy common Fleſh for the Money.

Spun. And wiſely done: For our Lady, ſending it to Priſoners, had beſtow'd it out upon lowſy Knaves; and thou, to ſave that Labour, caſt it away upon rotten Whores.

Hir. All my Fear is of that pink-an-eye Jack-an-apes Boy, her Page.

Spun. As I am a Pagan from my Cod-piece downward, that white-fac'd Monkey frights me too: I ſtole but a dirty Pudding, laſt Day, out of an Alms-Baſket, to give my Dog, when he was hungry, and the peaking chitty-face Page hit me in the Teeth with it.

Hir. With the dirty Pudding? So he did me once with a Cow-Turd, which, in Knavery, I would have crumm'd into one's Porridge, who was half a Pagan too: The ſmug Dandiprat ſmells us out, whatſoever we are doing.

Spun.

Spun. Does he? Let him take Heed I prove not his Back-friend: I'll make him curſe his ſmelling what I do.

Hir. 'Tis my Lady ſpoils the Boy; for he is ever at her Heels, and ſhe is never well but in his Company.

Enter Angelo [1] *with a Book and a Taper lighted; they ſeeing him, counterfeit Devotion.*

Ang. O! now your Hearts make Ladders of your Eyes,
In Shew to climb to Heaven, when your Devotion
Walks upon Crutches.—Where did you waſte your Time,
When the religious Man was on his Knees,
Speaking the heavenly Language?

Spun. Why Fellow *Angelo*, we were ſpeaking in Pedlar's *French*, I hope.

Hir. We ha' not been idle, take it upon my Word.

Ang. Have you the Baſkets emptied, which your Lady
Sent from her charitable Hands to Women
That dwell upon her Pity?

Spun. Emptied 'em? Yes; I'd be loth to have my Belly ſo empty; yet, I'm ſure, I munched not one Bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your Money to the Priſoners?

Hir. Went? No; I carried it, and with theſe Fingers paid it away.

Ang. What Way? The Devil's Way, the Way of Sin,
The Way of hot Damnation, Way of Luſt:
And you, to waſh away the poor Man's Bread
In Bowls of Drunkenneſs.

Spun. Drunkenneſs! Yes, yes, I uſe to be drunk; our next Neighbour's Man, called *Chriſtopher*, hath often ſeen me drunk, hath he not?

Hir. Or me given ſo to the Fleſh? My Cheeks ſpeak my Doings.

Ang. Avant, ye Thieves, and hollow Hypocrites!

[1] *Shakeſpear* is in nothing confeſſedly more inimitable than his Fairies and magic. *Maſſinger* has here drawn an attendant Angel waiting on *Dorothea*, a Character untouched by him, and perhaps as original and excellent in its Kind as any that creative Imagination could ſuggeſt.

Your Hearts to me lie open like black Books,
And there I read your Doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my Heart?

Her. Or in mine? Come, amiable *Angelo!* beat the Flint of your Brain.

Spun. And let's ſee what Sparks of Wit fly out to kindle your *Carebrunt.*

Ang. Your Names even brand you: You are *Spungius* call'd,
And like a Spunge, you ſuck up liquorous Wines,
'Till your Soul reels to Hell.

Spun. To Hell! can any Drunkard's Legs carry him ſo far?

Ang. For Blood of Grapes you ſold the Widows Food,
And ſtarving them 'tis Murther: What this but Hell?
Hircius your Name, and Goatiſh is your Nature:
You ſnatch the Meat out of the Priſoners Mouth,
To fatten Harlots; Is not this Hell too?
No Angel, but the Devil, waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his Throat?

Hir. No; better burn him, for I think he is a Witch; but ſooth, ſooth him.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo*, true it is, that falling into the Company of wicked He-chriſtians, for my Part——

Hir. And She Ones for my Part,—we have 'em ſwim in Sholes hard by.

Spun. We muſt confeſs, I took too much out of the Pot; and he of—t'other hollow Commodity.

Hir. Yes, indeed, we laid lill on both of us; we cozen'd the poor; but 'tis a common Thing; many a one, that counts himſelf a better Chriſtian than we two, has done it, by this Light.

Spun. But pray, ſweet *Angelo*, play not the Tell-tale to my Lady; and, if you take us creeping into any of theſe Mouſe-holes of Sin any more, let Cats flea off our Skins.

Hir. And put nothing but the poiſon'd Tails of Rats into thoſe Skins.

Ang. Will you diſhonour her ſweet Charity,

Who

Who ſav'd you from the Tree of Death and Shame?

Hir. Would I were hang'd, rather than thus be told of my Faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the Gallows; yet I hope ſhe will not bar Yeomen Sprats to have their Swing.

Ang. She comes,—beware and mend.

Hir. Let's break his Neck, and bid him mend.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Have you my Meſſages (ſent to the poor)
Deliver'd with good Hands, not robbing them
Of any Jot was theirs.

Spun. Rob 'em, Lady? I hope neither my Fellow nor I am Thieves.

Hir. Deliver'd with good Hands, Madam; elſe let me never lick my Fingers more when I eat butter'd Fiſh.

Dor. [3] Who cheat the Poor, and from them pluck their Alms,
Pilfer from Heav'n, and there are Thunder-bolts
From thence to beat them ever. Do not lie;
Were you both faithful, true Diſtributers?

Spun. Lie, Madam? What Grief is it to ſee you turn Swaggerer, and give your poor-minded raſcally Servants the Lie.

Dor. I'm glad you do not; if thoſe wretched People
Tell you they pine for Want of any Thing
Whiſper but to mine Ear, and you ſhall furniſh them.

Hir. Whiſper? Nay, Lady, for my Part, I'll cry whoop.

Ang. Play no more Villains with ſo good a Lady;

[3] *Who cheat the Poor*, &c.

In the Proverbs of *Solomon* we find ſeveral which the Paſſage here alludes to.

"He that hath Pity upon the Poor lendeth unto the Lord.

"Rob not the Poor, becauſe he is poor: Neither oppreſs the Af-
"flicted in the Gate.

"For the Lord will plead their Cauſe, and ſpoil the Soul of thoſe
"that ſpoiled them."

For

For if you do———————

Spun. Are we Chriſtians?

Hir. The foul Fiend ſnap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spun. Tak'ſt us for Botchers?

Hir. A Patch, a Patch. [*Exit. Spung. and Hir.*

Dor. My Book and Taper.

Ang. Here, moſt holy Miſtreſs.

Dor. Thy Voice ſends forth ſuch Muſic, that I never
Was raviſh'd with a more celeſtial Sound.
Were every Servant in the World like thee,
So full of Goodneſs, Angels would come down
To dwell with us: Thy Name is *Angelo*,
And like that Name thou art; get thee to Reſt,
Thy Youth with too much watching is oppreſt.

Ang. No, my dear Lady! I could weary Stars,
And force the wakeful Moon to loſe her Eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your Prayers you kneel before the Altar,
Methinks I'm ſinging with ſome Quire in Heaven,
So bleſt I hold me in your Company:
Therefore, my moſt lov'd Miſtreſs, do not bid
Your Boy, ſo ſerviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his Heart.

Dor. Be nigh me ſtill, then;
In Golden Letters down I'll ſet that Day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet ſuch Worlds of Comfort in thyſelf,
This little, pretty Body, when I, coming
Forth of the Temple, heard my Beggar boy,
My ſweet-fac'd, godly Beggar-boy, crave an Alms,
Which with glad Hand I gave, with lucky Hand;
And when I took thee Home, my moſt chaſte Boſom,
Methought, was fill'd with no hot, wanton Fire,
But with a holy Flame, mounting ſince higher,
On Wings of Cherubims, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I, that my Lady's modeſt Eye
So likes ſo poor a Servant.

Dor. I have offer'd

Handfuls

Handfuls of Gold, but to behold thy Parents.
I would leave Kingdoms, were I Queen of ſome,
To dwell with thy good Father; for, the Son
Bewitching me ſo deeply with his Preſence,
He that begot him muſt do't ten Times more.
I pray thee, my ſweet Boy, ſhew me thy Parents;
Be not aſham'd.

Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my Mother was; but, by yon Palace,
Fill'd with bright heav'nly Courtiers, I dare aſſure you,
And pawn theſe Eyes upon it, and this Hand,
My Father is in Heaven; and, pretty Miſtreſs,
If your illuſtrious Hour-glaſs ſpend his Sand
No worſe than yet it doth, upon my Life,
You and I both ſhall meet my Father there,
And he ſhall bid you welcom.

Dor. A bleſſed Day!
We all long to be there, but loſe the Way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Macrinus, *Friend to* Antoninus, *enters, being met by* Theophilus, *and* Harpax.

Theoph. Sun, God of the Day, guide thee, *Macrinus!*

Mac. And thee, *Theophilus!*

Theoph. Glad'ſt thou in ſuch Scorn?
I call my Wiſh back.

Mac. I'm in Haſte.

Theoph. One Word,
Take the leaſt Hand of Time up:—ſtay.

Mac. Be brief.

Theo. As thought: I pr'thee tell me, good *Macrinus*,
How Health and our fair Princeſs lay together
This Night, for you can tell; Courtiers have Flies
That buz all News unto them.

Mac. She ſlept but ill.

Theoph. Double thy Curtſey; how does *Antoninus?*

Mac. Ill; well; ſtraight; crooked;—I know not how.

Theoph. Once more;

—Thy

—Thy Head is full of Windmills:—when doth the Princeſs
Fill a Bed full of Beauty, and beſtow it
On *Antoninus*, on the wedding Night?

Mac. I know not.

Theoph. No? Thou art the Manuſcript,
Where *Antoninus* writes down all his Secrets.
Honeſt *Macrinus*, tell me.

Mac. Fare you well, Sir! [*Exit.*

Harp. Honeſty is ſome Fiend, and frights him hence;
And many Courtiers love it not.

Theoph. What Piece
Of this State-wheel (which winds up *Antoninus*)
Is broke, it runs ſo jarringly? The Man
Is from himſelf divided; O, thou, the Eye
By which I Wonders ſee, tell me, my *Harpax*,
What gad Fly tickles ſo this *Macrinus*,
That flinging up the Tail, he breaks thus from me.

Harp. Oh, Sir! his Brain-pan is a Bed of Snakes,
Whoſe Stings ſhoot through his Eye-balls, whoſe pois'nous Spawn
Ingenders ſuch a Fry of ſpeckled Villainies
That unleſs Charms, more ſtrong than Adamant,
Be us'd, the *Roman* Angel's Wings ſhall melt,
And *Cæſar*'s Diadem be from his Head
Spurn'd by baſe Feet; the Laurel which he wears,
(Returning Victor) be inforc'd to kiſs
That which it hates (the Fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus*-Engine, being made ready
To ſo much Miſchief, keep a ſteady Motion?
His Eyes and Feet you ſee give ſtrange Aſſaults.

Theoph. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy Language,
Which printed is in ſuch crabbed Characters,
It puzzles all my reading: What i'th'name
Of *Pluto*, now is hatching?

Harp. This, *Macrinus*,
The Time is, upon which Love-errands run
'Twixt *Antoninus* and that Ghoſt of Women,
The bloodleſs *Dorothea*, who in Prayer

And

And Meditation (mocking all your Gods)
Drinks up her ruby Colour: Yet *Antoninus*
Plays the *Endymion* to this pale-fac'd Moon,
Courts her, ſeeks to catch her Eyes.

Theoph. And what of this?

Harp. Theſe are but creeping Billows,
Not got to Shore yet: But if *Dorothea*
Fall on his Boſom, and be fir'd with Love,
(Your coldeſt Women do ſo) had you Ink
Brew'd from th' infernal *Styx*, not all that blackneſs
Can make a Thing ſo foul, as the Diſhonours,
Diſgraces, Buffetings, and moſt baſe Affronts
Upon the bright *Artemia*, Star of Court,
Great *Cæſar*'s Daughter.

Theoph. Now I conſtrue thee.

Harp. Nay more; a Firmament of Clouds, being fill'd
With *Jove*'s Artillery ſhot down at once.
To daſh your Gods in Pieces, cannot give,
With all thoſe Thunderbolts, ſo deep a Blow
To the Religion there, and *Pagan* Lore,
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your Gods,
And, if ſhe once blaſt *Antoninus*'s Soul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh! the Example——

Theoph. Eats through *Cæſarea*'s Heart like liquid Poiſon.
Have I invented Tortures to tear Chriſtians,
To ſee but which, could all that feel Hell's Torments
Have Leave to ſtand aloof here on Earth's Stage,
They would be mad, 'till they again deſcended,
Holding the Pains moſt horrid of ſuch Souls,
May-games to thoſe of mine. Hath this my Hand
Set down a Chriſtian's Execution
In ſuch dire Poſtures, that the very Hangman
Fell at my Foot dead, hearing but their Figures?
And ſhall *Macrinus* and his Fellow-Maſquer
Strangle me in a Dance?

Harp. No;—on; I hug thee,
For drilling thy quick Brains in this rich Plot
Of Tortures 'gainſt theſe Chriſtians: On; I hug thee!

Theoph. Both hug and holy me; to this *Dorothea*

Fly

Fly thou and I in Thunder.

Harp. Not for Kingdoms
Pil'd upon Kingdoms: There's a Villain Page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the World
Hold Traffick with; I do ſo hate his Sight,
That, ſhould I look on him, I muſt ſink down.

Theoph. I will not loſe thee then, her to confound:
None but this Head with Glories ſhall be crown'd.

Harp. Oh! mine own as I would wiſh thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My truſty *Angelo*, with that curious Eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my Buſineſs,
I prythee watch thoſe my ſtill-negligent Servants,
That they perform my Will, in what's enjoin'd them
To th' Good of others; elſe will you find them Flies
Not lying ſtill, yet in them no Good lies:
Be careful, dear Boy!

Ang. Yes, my ſweet Miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

Dor. Now, Sir, you may go on.

Macrin. I then muſt ſtudy
A new Arithmetic, to ſum up the Virtues
Which *Antoninus* gracefully become.
There is in him ſo much Man, ſo much Goodneſs,
So much of Honour, and of all Things elſe,
Which makes our Being excellent, that from his Store,
He can enough lend others; yet, much taken from him,
The Want ſhall be as little, as when Seas
Lend from their Bounty, to fill up their Poorneſs
Of needy Rivers.

Dor. Sir; he is more indebted
To you for Praiſe, than you to him that owes it.

Macrin. If Queens, viewing his Preſents paid to the Whiteneſs
Of your chaſte Hand alone ſhould be ambitious
But to be Partners in their num'rous Shares,
This he counts nothing: could you ſee main Armies
Make Battles in the Quarrel of his Valour.
That 'tis the beſt, the trueſt, this were nothing;

The

The Greatneſs of his State, his Father's Voice
And Arm, owing *Cæſarea*, he ne'er boaſts of;
The Sun-beams which the Emperor throws upon him,
Shine there but as in Water, and gild him
Not with one Spot of Pride: No, deareſt Beauty!
All theſe, heap'd up together in one Scale,
Cannot weigh down the Love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could Gold buy you
To ſpeak thus for a Friend, you Sir, are worthy
Of more than I will number; and this your Language
Hath Power to win upon another Woman,
'Top of whoſe Heart the Feathers of this World
Are gayly ſtuck: but all which firſt you named,
And now this laſt, his Love to me are nothing.

Macrin. You make me a ſad Meſſenger;—but himſelf.

Enter Antoninus.

Being come in Perſon, ſhall, I hope, hear from you
Muſic more pleaſing.

Anton. Has your Ear, *Macrinus*,
Heard none, then?

Macrin. None I like.

Anton. But can there be
In ſuch a noble Caſket, wherein lies
Beauty and Chaſtity in their full Perfections,
A rocky Heart, killing with Cruelty
A Life that's proſtrated beneath your Feet?

Dor. I'm guilty of a Shame I yet ne'er knew,
Thus to hold Parley with you,—pray, Sir, pardon.

Anton. Good Sweetneſs, you now have it, and ſhall go:
Be but ſo merciful, before your wounding me
With ſuch a mortal Weapon as Farewel,
To let me murmur to your Virgin Ear,
What I was loth to lay on any Tongue,
But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodeſt Accent
Fly out, I hate you everlaſtingly.

Anton. My true Love dares not do it.

Macrin. Hermes inſpire thee!

They whiſpering below, enter above Sapritius, *Father to* Antoninus, *and Governor of* Cæſarea; *with him* Artemia *the Princeſs*, Theophilus, Spungius, *and* Hircius.

Spun. So, now, do you ſee our Work is done; the Fiſh you angle for is nibbling at the Hook, and therefore untruſs the Cod-piece-point of our Reward, no Matter if the Breeches of Conſcience fall about our Heels.

Theoph. The Gold you earn is here; dam up your Mouths, and no Words of it.

Hir. No; nor no Words from you of too much damning neither. I know Women ſell themſelves daily, and are hackney'd out for Silver; why may not we, then, betray a ſcurvy Miſtreſs for Gold?

Spun. She ſav'd us from the Gallows, and, only to keep one Proverb from breaking his Neck, we'll hang her?

Theoph. 'Tis well done; go, go, y'are my fine white Boys.

Spun. If your red Boys, 'tis well known, more ill-favoured Faces than ours are painted.

Sap. Thoſe Fellows trouble us.

Theoph. Away, away!

Hir. I to my ſweet Placket.

Spun. And I to my full Pot. [*Exeunt.*

Anton. Come, let me tune you:—Glaze not thus your Eyes,
With ſelf-love of a vow'd Virginity,
Make every Man your Glaſs: You ſee our Sex
Do never murther Propagation;
We all deſire your ſweet Society,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my Blood are guilty.

Artem. O baſe Villain!

Sap. Bridle your Rage, ſweet Princeſs!

Anton. Could not my Fortunes
(Rear'd higher far than yours) be worthy of you,
Methinks my dear Affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your Fortunes, were they Mines of Gold,

He

He that I love is richer; and for worth,
You are to him lower than any Slave
Is to a Monarch.
Sap. So insolent, base Christian?
Dor. Can I, with wearing out my Knees before him,
Get, you but be his Servant, you shall boast
You're equal to a King.
Sap. Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying Sorceress!
Anton. Your Mocks are great ones; none beneath the Sun
Will I be Servant to.—On my Knees I beg it,
Pity me, wondrous Maid!
Sap. I curse thy Baseness!
Theoph. Listen to more.
Dor. O kneel not, Sir, to me!
Anton. This Knee is Emblem of an humbled Heart;
That Heart which tortur'd is with your Disdain,
Justly for scorning others; even this Heart,
To which for Pity such a Princess sues,
As in her Hand offers me all the World,
Great *Cæsar*'s Daughter.
Artem. Slave! thou liest.
Anton. Yet this
Is Adamant to her, that melts to you
In Drops of Blood.
Theoph. A very Dog!
Anton. Perhaps
'Tis my Religion makes you knit the Brow;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
I ne'er will screw your Conscience from that Power
On which you Christians lean.
Sap. I can no longer
Fret out my Life with weeping at thee, Villain:—Sirrah!
Would, when I got thee, the high Thundrer's Hand
Had struck thee in the Womb.
Macrin. We are betrayed.
Artem. Is that your Idol, Traytor, which thou kneel'st to,
Trampling upon my Beauty?

Theoph. Sirrah! Bandog!
Wilt thou in Pieces tear our *Jupiter*
For her? Our *Mars* for her? Our *Sol* for her?
A Whore? A Hell-hound? In this Globe of Brains,
Where a whole World of Tortures, for ſuch Furies
Have fought (as in a Chaos) which ſhould exceed,
Theſe Nails ſhall grubbing lie from Skull to Skull,
To find one horrider than all, for you,
You three.

Artem. Threaten not, but ſtrike, quick Vengeance flies
Into thy Boſom, Caitiff! here all Love dies. [*Exeunt.*

Anton. O! I am thunder ſtruck!
We're both o'erwhelm'd.

Macrin. With one high-raging Billow.

Dor. You a Soldier,
And ſink beneath the Violence of a Woman!

Anton. A Woman? A wrong'd Princeſs! from ſuch a Star
Blazing with Fires of Hate, what can be look'd for,
But tragical Events? My Life is now
The Subject of her Tyranny.

Dor. That Fear is baſe,
Of Death, when that Death doth but Life diſplace
Out of her Houſe of Earth; you only dread
The Stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
There is the Fear, indeed: Come, let your Eyes
Dwell where mine do, you'll ſcorn their Tyrannies.

Enter below, Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, *a Guard*, Angelo *comes, and is cloſe by* Dorothea.

Artem. My Father's Nerves put Vigour in mine Arm,
And I his Strength muſt uſe;—becauſe I once
Shed Beams of Favour on thee, and, with the Lion,
Play'd with thee gently, when thou ſtruck'ſt my Heart,
I'll not inſult on a baſe, humbled Prey,
By ling'ring out thy Terrors; but with one Frown
Kill thee.—Hence with 'em to Execution.
Seize him,—but let ev'n Death itſelf be weary
In tort'ring her. I'll change thoſe Smiles to Shrieks,
Give the Fool, what ſhe's proud of, Martyrdom:

In

In Pieces rack that Bawd too.

Sap. Albeit the Reverence
I owe our Gods, and you, are in my Boſom,
Torrents ſo ſtrong, that Pity quite lies drown'd
From ſaving this young Man: Yet, when I ſee
What Face Death gives him, and that a Thing within me
Saith, 'tis my Son, I'm forc'd to be a Man,
And grow fond of his Life, which thus I beg.

Artem. And I deny.

Anton. Sir, you diſhonour me,
To ſue for that which I diſclaim to have.
I ſhall more glory in my Sufferings gain,
Than you in giving Judgment; ſince I offer
My Blood up to your Anger: Nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched Life of mine from Ruin:
Preſerve this Temple (build it fair as yours is)
And *Cæſar* never went in greater Triumph,
Than I ſhall to the Scaffold.

Artem. Are you ſo brave, Sir?
Set forward to his Triumph, and let thoſe two
Go curſing along with him.

Dor. No, but pitying,
(For my Part, I) that you loſe ten Times more
By tort'ring me, than I that dare your Tortures
Through all the Army of my Sins, I've even
Labour'd to break, and cope with Death to th' Face.
The Viſage of a Hangman frights not me;
The Sight of Whips, Racks, Gibbets, Axes, Fires,
Are Scaffoldings by which my Soul climbs up
To an eternal Habitation.

Theoph. *Cæſar*'s imperial Daughter, hear me ſpeak!
Let not this Chriſtian *Thing*, in this her Pageantry
Of proud deriding both our Gods and *Cæſar*,
Build to herſelf a Kingdom in her Death,
Go laughing from us; No; her bittereſt Torment
Shall be, to feel her Conſtancy beaten down,
The Bravery of her Reſolution lie
Batter'd, by th' Argument, into ſuch Pieces,
That ſhe again ſhall (on her Belly) creep

To kiſs the Pavements of our *Panim* Gods.

Artem. How to be done?

Theoph. I'll ſend my Daughters to her;
And they ſhall turn her rocky Faith to Wax;
Elſe ſpit at me, let me be made your Slave,
And meet no *Roman*'s, but a Villain's Grave.

Artem. Thy Priſoner let her be, then; and, *Sapritius!*
Your Son, and that be yours, Death ſhall be ſent
To him that ſuffers them, by Voice, or Letters,
To greet each other. Rifle her Eſtate;
Chriſtians, to Beggary brought, grow deſperate.

Dor. Still on the Bread of Poverty let me feed.

[*Exeunt all but Angelo.*

Ang. O! my admired Miſtreſs! quench not out
The holy Fires within you, though Temptations
Show'r down upon you: Claſp thine Armour on:
Fight well; and thou ſhalt ſee, after theſe Wars,
Thy Head wear Sun-beams, and thy Feet touch Stars.

Enter Hircius *and* Spungius.

Hir. How now, *Angelo!* how is it? What Thread ſpins that Whore, Fortune, upon her Wheel now?

Spun. Comeſta, Comeſta, poor Knave!

Hir. Com a porte vou, com a porte vou, me petit Garſon.

Spun. Me partha me Comrade, my half Inch of Man's Fleſh, how run the Dice of this cheating World, ha?

Ang. Too well on your Sides; you are hid in Gold O'er Head and Ears.

Hir. We thank our Fates, the Sign of the Gingle-Boys hangs at the Doors of our Pockets.

Spun. Who would think, that we coming forth of the Arſe, as it were, or fag End of the World, ſhould yet ſee the Golden Age, when ſo little Silver is ſtirring.

Hir. Nay, who can ſay any Citizen is an Aſs, for loading his own Back with Money, till his Soul cracks again, only to leave his Son like a gilded Coxcomb behind him? Will not any Fool take me for a wiſe Man now,

now, ſeeing me draw out of the Pit of my Treaſury, this little God with his Belly full of Gold?

Spun. And this full of the ſame Meat out of my Ambrey.

Ang. That Gold will melt to Poiſon.

Spun. Poiſon! would it would; whole Pints for Healths ſhall down my Throat.

Hir. Gold Poiſon! there is never a She-Thraſher in *Cæſarea*, that lives on the Flail of Money, will call it ſo.

Ang. Like Slaves you ſold your Souls for golden Droſs,
Bewitching her to Death, who ſtept between
You and the Gallows.

Spun. It was an eaſy Matter to ſave us, ſhe being ſo well back'd.

Hir. The Gallows and we fell out; ſo ſhe did but part us.

Ang. The Miſery of that Miſtreſs is mine own;
She beggar'd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my Noſe drop in Sorrow, with wet Eyes for her.

Spun. The Petticoat of her Eſtate is unlaced I confeſs.

Hir. Yes, and the Smock of her Charity is now all to Pieces.

Ang. For Love you bear to her, for ſome good Turns
Done you by me, give me one Piece of Silver.

Hir. How! a Piece of Silver! if thou wert an Angel of Gold, I would not put thee into white Money, unleſs I weighed thee; and I weigh thee not a Ruſh.

Spun. A Piece of Silver! I never had but two Calves in my Life, and thoſe my Mother left me; I will rather part from the Fat of them, than from a Muſtard-Token's Worth of Argent.

Hir. And ſo, ſweet Nit! we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, Demi-dandiprat, adieu!

Ang. Stay,—one Word yet; you now are full of Gold——

Hir. I would be ſorry my Dog were ſo full of the Pox.

Spun. Or any Sow of mine of the Meazles either.

Ang. Go, go! y'are Beggars both; you are not worth that Leather on your Feet.

Hir. Away, away, Boy!

Spun. Page, you do nothing but ſet Patches on the Soles of your Jeſts.

Ang. I'm glad I try'd your Love, which (ſee!) I want not ſo long as this is full.

Both. And ſo long as this—ſo long as this.

Hir. Spungius! you are a Pickpocket.

Spun. Hircius! thou haſt nimb'd—ſo long, as not ſo much Money is left, as will buy a Louſe.

Hir. Thou art a Thief, and thou lieſt in that Gut through which thy Wine runs, if thou denieſt it.

Spun. Thou lieſt deeper than the Bottom of mine enraged Pocket, if thou affronteſt it.

Ang. No Blows, no bitter Language;—all your Gold gone?

Spun. Can the Devil creep into one's Breeches?

Hir. Yes, if his Horns once get into the Cod-piece.

Ang. Come, ſigh not; I ſo little am in Love
With that whoſe Loſs kills you, that, (ſee) 'tis yours;
All yours: Divide the Heap in equal Share,
So you will go along with me to Priſon,
And in our Miſtreſs's Sorrows bear a Part:
Say, will you?

Both. Will we?

Spun. If ſhe were going to hanging, no Gallows ſhould part us.

Hir. Lets both be turn'd into a Rope of Onions, if we do.

Ang. Follow me then: Repair your bad Deeds paſt;
Happy are Men when their beſt Deeds are laſt.

Spun. True, Maſter *Angelo!* pray, Sir, lead the Way.

[*Exit.* Ang.

Hir. Let him lead that Way, but follow thou me this Way.

Spun. I live in a Goal?

Hir. Away and ſhift for ourſelves:—She'll do well enough there; for Priſoners are more hungry after Mutton, than Catch-poles after Priſoners.

Spun.

Spun. Let her ſtarve then, if a whole Goal will not fill her Belly. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sapritius, Theophilus, Prieſt, Caliſte, Chriſteta.

Sap. SICK to the Death, I fear.
The. I meet your Sorrow,
With my true Feeling of it.
Sap. She's a Witch,
A Sorcereſs, *Theophilus!* my Son
Is charm'd by her inchanting Eyes, and like
An Image made of Wax, her Beams of Beauty
Melt him to nothing; all my Hopes in him,
And all his gotten Honours, find their Grave
In his ſtrange Dotage on her. Would, when firſt
He ſaw and lov'd her, that the Earth had open'd,
And ſwallow'd both alive!
Theoph. There's Hope left, yet.
Sap. Not any: Though the Princeſs were appeas'd,
All Title in her Love ſurrender'd up;
Yet this coy Chriſtian is ſo tranſported
With her Religion, that unleſs my Son
(But let him periſh firſt!) drink the ſame Potion,
And be of her Belief, ſhe'll not vouchſafe
To be his lawful Wife.
Prieſt. But, once remov'd
From her Opinion, as I reſt aſſur'd
The Reaſons of theſe holy Maids will win her,
You'll find her tractable to any Thing
For your Content, or his.
Theoph, If ſhe refuſe it,

The *Stygian* Damps, breeding infectious Airs,
The Mandrake's ſhrieks, or Baſiliſk's killing Eye,
The dreadful Lightning, that does cruſh the Bones
And never ſinge the Skin, ſhall not appear
Leſs fatal to her, than my Zeal made hot
With Love unto my Gods. I have deferr'd it,
In Hopes to draw back this Apoſtata,
Which will be greater Honour, than her Death,
Unto her Father's Faith; and to that End
Have brought my Daughters hither.

Caliſte. And we doubt not
To do what you deſire.

Sap. Let her be ſent for.
—Proſper in your good Work; and, were I not
T' attend the Princeſs, I would ſee and hear
How you ſucceed.

Theoph. I am commanded too;
I'll bear you Company.

Sap. Give them your Ring,
To lead her as in Triumph, if they win her,
Before her Highneſs, [*Exit* Sapr.

Theoph. Spare no Promiſes,
Perſuaſions, or Threats, I do conjure you:
If you prevail, 'tis the moſt glorious Work
You ever undertook.

[1] *The* Stygian *Damps, breeding infectious Airs*
The Mandrake's ſhrieks, &c.

Shakeſpear makes *Lear* (ſpeaking of his Daughter's Ingratitude) ſay,

All the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heaven fall
On her ingrateful Top! ſtrike her young Bones
You taking Airs, with Lameneſs——
You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding Flames
Into her ſcornful Eyes! infect her Beauty
You Fen-ſucked Fogs, drawn by the powerful Sun——

But this is much ſuperior to *Maſſinger.*

Enter

[a] *Enter* Dorothea, *and* Angelo.

Prieſt. She comes
Theoph. We leave you;
Be conſtant, and be careful
[*Exeunt* Theoph. *and* Prieſt.
Cal. We are ſorry
To meet you under Guard.
Dor. But I more griev'd
You are at Liberty; ſo well I love you,
That I could wiſh, for ſuch a Cauſe as mine,
You were my Fellow-Priſoners: Pr'thee, *Angelo*,
Reach us ſome Chairs. 'Pleaſe you ſit?
Cal. We thank you:
Our Viſit is for Love; Love to your Safety.
Chriſt. Our Conference muſt be private; pray you, therefore,
Command your Boy to leave us.
Dor. You may truſt him
With any Secrets that concerns my Life;
Falſhood and he are Strangers: Had you, Ladies,
Been bleſs'd with ſuch a Servant, you had never
Forſook that Way (your Journey even half ended)
That leads to Joys eternal. In the Place
Of looſe laſcivious Mirth, he would have ſtirr'd you
To holy Meditations; and ſo far
He is from Flattery, that he would have told you,
Your Pride being at the Height, how miſerable
And wretched Things you were, that, for an Hour
Of Pleaſure here, have made a deſperate Sale
Of all your Right in Happineſs hereafter.
He muſt not leave me; without him I fall;
In this Life he is my Servant; in the other,
A wiſh'd Companion.
Ang. 'Tis not in the Devil,

Enter Dorothea *and* Angelo.

[a] The enſuing Scene is moſt finely wrote and excellent in its Kind, it makes us ample Recompence for the unmeaning Ribaldry and Nonſence between *Hircius* and *Spungius*.

Nor

Nor all his wicked Arts, to ſhake ſuch Goodneſs. [*Aſide.*
Dor. But you were ſpeaking, Lady——
Cal. As a Friend,
And Lover of your Safety; and I pray you
So to receive it; and, if you remember
How near in Love our Parents were, that we
Ev'n from the Cradle, were brought up together,
Our Amity encreaſing with our Years,
We cannot ſtand ſuſpected.
Dor. To the Purpoſe.
Cal. We come, then, as good Angels, *Dorothea*,
To make you happy; and the Means ſo eaſy,
That, be not you an Enemy to yourſelf,
Already you enjoy it.
Chriſt. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your Perſuaſion.
Cal. But what follow'd, Lady?
Leaving thoſe Bleſſings which our Gods give freely,
And ſhowr'd upon us with a prodigal Hand;
As to be noble born, Youth, Beauty, Wealth,
And the free Uſe of theſe without controul,
Check, curb, or ſtop, (ſuch is our Law's Indulgence!)
All Happineſs forſook us; Bonds and Fetters
For am'rous Twines; the Rack, and Hangman's Whips
In Place of choice Delights; our Parents Curſes
Inſtead of Bleſſings; Scorn, Neglect, Contempt
Fell thick upon us.
Chriſt. This conſider'd wiſely,
We made a fair Retreat; and reconcil'd
To our forſaken Gods, we live again
In all Proſperity.
Cal. By our Example,
Bequeathing Miſery to ſuch as love it,
Learn to be happy. The Chriſtian Yoke's too heavy
For ſuch a dainty Neck; it was fram'd rather
To be the Shrine of *Venus*, or a Pillar,
More precious than Chryſtal, to ſupport
Our *Cupid*'s Image. Our Religion, Lady,

Is but a varied Pleaſure; your's a Toil
Slaves would ſhrink under.
Dor. Have you not cloven Feet? Are you not Devils?
Dare any ſay ſo much, or dare I hear it
Without a virtuous and religious Anger?
Now, to put on a Virgin Modeſty,
Or maiden Silence, when his Power is queſtion'd
That is Omnipotent, were a greater Crime
Than in a bad Cauſe to be impudent.
Your Gods, your Temples, Brothel-houſes rather,
Or wicked Actions of the worſt of Men
Purſu'd and practis'd, your religious Rites,
Oh! call them rather juggling Myſteries,
The Baits and Nets of Hell: Your Souls the Prey
For which the Devil angles; your falſe Pleaſures
A ſteep Deſcent, by which you headlong fall
Into eternal Torments.
Cal. Do not tempt
Our powerful Gods.
Dor. Which of your powerful Gods?
Your Gold, your Silver, Braſs, or Wooden ones,
That cannot do me Hurt, nor protect you?
Moſt pitied Women! will you ſacrifice
To ſuch, or call them Gods or Goddeſſes,
Your Parents would diſdain to be the ſame,
Or you yourſelves? O blinded Ignorance!
Tell me *Caliſte!* by the Truth, I charge you,
Or any Thing you hold more dear, would you,
To have him deifi'd to Poſterity,
Deſire your Father an Adulterer,
A Raviſher, almoſt a Parricide,
A vile, inceſtuous Wretch?
Cal. That Piety
And Duty anſwer for me.
Dor. Or you, *Chriſteta!*
To be hereafter regiſter'd a Goddeſs,
Give your chaſte Body up to the Embraces
Of Goatiſh Luſt? Have it writ on your Forehead,
This is the common Whore, the Proſtitute,

The

The Miſtreſs, in the Art of Wantonneſs;
Knows every Trick and Labyrinth of Deſires
That are immodeſt?
Chriſt. You judge better of me,
Or my Affection is ill plac'd on you;
Shall I turn Strumpet?
Dor. No, I think you would not;
Yet *Venus*, whom you worſhip, was a Whore;
Flora the Foundreſs of the public Stews,
And hath for that her Sacrifice: Your great God,
Your *Jupiter*, a looſe Adulterer,
Inceſtuous with his Siſter: Read but thoſe
That have canoniz'd them, you'll find them worſe
Than, in chaſte Language, I can ſpeak them to you.
Are they immortal then, that did partake
Of human Weakneſs, and had ample Share
In Men's moſt baſe Affections? Subject to
Unchaſte Loves, Anger, Bondage, Wounds, as Men are
Here. *Jupiter*, to ſerve his Luſt, turn'd Bull,
The Shape indeed in which he ſtole *Europa*;
Neptune, for Gain, builds up the Walls of *Troy*
As a Day-labourer; *Apollo* keeps
Admetus Sheep for Bread; the *Lemnian* Smith
Sweats at the Forge for Hire; *Prometheus* here,
With his ſtill-growing Liver, feeds the Vulture;
Saturn bound faſt in Hell with Adamant Chains;
And thouſands more, on whom abuſed Error
Beſtows a Deity: will you then, dear Siſters,
For I would have you ſuch, pay your Devotions
To Things of leſs Power than yourſelves?
Caliſte. We worſhip
Their good Deeds in their Images.
Dor. By whom faſhioned?
By ſinful Men. I'll tell you a ſhort Tale,
Nor can you but confeſs it was a true one.
A King of *Ægypt*, being to erect
The Image of *Oſiris*, whom they honour,
Took from the Matrons Necks the richeſt Jewels,
And pureſt Gold, as the Materials

To finiſh up his Work; which perfected,
With all Solemnity he ſet it up,
To be ador'd, and ſerv'd, himſelf, his Idol,
Deſiring it to give him Victory
Againſt his Enemies: But, being overthrown,
Inrag'd againſt his God (theſe are fine Gods,
Subject to human Fury!) he took down
The ſenſeleſs Thing, and melting it again,
He made a Baſon, in which Eunuchs waſh'd
His Concubines Feet; and for this ſordid Uſe
Some Months it ſerv'd: his Miſtreſs proving falſe,
As moſt indeed do ſo, and Grace concluded
Between them and the Prieſts, of the ſame Baſon
He made his God again:—Think think of this,
And then conſider, if all worldly Honours,
Or Pleaſures that do leave ſharp Stings behind them,
Have Pow'r to win ſuch as have reaſonable Souls,
To put their Truſt in Droſs.

Cal. Oh, that I had been born
Without a Father!

Chriſt. Piety to him
Hath ruined us for ever.

Dor. Think not ſo;
You may repair all yet; the Attribute
That ſpeaks his Godhead moſt, is, merciful.
Revenge is proper to the Fiends you worſhip,
Yet cannot ſtrike without his Leave.—You weep,—
Oh! 'tis a heav'nly Show'r; celeſtial Balm
To cure your wounded Conſcience! let it fall,
Fall thick upon it; and, when that is ſpent,
I'll help it with another of my Tears;
And may your true Repentance prove the Child
Of my true Sorrow; never Mother had
A Birth ſo happy.

Cal. We are caught ourſelves,
That came to take you; and, aſſur'd of Conqueſt,
We are your Captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph,
Your Victory had been eternal Loſs,

And this your Loſs immortal Gain fix here,
And you ſhall feel yourſelves inwardly arm'd
'Gainſt Tortures, Death and Hell:—But, take Heed, Siſters!
That, or through Weakneſs, Threats, or mild Perſuaſions,
Though of a Father, you fall not into
A ſecond and a worſe Apoſtacy.

Cal. Never, oh! never; ſteel'd by your Example,
We dare the worſt of Tyranny.

Chriſt. Here's our Warrant;
You ſhall along and witneſs it.

Dor. Be confirm'd, then,
And reſt aſſur'd, the more you ſuffer here,
The more your Glory, you to Heav'n more dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Artem. *Sapritius*, though your Son deſerve no Pity,
We grieve his Sickneſs: His Contempt of us
We caſt behind us, and look back upon
His Service done to *Cæſar*; that weighs down
Our juſt Diſpleaſure. If his Malady
Have Growth from his Reſtraint, or that you think
His Liberty can cure him, let him have it:
Say, we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your Grace binds us
Ever your humbleſt Vaſſals.

Artem. Uſe all Means
For his Recovery; though yet I love him,
I will not force Affection. If the Chriſtian,
Whoſe Beauty hath out-rival'd me, be won
To be of our Belief, let him enjoy her,
That all may know, when the Cauſe wills, I can
Command my own Deſires.

Theoph. Be happy, then.
My Lord *Sapritius*—I am confident,

Such

Such Eloquence and ſweet Perſuaſion dwells
Upon my Daughters Tongues, that they will work her
To any Thing they pleaſe.
Sap. I wiſh they may:
Yet 'tis no eaſy Taſk to undertake,
To alter a perverſe and obſtinate Woman. [*A ſhout within.*
Artem. What means this Shout! [*Loud Muſic.*
Sap. 'Tis ſeconded with Muſic,
Triumphant Muſic,—Ha! [*Enter* Sempronius.
Semp. My Lord, your Daughters,
The Pillars of our Faith, having converted,
(For ſo Report gives out) the Chriſtian Lady,
The Image of great *Jupiter* borne before them,
Sue for Acceſs.
Theoph. My Soul divin'd as much.
Bleſt be the Time when firſt they ſaw this Light!
Their Mother, when ſhe bore them to ſupport
My feeble Age, fill'd not my longing Heart
With ſo much Joy, as they in this good Work
Have thrown upon me.

Enter Prieſt *with the Image of* Jupiter, *Incenſe and Cenſers, followed by* Caliſte *and* Chriſteta, *leading* Dorothea.

Welcome, oh! thrice welcome,
Daughters, both of my Body and my Mind!
Let me embrace in you my Bliſs, my Comfort;
And, *Dorothea*, now more welcome too,
Than if you ne'er had fall'n off! I'm raviſh'd
With the Exceſs of Joy—ſpeak, happy Daughters
The bleſt Event.
Cal. We never gain'd ſo much
By any Undertaking.
Theoph. O my dear Girl!
Our Gods reward thee.
Dor. Nor was ever Time
On my Part better ſpent.
Chriſt. We are all now
Of one Opinion.

Theoph.

Theoph. My beſt *Chriſteta!*
Madam, if ever you did Grace to Worth,
Vouchſafe your princely Hands.
Artem. Moſt willingly——
Do you refuſe it?
Cal. Let us firſt deſerve it.
Theoph. My own Child ſtill: Here ſet our God, prepare
The Incenſe quickly: Come, fair *Dorothea*,
I will my ſelf ſupport you;—now kneel down,
And pay your Vows to *Jupiter*,
Dor. I ſhall do it
Better by their Example.
Theoph. They ſhall guide you;
They are familiar with the Sacrifice.
Forward, my Twins of Comfort, and, to teach her,
Make a joint Offering.
Chriſt. Thus—— [*They both ſpit at the Image,*
Cal. And thus—— *throw it down and ſpurn it.*
Har. Prophane,
And impious!—Stand you now like a Statue?
Are you the Champion of the Gods? Where is
Your holy Zeal? Your Anger?
Theoph. I am blaſted;
And, as my Feet were rooted here, I find
I have no Motion;—I would I had no Sight too;
Or, if my Eyes can ſerve to any other Uſe,
Give me, (thou injur'd Power!) a Sea of Tears,
To expiate this Madneſs in my Daughters;
For, being themſelves, they would have trembled at
So blaſphemous a Deed in any other——
For my Sake, hold a while thy dreadful Thunder
And give me Patience to demand a Reaſon
For this accurſed Act.
Dor. 'Twas bravely done.
Theoph. Peace, damn'd Enchantreſs, Peace! I ſhould look on you
With Eyes made red with Fury, and my Hand,
That ſhakes with Rage, ſhould much out-ſtrip my Tongue,

And

And ſeal my Vengeance on your Hearts;—but Nature
To you that have fall'n once, bids me again
To be a Father. Oh! how durſt you tempt
The Anger of great *Jove?*
Dor. A lack, poor *Jove!*
He is no Swaggerer, how ſmug he ſtands,
He'll take a Kick, or any Thing,——
Sap. Stop her Mouth.
Dor. It is the antient'ſt Godling: Do not fear him,
He would not hurt the Thief that ſtole away
Two of his golden Locks; indeed he could not,
And ſtill it is the ſame quiet Thing.
Theoph. Blaſphemer!
Ingenious Cruelty ſhall puniſh this;
Thou art paſt Hope: But for you, dear Daughters,
Again bewitch'd, the Dew of mild Forgiveneſs
May gently fall, provided you deſerve it
With true Contrition: Be yourſelves again;
Sue to th' offended Deity.
Chr. Not to be
The Miſtreſs of the Earth.
Cal. I will not offer
A Grain of Incenſe to it, much leſs kneel;
Nor look on it, but with Contempt and Scorn,
To have a thouſand Years conferr'd upon me,
Of worldly Bleſſings. We profeſs ourſelves
To be, like *Dorothea*, Chriſtians.
And owe her for that Happineſs.
Theoph. My Ears
Receive, in hearing this, all deadly Charms,
Powerful to make Man wretched.
Art. Are theſe they
You bragg'd could convert others?
Sap. That want Strength
To ſtand themſelves?
Har. Your Honour is engag'd;
The Credit of our Cauſe depends upon it;
Something you muſt do ſuddenly
Theoph. And I will.

Harp. They merit Death; but, falling by your Hand
'Twill be recorded for a juſt Revenge,
And holy Fury in you.

Theoph. Do not blow
The Furnace of a Wrath thrice hot already;
Ætna is in my Breaſt, Wildfire burns here,
Which only Blood muſt quench—incenſed Power,
Which from my Infancy I have ador'd,
Look down with favourable Beams upon
The Sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Prieſt)
Which will I offer to thee; and be pleas'd,
(My fiery Zeal inciting me to act it)
To call that Juſtice, others may ſtile Murther.
Come you accurſed! thus by the Hair I drag you
Before this holy Altar; thus look on you
Leſs pitiful than Tygers to their Prey:
And thus with mine own Hand, I take that Life
Which I gave to you. [*kills them.*

Dor. O moſt cruel Butcher!

Theoph. My Anger ends not here: Hell's dreadful Porter,
Receive into thy ever-open Gates
Their damned Souls, and let the Furies Whips
On them alone be waſted; and, when Death
Cloſes theſe Eyes, 'twill be *Elizium* to me,
To hear their Shrieks and Howlings! Make me *Pluto*,
Thy Inſtrument to furniſh thee with Souls
Of that accurſed Sect; nor let me fall,
Till my fell Vengeance hath conſum'd them all.
[*Exit, with* Harpax *hugging him.*

Enter Artemia *laughing.*

Art. 'Tis a brave Zeal.

Dor. Oh, call him back again!
Call back your Hangman! here's one Priſoner left
To be the Subject of his Knife.

Art. Not ſo;
We are not ſo near reconcil'd unto thee;
Thou ſhalt not periſh ſuch an eaſy Way:
Be ſhe your Charge, *Sapritius*, now; and ſuffer
None to come near her, 'till we have found out

Some Torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage Miſtreſs!
Theſe Martyrs but prepare your glorious Fate:
You ſhall exceed them, and not imitate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Spungius *and* Hircius, *ragged, at ſeveral Doors.*

Hir. Spungius!

Spun. My fine Rogue, how is it? How goes this totter'd World?

Hir. Haſt any Money?

Spun. Money? No: The Tavern-Ivy clings about my Money and kills it. Haſt thou any Money?

Hir. No: My Money is a mad Bull; and, finding any Gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I ſee, then, a Tavern and a Bawdy-houſe have Faces much alike; the one hath red Grates next Door, the other hath Peeping-holes within Doors: The Tavern hath evermore a Buſh, the Bawdy-houſe ſometimes neither Hedge nor Buſh. From a Tavern a Man comes reeling; from a Bawdy-houſe, not able to ſtand. In the Tavern, you are cozen'd with paultry Wine; in a Bawdy-houſe, by a painted Whore: Money may have Wine, and a Whore will have Money; but neither can you cry, Drawer, you Rogue, or keep Door-rotten Bawd, without a Silver Whiſtle:—We are juſtly plagued, therefore, for running from our Miſtreſs.

Hir. Thou did'ſt; I did not: Yet I had run too, but that one gave me Turpentine Pills, and that ſtaid my running.

Spun. Well! the Thread of my Life is drawn through the Needle of Neceſſity, whoſe Eye, looking upon my louſy Breeches, cries out it cannot mend 'em; which ſo pricks the Linings of my Body (and thoſe are, Hearts, Lights, Lungs, Guts, and Midriff,) that I beg on my Knees, to have *Atropos*, the Taylor to the Deſtinies, to take her Shears, and cut my Thread in two, or to heat the Iron Gooſe of Mortality, and ſo preſs me to Death.

Hir. Sure thy Father was ſome Botcher, and thy hungry Tongue bit off theſe Shreds of Complaints, to patch up the Elbows of thy nitty Eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy Father?

Hir. A low-minded Cobler:—A Cobler, whoſe Zeal ſet many a Woman upright, the Remembrance of whoſe Awl (I now having nothing) thruſts ſuch ſcurvy Stitches into my Soul, that the Heel of my Happineſs is gone awry.

Spun. 'Pity that e'er thou trod'ſt thy Shoe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot laſt; for all ſowterly Wax of Comfort melting away, and Miſery taking the Length of my Foot, it boots not me to ſue for Life, when all my Hopes are Seamrent, and go Wetſhod.

Spun. This ſhews th'art a Cobler's Son, by going through Stitch: O *Hercius!* would thou and I were ſo happy to be Coblers.

Hir. So would I; for both of us being weary of our Lives, ſhould then be ſure of Shoemakers Ends.

Spun. I ſee the Beginning of my End, for I am almoſt ſtarv'd.

Hir. So am not I; but I am more than famiſh'd.

Spun. All the Members in my Body are in a Rebellion one againſt another.

Hir. So are mine; and nothing but a Cook, being a Conſtable, can appeaſe them, preſenting to my Noſe, inſtead of his painted Staff, a Spit full of Roaſt-meat.

Spun. But in this Rebellion, what Uproars do they make! my Belly cries to my Mouth, why do'ſt not gape and feed me?

Hir. And my Mouth ſets out a Throat to my Hand, why doſt not thou lift up Meat, and cram my Chops with it?

Spun. Then my Hand hath a fling at mine Eyes, becauſe they look not out, and ſhark for Victuals.

Hir. Which mine Eyes ſeeing, full of Tears, cry aloud, and curſe my Feet, for not ambling up and down to feed *Colon*, ſithence if good Meat be in any Place, 'tis known my Feet can ſmell.

Spun. But then my Feet, like lazy Rogues, lie ſtill, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchaſe any Thing.

Hir.

Hir. Why among ſo many Millions of People, ſhould thou and I only be miſerable Tatter-de-mallons, Ragamuffins, and louſy Deſperadoes?

Spun. Thou art a meer *I-am-an-o, I-am-an-as:* Conſider the whole World, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Louſy, beggarly, thou Whoreſon *Aſa fœtida?*

Spun. Worſe, all tottering, all out of Frame, thou *Foliamini!*

Hir. As how, *Arſenick?* Come, make the World ſmart.

Spun. Old Honour goes on Crutches; Beggary rides caroched; honeſt Men make Feaſts; Knaves ſit at Tables; Cowards are lap'd in Velvet; ſoldiers (as we) in Rags; Beauty turns Whore; Whore, Bawd; and both die of the Pox: Why then, when all the World ſtumbles, ſhould thou and I walk upright?

Hir. Stop, look! who's yonder?

Enter Angelo.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo!* How does my little Man? well?

Ang. Yes; and would you did ſo: Where are your Cloaths?

Hir. Cloaths? You ſee every Woman almoſt go in her looſe Gown, and why ſhould not we have our Cloaths looſe?

Spun. Would they were looſe!

Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a Velvet Cloak, I warrant, at this Hour, keeps them Company; they are pawned to a Broker.

Ang. Why pawned? Where's all the Gold I left with you?

Hir. The Gold? we put that into a Scrivener's Hands, and he hath couſin'd us.

Spun. And therefore, I pray thee, *Angelo*, if thou haſt another Purſe, let it be confiſcate, and brought to Devaſtation.

Ang. Are you made all of Lies? I know which Way Your gilt-wing'd Pieces flew; I will no more

Be mock'd by you: Be ſorry for your Riots,
Tame your wild Fleſh by Labour: Eat the Bread
Got with hard Hands: Let Sorrow be your Whip
To draw Drops of Repentance from your Heart.
When I read this Amendment in your Eyes,
You ſhall not want; 'till then, my Pity dies. [*Exit.*

Spun. Is it not a Shame, that this ſcurvy *Puerilis* ſhould give us Leſſons?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou know'ſt, a long Time in the Suburbs of the Conſcience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my Heart ſhall take a Houſe within the Walls of Honeſty.

Enter Harpax *aloof.*

Spun. O you Drawers of Wine! draw me no more to the Bar of Beggary; the Sound of Scorea Pottle of Sack, is worſe than the Noiſe of a ſcolding Oyſter-Wench, or two Cats incorporating.

Harp. This muſt not be—I do not like when Conſcience
Thaws; keep her frozen ſtill:—How now, my Maſters?
Dejected? drooping, drown'd in Tears, Cloaths torn,
Lean, and ill colour'd, ſighing? Where's the Whirlwind
Which raiſeth all theſe Miſchiefs? I have ſeen you
Drawn better on't. O! but a Spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thruſt
Yourſelves into the Service of that Lady,
Who ſhortly now muſt die. Where's now her praying?
What Good got you by wearing out your Feet,
To run on ſcurvy Errands to the Poor,
And to bear Money to a Sort of Rogues,
And louſy Priſoners?

Hir. Pox on 'em, I never proſper'd ſince I did it.

Spun. Had I been a Pagan ſtill, I could not have ſpit white for want of Drink; but come to any Vintner now, and bid him truſt me, becauſe I turn'd Chriſtian, and he cries, Pho!

Harp. Y'are rightly ſerv'd; before that peeviſh Lady
Had to do with you, Women, Wine and Money
Flow'd

Flow'd in Abundance with you, did it not?

Hir. Oh! thoſe Days! thoſe Days!

Harp. Beat not your Breaſts, tear not your Hair in Madneſs,
Thoſe Days ſhall come again, be rul'd by me;
And better, mark me, better.

Spun. I have ſeen you, Sir! as I take it, an Attendant on the Lord *Theophilus.*

Harp. Yes, yes; in Shew his Servant: But hark—hither! Take heed no body liſtens.

Spun. Not a Mouſe ſtirs.

Harp. I am a Prince diſguis'd.

Hir. Diſguis'd? how? drunk?

Harp. Yes, my fine Boy! I'll drink too, and be drunk;
I am a Prince, and any Man by me,
(Let him but keep my Rules) ſhall ſoon grow rich,
Exceeding rich, moſt infinitely rich;
He that ſhall ſerve me, is not ſtarv'd from Pleaſures
As other poor Knaves are; no, take their Fill.

Spun. But that, Sir! we're ſo ragged ——

Harp. You'll ſay you'd ſerve me.

Hir. Before any Maſter under the *Zodiac.*

Harp. For Cloaths no Matter; I've a Mind to both.
And one Thing I like in you; now that you ſee
The Bonfire of your Lady's State burnt out,
You give it over, do you not?

Hir. Let her be hang'd!

Spun. And pox'd!

Harp. Why now ye're mine!
Come, let my Boſom touch you.

Spun. We have Bugs, Sir!

Harp. There's Money; fetch your Cloaths home — There's for you.

Hir. Avoid, Vermin! give over our Miſtreſs! a Man cannot proſper worſe, if he ſerve the Devil.

Harp. How? the Devil! I'll tell you what now of the Devil:
He's no ſuch horrid Creature; cloven-footed,
Black, ſaucer-ey'd, his Noſtrils breathing Fire,

As theſe lying Chriſtians make him.

Both. No?

Harp. He's more loving to Man, than Man to Man is.

Hir. Is he ſo? Would we two might come acquainted with him.

Harp. You ſhall: He's a wond'rous good Fellow, loves a Cup of Wine, a Whore, any Thing, if you have Money, it's ten to one but I'll bring him to ſome Tavern or other to you.

Spun. I'll beſpeak the beſt Room in the Houſe for him.

Harp. Some People he cannot endure.

Hir. We'll give him no ſuch Cauſe.

Harp. He hates a civil Lawyer, as a Soldier does Peace.

Spun. How a Commoner?

Harp. Loves him from the Teeth outward.

Spun. Pray, my Lord and Prince, let me encounter you with one fooliſh Queſtion: Doth the Devil eat any Mace in his Broth?

Harp. Exceeding much, when his burning Fever takes him; and then he hath the Knuckles of a Bailiff, boiled to his Breakfaſt.

Hir. Then, my Lord! he loves a Catchpole, doth he not?

Harp. As a Bear-ward doth a Dog. A Catchpole! he hath ſworn, if ever he dies, to make a Serjeant his Heir, and a Yeoman his Overſeer.

Spun. How if he come to any great Man's Gate, will the Porter let him come in, Sir?

Harp. Oh! he loves Porters of Great Men's Gates, becauſe they are ever ſo near the Wicket.

Hir. Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his ſtroaking their Cheeks, lead helliſh Lives under him?

Harp. No, no, no, no; he will be damn'd before he hurts any Man: Do but you (when you are throughly acquainted with him) aſk for any Thing, ſee if it doth not come.

Spun. Any Thing?

Harp. Call for a delicate rare Whore, ſhe is brought you.

Hir.

Hir. Oh! my Elbow itches: — Will the Devil keep the Door?

Harp. Be drunk as a Beggar, he helps you home?

Spun. O my fine Devil! ſome Watchman I warrant; I wonder who is his Conſtable.

Harp. Will you ſwear, roar, ſwagger? he claſps you ——

Hir. How? on the Chaps?

Harp. No, on the Shoulder; and cries, O, my brave Boys! Will any of you kill a Man?

Spun. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. What is his Word? hang! hang! 'tis nothing —Or ſtab a Woman.

Hir. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. Here is the worſt Word he gives you, a Pox on't, go on.

Hir. O inviegling Raſcal!—I am raviſh'd.

Harp. Go, get your Cloaths; turn up your Glaſs of Youth,
And let the Sands run merrily; nor do I care
From what a laviſh Hand your Money flies,
So you give none away, to feed Beggars.

Hir. Hang 'em.

Harp. And to the ſcrubbing Poor.

Hir. I'll ſee 'em hang'd firſt.

Harp. One Service you muſt do me.

Both. Any thing.

Harp. Your Miſtreſs *Dorothea*, e'er ſhe ſuffers,
Is to be put to Tortures: Have you Hearts
To tear her into Shrieks? to fetch her Soul
Up in the Pangs of Death, yet not to die.

Hir. Suppoſe this She, and that I had no Hands, here's my Teeth.

Spun. Suppoſe this She, and that I had no Teeth, here's my Nails.

Hir. But will not you be there, Sir?

Harp. No, not for Hills of Diamonds; the Grand Maſter
Who ſchools her in the Chriſtian Diſcipline,

Abhors

Abhors my Company: Should I be there,
You'd think all Hell broke looſe, we ſhould ſo quarrel,
Ply you this Buſineſs; he, who her Fleſh ſpares,
Is loſt, and in my Love never more ſhares. [*Exit.*

Spun. Here's a Maſter, you Rogue!

Hir. Sure he cannot chuſe but have a horrible Number of Servants. *Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Bed thruſt out, Antoninus *upon it ſick, with Phyſicians about him;* Sapritius *and* Macrinus.

Sap. O You, that are half Gods, lengthen that Life![1]
Their Deities lend us, turn o'er all the Volumes
Of your myſterious, *Æſculapian* Science
T' encreaſe the Number of this young Man's Days;
And, for each Minute of his Time prolong'd,
Your Fee ſhall be a Piece of *Roman* Gold.

[1] *O you, that are half Gods, lengthen that Life*
Their Deities lend us, &c.

Maſſinger, in his *Duke of Milan,* has a Paſſage that bears a great Similitude to this, which I have here ſet down.

——— O you earthy Gods,
You ſecond Natures, that from your great Maſter
(Who join'd the Limbs of torn *Hyppolytus,*
And drew upon himſelf the Thunderer's Envy)
Are taught thoſe hidden Secrets that reſtore
To Life death-wounded Men, you have a Patient
On whom t' expreſs the Excellence of Art,
Will bind e'en Heaven your Debtor, though it pleaſes
To make your Hands the Organs of a Work
The Saints will ſmile to look on, and good Angels
Clap their celeſtial Wings to give it Plaudits.

Act V. Scene II.

With

With *Cæſar*'s Stamp, ſuch as he ſends his Captains
When in the Wars they earn well: Do but ſave him,
And, as he's half myſelf, be you all mine.

Doct. What Art can do, we promiſe: Phyſick's Hand
As apt is to deſtroy as to preſerve,
If Heav'n make not the Med'cine: All this while
Our Skill hath Combat held with his Diſeaſe;
But 'tis ſo arm'd, and a deep Melancholy,
To ſuch in part with Death, we are in Fear
The Grave muſt mock our Labours.

Macrin. I have been
His Keeper in this Sickneſs, with ſuch Eyes
As I have ſeen my Mother watch o'er me;
And, from that Obſervation, ſure I find,
It is a Midwife muſt deliver him.

Sap. A Midwife! Is he with Child?

Macrin. Yes, with Child;
And will, I fear, loſe Life, if by a Woman
He is not brought to Bed: Stand by his Pillow
Some little while, and in his broken Slumbers,
Him ſhall you hear cry out on *Dorothea*;
And, when his Arms fly open to catch her,
Cloſing together, he falls faſt aſleep,
Pleas'd with Embracings of her airy Form.
—Phyſicians but torment him: His Diſeaſe
Laughs at their gibberiſh Language; let him hear
The Voice of *Dorothea*, nay, but the Name,
He ſtarts up with high Colour in his Face.
She, or none, cures him — And how that can be
(The Princeſs' ſtrict Command barring that Happineſs)
To me impoſſible ſeems.

Sap. To me it ſhall not;
I'll be no Subject to the greateſt *Cæſar*
Was ever crown'd with Laurel, rather than ceaſe
To be a Father. [*Exit.*

Macrin. Silence, Sir! he wakes.

Anton. Thou kill'ſt me — *Dorothea!* Oh, *Dorothea!*

Macrin. She's here, I enjoy her.

Anton. Where?——Why do you mock me?

Age

Age on my Head hath ſtuck no white Hairs yet;
Yet I'm an old Man, a fond doting Fool,
Upon a Woman. I, to buy her Beauty,
(Truth, I am bewitched) offer my Life,
And ſhe, for my Acquaintance, hazards her's;
Yet, for our equal Sufferings, none holds out
A Hand of Pity.
Doct. Let him have ſome Muſick.
Anton. Hell on your fidling!
Doct. Take again your Bed, Sir;
Sleep is a ſovereign Phyſick.
Anton. Take an Aſs's Head, Sir:
Confuſion on your Fooleries! your Charms!
Thou ſtinking Gliſter-Pipe; where's the God of Reſt,
Thy Pills, and baſe Apothecary-Drugs,
Threaten'd to bring to me? Out, you Impoſtors!
Quackſalving, cheating Mountebanks! Your Skill
Is, to make ſound Men ſick, and ſick Men kill.
Macrin. Oh, be yourſelf, dear Friend!
Anton. Myſelf, *Macrinus?*
How can I be myſelf, when I am mangled
Into a thouſand Pieces? Here moves my Head,
But where's my Heart? Where-ever — that lies dead.

Enter Sapritius, *dragging in* Dorothea *by the Hair*; Angelo *attending*.

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd Sorcereſs! Call up thy Spirits!
And, if they can, now let them from my Hand
Untwine theſe witching Hairs.
Anton. I am that Spirit:
Or, if I be not, (were you not my Father)
One made of Iron ſhould hew that Hand in Pieces
That ſo defaces this ſweet Monument
Of my Love's Beauty.
Sap. Art thou ſick?
Anton. To Death.
Sap. Would'ſt thou recover?
Anton. Would I live in Bliſs?

Sap.

Sap. And do thine Eyes ſhoot Daggers at that Man
That brings thee Health?
Anton. It is not in the World.
Sap. Is't here?
Anton. Oh Treaſure, by Enchantment lock'd
In Caves as deep as Hell! am I as near?
Sap. Break that enchanted Cave; enter, and rifle
The Spoils thy Luſt hunts after: I deſcend
To a baſe Office, and become thy Pander
In bringing thee this proud Thing. Make her thy Whore;
Thy Health lies here: If ſhe deny to give it,
Force it: Imagine thou aſſault'ſt a Town's
Weak Wall; to 't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.
Come, and unſeen, be Witneſs to this Battery,
How the coy Strumpet yields.
Doct. Shall the Boy ſtay, Sir?
Sap. No Matter for the Boy:—Pages are us'd
To theſe odd bawdy Shufflings; and indeed
Are thoſe little young Snakes in a Fury's Head,
Will ſting worſe than the great ones.
Let the Pimp ſtay. [*Exeunt aſide.*
Dor. Oh! Guard me, Angels!
What Tragedy muſt begin now?
Anton. When a Tyger
Leaps into a tim'rous Herd, with rav'nous Jaws,
Being hunger-ſtarv'd, what Tragedy then begins?
Dor. Death, I am happy ſo; you hitherto
Have ſtill had Goodneſs ſpar'd within your Eyes,
Let not that Orb be broken.
Ang. Fear not, Miſtreſs:
If he dare offer Violence, we two
Are ſtrong enough for ſuch a ſickly Man.
Dor. What is your horrid Purpoſe, Sir? your Eye
Bears Danger in it.
Anton. I muſt——
Dor. What?
Sap. Speak it out.
Anton. Climb that ſweet, virgin Tree.

Sap.

Sap. Plague o' your Trees.

Anton. And pluck that Fruit which none, I think, e'er taſted.

Sap. A Soldier, and ſtand fumbling ſo!

Dor. Oh, kill me! *Kneels.*

And Heav'n will take it as a Sacrifice:
But, if you play the Raviſher, there is
A Hell to ſwallow you.

Sap. Let her ſwallow thee.

Anton. Riſe — For the *Roman* Empire, *Dorothea*,
I would not wound thine Honour. Pleaſure forc'd
Are unripe Apples, four, not worth the plucking:
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my Father's Will,
That I ſhould ſeize upon you, as my Prey;
Which I abhor, as much as the blackeſt Sin
The Villainy of Man did ever act.

Sapritius *breaks in, and* Macrinus.

Ang. Die happy for this Language.

Sap. Die a Slave,
A blockiſh Ideot.

Macrin. Dear Sir! vex him not.

Sap. Yes, and vex thee too; both, I think, are Geldings:
Cold, phlegmatic Baſtard! thou'rt no Brat of mine;
One Spark of me, when I had Heat like thine,
By this had made a Bonfire. A tempting Whore,
For whom thou'rt mad, thruſt ev'n into thine Arms,
And ſtand'ſt thou puling? Had a Taylor ſeen her
At this Advantage, he, with his croſs Capers,
Had ruffled her by this:—But thou ſhalt curſe
Thy Dalliance; and here, before her Eyes,
Tear thy Fleſh in Pieces, when a Slave
In hot Luſt bathes himſelf, and gluts thoſe Pleaſures
Thy Niceneſs durſt not touch.—Call out a Slave.
You, Captain of our Guard, fetch a Slave hither.

Anton. What will you do, dear Sir?

Sap. Teach her a Trade, which many a one would learn
In leſs than half an Hour,—to play the Whore.

Enter

Enter a Slave.

Macrin. A Slave is to me, what now?
Sap. Thou haſt Bones and Fleſh
Enough to ply thy Labour. From what Country
Wert thou ta'en Priſoner, here to be our Slave?
Slave. From *Britain.*
Sap. In the Weſtern Ocean?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. An Iſland?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. I'm fitted: Of all Nations
Our *Roman* Swords e'er conquer'd, none comes near
The *Briton* for true Whoring.—Sirrah! Fellow!
What would'ſt thou do to gain thy Liberty? [2]
Slave. Do? Liberty? Fight naked with a Lion;
Venture to pluck a Standard from the Heart
Of an arm'd Legion: Liberty? I'd thus
Beſtride a Rampire, and Defiance ſpit
I' th' Face of Death, then, when the Batt'ring Ram
Were fetching his Career backward, to paſh
Me with his Horns to Pieces: To ſhake my Chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy Death,
Stood'ſt thou on this dry Shore, I on a Rock
Ten Pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee,

[2] *What would'ſt thou do to gain thy Liberty?*
Slave. *Do? Liberty? Fight naked with a Lion,*
Venture to pluck, &c.

Shakeſpear, in his *Hamlet,* has a Paſſage which *Maſſinger* here ſeems to have copied.

——— Shew me what thou wilt do.
Wilt weep? Wilt fight? Wilt faſt? Wilt tear thyſelf?
Wilt drink up Eiſel? Eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't. ———
And if you prate of Mountains, let them throw
Millions of Acres on us, till our Ground,
Singeing his Pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a Wart.

Or

Or die myſelf. What is for Man to do,
I'll venture on, to be no more a Slave.

Sap. Thou ſhalt, then, be no Slave; for I will ſet thee
Upon a Piece of Work is fit for Man,
Brave for a *Briton*:—Drag that Thing aſide,
And raviſh her.

Slave. And raviſh her? Is this your manly Service?
A Devil ſcorns to do it; 'tis for a Beaſt,
A Villain, not a Man. I am, as yet,
But half a Slave; but, when that Work is paſt,
A damned whole one, a black ugly Slave,
The Slave of all baſe Slaves:—Do't thyſelf, *Roman!*
'Tis Drudgery fit for thee.

Sap. He's bewitch'd too:
Bind him, and with a Baſtinado give him,
Upon his naked Belly, two hundred Blows.

Slave. Thou art more Slave than I.

[*Exit. carried in.*

Dor. That Power ſupernal, on whom waits my Soul,
Is Captain o'er my Chaſtity.

Anton. Good Sir, give o'er.
The more you wrong her, yourſelf's vex'd the more.

Sap. Plagues light on her and thee! — Thus down I throw
Thy Harlot, thus by th' Hair, nail her to Earth.
Call in ten Slaves, let every one diſcover
What Luſt deſires, and ſurfeit here his Fill.
Call in ten Slaves.

Ang. They're come, Sir, at your Call.

Sap. Oh, oh! [*Falls down.*

Enter Theophilus.

Theoph. Where is the Governor?

Anton. There's my wretched Father.

Theoph. My Lord *Sapritius* — He's not dead? —My Lord,
That Witch there ———

Anton. 'Tis no *Roman* Gods can ſtrike
Theſe fearful Terrors.—O, thou happy Maid!
Forgive

Forgive this wicked Purpoſe of my Father.

Dor. I do.

Theoph. Gone, gone; he's pepper'd.—'Tis thou
Haſt done this Act infernal.

Dor. Heaven pardon you!
And if my Wrongs from thence pull Vengeance down,
I can no Miracles work, yet from my Soul
Pray to thoſe Pow'rs I ſerve, he may recover.

Theoph. He ſtirs—Help! Raiſe him up.—My Lord!

Sap. Where am I?

Theoph. One Cheek is blaſted.

Sap. Blaſted? Where's the *Lamia*
That tears my Entrails? I'm bewitch'd—Seize on her.

Dor. I'm here; do what you pleaſe.

Theoph. Spurn her to the Bar.

Dor. Come, Boy! being there, more near to Heaven we are.

Sap. Kick harder; go out, Witch. [*Exeunt.*

Anton. O bloody Hangman! thine own Gods give thee Breath!
Each of thy Tortures is my ſeveral Death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Harpax, Hircius, *and* Spungius.

Harp. Do you like my Service now? Say, am not I
A Maſter worth Attendance?

Spun. Attendance? I had rather lick clean the Soles of your dirty Boots, than wear the richeſt Suit of any infected Lord, whoſe rotten Life hangs between the two Poles.

Hir. A Lord's Suit! I would not give up the cloak of your Service, to meet the Splay-foot Eſtate of any left-ey'd Knight above the *Antipodes*; becauſe they are unlucky to meet.

Harp. This Day I'll try your Loves to me; 'tis only
But well to uſe the Agility of your Arms,

Spung. Or Legs, I am luſty at them,

Hir. Or any other Member that hath no Legs.

Spun. Thou'lt run into ſome Hole,

Hir. If I meet one that's more than my Match; and that I cannot ſtand in their Hands, I muſt and will creep on my Knees.

Harp. Hear me, my little Team of Villains, hear me,
I cannot teach you fencing with theſe Cudgels,
Yet you muſt uſe them;—lay them on but ſoundly;
That's all.

Hir. Nay, if we come to mauling once, phoh!

Spun. But what Walnut-tree is it we muſt beat?

Harp. Your Miſtreſs.

Hir. How! my Miſtreſs? I begin to have a Chriſtian's Heart made of ſweet Butter;—I melt, I cannot ſtrike a Woman.

Spun. Nor I, unleſs ſhe ſcratch; beat my Miſtreſs?

Harp. Y'are Coxcombs, ſilly Animals.

Hir. What's that?

Harp. Drones, Aſſes, blinded Moles, that dare not thruſt
Your Arms to catch Fortune; ſay you fall off,
It muſt be done: You are converted Raſcals,
And that once ſpread abroad, why every Slave
Will kick you, call you motly Chriſtians,
And half-fac'd Chriſtians

Spun. The Guts of my Conſcience begin to be of Whitleather.

Hir. I doubt me, I ſhall have no ſweet Butter in me.

Harp. Deny this, and every Pagan whom you meet,
Shall forked Fingers thruſt into your Eyes.

Hir. If we be Cuckolds.

Harp. Do this, and every God the Gentiles bow to
Shall add a Fathom to your Line of Years.

Spun. A hundred Fathom; I deſire no more.

Hir. I deſire but one Inch longer.

Harp. The Senators will, as you paſs along,
Clap you upon your Shoulders with this Hand,
And with this Hand give you Gold: When you are dead,
Happy that Man ſhall be, can get a Nail,
The paring ——, nay, the Dirt under the Nail

Of

Of any of you both, to ſay, this Dirt
Belonged to *Spungius* or *Hircius*.

Spun. They ſhall not want Dirt under my Nails, I will keep them long of purpoſe, for now my Fingers itch to be at her.

Hir. The firſt Thing I do, I'll take her over the Lips.

Spun. And I the Hips,—we may ſtrike any where.

Harp. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where I'll hit her.

Harp. Proſper, and be mine own; ſtand by, I muſt not,
To ſee this done; great Buſineſs calls me hence:
He's made can make her curſe his Violence. [*Exit.*

Spun. Fear it not, Sir! her Ribs ſhall be baſted.

Hir. I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble, and thwick-thwack thirley bouncing.

Enter Dorothea *led Priſoner, a Guard attending; a Hangman with Cords, in ſome ugly Shape, ſets up a Pillar in the Middle of the Stage,* Sapritius *and* Theophilus *ſit,* Angelo *by her.*

Sap. According to our *Roman* cuſtoms, bind
That Chriſtian to a pillar.

Theoph. Infernal Furies!
Could they into my Hand thruſt all their Whips
To tear thy Fleſh, thy Soul, 'tis not a Torture
Fit to the Vengeance I ſhould heap on thee,
For Wrongs done me; me! for flagitious Facts
By thee done to our Gods: Yet (ſo it ſtand
To great *Cæſarea*'s Governor's high Pleaſure)
Bow but by thy Knee to *Jupiter*, and offer
Any ſlight Sacrifice; or do but ſwear
By *Cæſar*'s Fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou ſhalt.

Dor. Not for all *Cæſar*'s Fortune, were it chain'd
To more Worlds than are Kingdoms in the World,
And all thoſe Worlds drawn after him:—I defy
Your Hangman; you now ſhew me whither to fly.

Sap. Are her Tormentors ready?

Ang. Shrink not, dear Miſtreſs!

Spung. and *Hir.* My Lord, we are ready for the Buſineſs,

Dor. You two! whom I like foſter'd Children fed,
And lengthen'd out your ſtarved Life with Bread:
You be my Hangmen? Whom, when up the Ladder
Death hal'd you to be ſtrangled, I fetch'd down,
Cloth'd you, and warm'd you? You two my Tormentors?

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine Powers pardon you!

Sap. Strike.

[*They ſtrike at her:* Angelo *kneeling holds her faſt.*

Theoph. Beat out her Brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright Angels!

Sap. Faſter, Slaves!

Spun. Faſter? I am out of Breath, I am ſure: If I were to beat a Buck, I can ſtrike no harder.

Hir. O, mine Arms! I cannot lift 'em to my Head.

Dor. Joy above Joys! are my Tormentors weary
In tort'ring me? And in my Sufferings
I fainting in no Limb? Tyrants ſtrike home,
And feaſt your Fury full.

Theoph. Theſe Dogs are Curs, [*Comes from his Seat.*
Which ſnarl, yet bite not.—See my Lord her Face
Hath more bewitching Beauty than before:
Proud Whore, ſhe Smiles; cannot an Eye ſtart out
With theſe?

Hir. No, Sir, nor the Bridge of her Noſe fall; 'tis full of Iron Work.

Sap. Let's view the Cudgels; are they not Counterfeit?

Ang. There fix thine Eye ſtill;—thy glorious Crown
muſt come
Not from ſoft Pleaſure, but by Martyrdom.
There fix thine Eye ſtill;—when we next do meet,
Not Thorns, but Roſes ſhall bear up thy Feet:
There fix thine Eye ſtill. [*Exit.*

Enter Harpax *ſneaking.*

Dor. Ever, ever, ever.

Theoph. We're mock'd; theſe Bats have Power to fell down

down Giants, yet her Skin is not ſcar'd.

Sap. What Rogues are theſe?

Theoph. Cannot theſe force a Shriek? [*Beats them.*

Spun. Oh! a Woman has one of my Ribs, and now five more are broken.

Theoph. Cannot this make her roar?

[*Beats to'ther; he roars.*

Sap. Who hir'd theſe Slaves? What are they?

Spun. We ſerv'd that noble Gentleman there: He entic'd us to this dry-beating: Oh! for one half Pot.

Harp. My Servants? Two baſe Rogues, and ſometimes Servants
To her, and for that Cauſe forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up theſe.

Theoph. Hang the two Hounds on the next Tree.

Hir. Hang us? Maſter *Harpax*, what a Devil, ſhall we be thus us'd?

Harp. What Bandogs but you two would worry a Woman?
Your Miſtreſs! I but clapt you, you flew on.
Say I ſhould get your Lives, each raſcal Beggar
Would, when he met you, cry out, Hell-Hounds! Traitors!
Spit at you, fling Dirt at you, and no Woman
Ever endure your Sight: 'Tis your beſt Courſe
Now, had you ſecret Knives to ſtab yourſelves;
But, ſince you have not, go and be hang'd.

Hir. I thank you.

Harp. 'Tis your beſt Courſe.

Theoph. Why ſtay they trifling here?
To Gallows drag them by the Heels;—away.

Spun. By the Heels? No, Sir! we have Legs to do us that Service.

Hir. I, I; if no Woman can endure my Sight, away with me.

Harp. Diſpatch them.

Spun. The Devil diſpatch thee.

Sap. Death this Day rides in triumph, *Theophilus*,
See this Witch made away too.

Theoph. My Soul thirſts for it;
Come, I myſelf the Hangman's Part could play.
Dor. O haſten me to my Coronation Day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, *Servants.*

Anton. Is this the Place, where Virtue is to ſuffer?
And heavenly Beauty, leaving this baſe Earth,
To make a glad Return from whence it came?
Is it *Macrinus?* [*A ſcaffold thruſt forth.*
Macrin. By this Preparation
You well may reſt aſſur'd, that *Dorothea*
This Hour is to die here.
Anton. Then with her dies
The Abſtract of all Sweetneſs that's in Woman;
Set me down, Friend! that ere the Iron Hand
Of Death cloſe up mine Eyes, they may at once
Take my laſt Leave both of this Light, and her:
For, ſhe being gone, the glorious Sun himſelf
To me's *Cimmerian* Darkneſs.
Macrin. Strange Affection!
Cupid once more hath chang'd his Shafts with Death,
And kills inſtead of giving Life.
Anton. Nay, weep not;
Though Tears of Friendſhip be a ſov'reign Balm,
On me they're caſt away: It is decreed
That I muſt die with her; our Clue of Life
Was ſpun together.
Macrin. Yet, ſir, 'tis my Wonder,
That you, who, hearing only what ſhe ſuffers,
Partake of all her Tortures, yet will be,
To add to your Calamity, an Eye-witneſs
Of her laſt tragic Scene, which muſt deeper pierce,
And make the Wound more deſperate.
Anton. Oh *Macrinus!*
'Twould linger out my Torments elſe, not kill me;
Which is the End I aim at, being to die too:
What Inſtrument more glorious can I wiſh for,

Than

Than what is made ſharp by my conſtant Love
And true Affection: It may be, the Duty
And loyal Service, with which I purſu'd her,
And ſeal'd it with my Death, will be remember'd
Among her bleſſed Actions; and what Honour
Can I deſire beyond it?

Enter a Guard bringing in Dorothea; *a Headſman before her, followed by* Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.

Anton. See! ſhe comes;
How ſweet her Innocence appears! more like
To Heav'n itſelf, than any Sacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my Hopes
Of Joys hereafter, the Sight makes me doubtful
In my Belief; nor can I think our Gods
Are good, or to be ſerv'd, that take Delight
In Off'rings of this Kind; that, to maintain
Their Pow'r, deface the Maſter-piece of Nature
Which they themſelves come ſhort off:—She aſcends,
And every Step raiſes her nearer Heaven.
What God ſo e'er thou art, that muſt enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundleſs Happineſs!

Sap. You are to blame to let him come abroad.

Macrin. It was his Will;
And we were left to ſerve him, not command him:

Anton. Good Sir, be not offended; nor deny
My laſt of Pleaſures, in this happy Object,
That I ſhall ere be bleſt with.

Theoph. Now, proud Contemner
Of us, and of our Gods, tremble to think,
It is not in the Pow'r thou ſerv'ſt to ſave thee.
Not all the Riches of the Sea, increas'd
By violent Shipwrecks, nor th' unſearch'd Mines,
Mammon's unknown Exchequer, ſhall redeem thee:
And therefore, having firſt with Horror weigh'd [3]

[3] —— *With Horror weigh'd*
What 'tis to die and to die young, &c.

We find many Paſſages in *Shakeſpear* like this, in *Meaſure* for *Meaſure* the following.

Ay,

What 'tis to die, and to die young, to part with
All Pleaſures, and Delights; laſtly, to go
Where all Antipathies to Comfort dwell;
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee,
And, to add to Affliction, the Remembrance
Of the *Elyſian* Joys thou might'ſt have taſted,
Had'ſt thou not turn'd Apoſtate to thoſe Gods
That ſo reward their Servants, let Deſpair
Prevent the Hangman's Sword, and on this Scaffold
Make thy firſt Entrance into Hell.

Anton. She ſmiles
Unmov'd, by *Mars*, as if ſhe were aſſur'd
Death, looking on her Conſtancy, would forget
The Uſe of this inevitable Hand.

Theoph. Derided too? Diſpatch I ſay.

Dor. Thou Fool!
That glorieſt in having Power to raviſh
A Trifle from me I am weary off:
What is this Life to me? Not worth a Thought;
Or, if to be eſteem'd, 'tis that I loſe it
To win a better: Ev'n thy Malice ſerves
To me but as a Ladder to mount up
To ſuch a Height of Happineſs, where I ſhall

> Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
> To lie in cold Obſtruction, and to rot;
> This ſenſible warm Motion to become
> A kneaded clod, &c.

And in *Hamlet*

> —— 'Tis a Conſummation
> Devoutly to be wiſh'd, to die—to ſleep;—
> To ſleep? Perchance to dream ay, there's the rub
> For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
> When we have ſhuffled off this mortal Coil,
> Muſt give us pauſe;——

Maſſinger in the ſecond Act of this Play has another Thought which he ſeems to have copied from the above.

> That Fear is baſe
> Of Death, when that Death doth but Life diſplace
> Out of her Place of Earth: You only dread
> The Stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
> *There is the Fear indeed.*

Look

Look down with Scorn on thee and on the World;
Where, circl'd with true Pleaſures, plac'd above
The Reach of Death or Time, 'twill be my Glory
To think at what an eaſy Price I bought it.
There's a perpetual Spring, perpetual Youth. [4]
No joint-benumming Cold, nor ſcorching Heat,
Famine nor Age, having any Being there.
Forget, for Shame, your *Tempe*; bury in
Oblivion, your feign'd *Heſperian* Orchards:
The Golden Fruit, kept by the watchful Dragon,
Which did require a *Hercules* to guard it,
Compar'd with what grows in all Plenty there,
Deſerves not to be nam'd. The pow'r I ſerve
Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elyſian Shades; for he hath made his Bow'rs
Better indeed than you can fancy yours.

Anton. O, take me thither with you!

Dor. Trace my Steps,
And be aſſur'd you ſhall.

Sap. With my own Hands
I'll rather ſtop that little Breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing Fever.

Theoph. By no Means;
Let him go with her: do, ſeduc'd young Man,
And wait upon thy Saint in Death; do, do:
And, when you come to that imagin'd Place;
That Place of all Delights—pray you, obſerve me,
And meet thoſe curſed Things I once called Daughters,
Whom I have ſent as Harbingers before you,
If there be any Truth in your Religion,
In Thankfulneſs to me, that with Care haſten
Your Journey thither, pray ſend me ſome
Small Pittance of that curious Fruit you boaſt of.

Anton. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou, in the laſt Minute, damn thyſelf?

Theoph. The Gates to Hell are open.

[4] *There's a perpetual Spring, perpetual youth,* &c.
This ſhort but fine Deſcription of Elyſium is equal, if not ſuperior to any given by the ancient Poets.

Dor.

Dor. Know, thou tyrant!
Thou Agent for the Devil thy great Maſter!
Though thou art moſt unworthy to taſte of it,
I can, and will.

Enter Angelo, *in the Angel's Habit.*

Harp. Oh! Mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the Bottom of the Deep;
Where Light may never find me!
Theoph. What's the Matter?
Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her Witchcraft.
Theoph. Harpax, my *Harpax*, ſpeak!
Harp. I dare not ſtay:
Should I but hear her once more, I were loſt.
Some Whirlwind ſnatch me from this curſed Place,
To which compar'd, and with what now I ſuffer,
Hell's Torments are ſweet Slumbers! [*Exit.* Harpax.
Sap. Follow him.
Theoph. He is diſtracted, and I muſt not loſe him.
Thy Charms upon my Servant, curſed Witch,
Give thee a ſhort Reprieve.—Let her not die
Till my Return. [*Exeunt.* Sap. *and* Theoph.
Anton. She minds him not: What Object
Is her Eye fix'd on?
Macrin. I ſee nothing
Anton. Mark her.
Dor. Thou glorious Miniſter of the Power I ſerve!
(For thou art more than mortal) is't for me,
Poor Sinner, thou art pleas'd awhile to leave
Thy heavenly Habitation, and vouchſaf'ſt
(Though glorify'd) to take my Servants Habit?
For, put off thy Divinity, ſo look'd
My lovely *Angelo.*
Ang. Know, I'm the ſame;
And ſtill the Servant to your Piety.
Your zealous Prayers, and pious Deeds firſt won me
(But 'twas by his Command to whom you ſent them)
To guide your Steps. I try'd your Charity,
When in a Beggar's Shape you took me up,

And

And cloth'd my naked Limbs, and after fed
(As you believ'd) my famiſh'd Mouth. Learn all,
By your Example, to look on the Poor
With gentle Eyes; for in ſuch Habits, often,
Angels deſire an Alms. I never left you,
Nor will I now; for I am ſent to carry
Your pure and innocent Soul to Joys eternal,
Your Martyrdom once ſuffer'd; and before it,
Aſk any Thing from me, and, reſt aſſur'd,
You ſhall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my Torments: ſince I find ſuch Grace,
Grant that the Love of this young Man to me,
In which he languiſheth to Death, may be
Chang'd to the Love of Heaven.

Ang. I will perform it;
And in that Inſtant when the Sword ſets free
Your happy Soul, his ſhall have Liberty.
Is there aught elſe?

Dor. For Proof that I forgive
My Perſecutor, who in Scorn deſir'd
To taſte of that moſt ſacred Fruit I go to;
After my Death, as ſent from me, be pleas'd
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear Miſtreſs!

Macrin. I am amaz'd.

Anton. I feel a holy Fire,
That yields a comfortable Heat within me:
I am quite alter'd from the Thing I was;
See! I can ſtand, and go alone; thus kneel
To heav'nly *Dorothea*, touch her Hand
With a religious Kiſs.

Enter Sapritius, *and* Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now;
But will not be drawn back.

Theoph. It matters not;
We can diſcharge this Work without his Help.
But ſee your Son.

Sap.

Sap. Villain!

Anton. Sir, I beſeech you,
Being ſo near our Ends, divorce us not.

Theoph. I'll quickly make a Separation of 'em:
Haſt thou aught elſe to ſay?

Dor. Nothing, but blame
Thy Tardineſs in ſending me to reſt;
My Peace is made with Heaven, to which my Soul
Begins to take her Flight:—Strike, O! ſtrike quickly;
And, though you are unmov'd to ſee my Death,
Hereafter, when my Story ſhall be read,
As they were preſent now, the Hearers ſhall
Say this of *Dorothea*, with wet Eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dies. [*Her head ſtruck off.*

Anton. O, take my Soul along to wait on thine!

Macrin. Your Son ſinks too. [Antoninus *ſinks.*

Sap. Already dead?

Theoph. Die all
That are of, or favour this accurſed Sect:
I triumph in their Ends, and will raiſe up
A Hill of their dead Carcaſſes to o're-look
The *Pyrenean* Hills, but I'll root out
Theſe ſuperſtitious Fools, and leave the World
No Name of Chriſtian.

[*Loud Muſic: Exit* Angelo, *having firſt laid his Hand upon their Mouths.*

Sap. Ha! heavenly Muſic!

Macrin. 'Tis in the Air.

Theoph. Illuſions of the Devil,
Wrought by ſome Witch of her Religion
That fain would make her Death a Miracle:
It frights not me.—Becauſe he is your Son,
Let him have a Burial; but let her Body
Be caſt forth with Contempt in ſome High-way,
And be to Vultures, and to Dogs, a Prey. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theophilus *in his Study. Books about him.*

Theoph. IS't Holiday, O *Cæsar!* that thy Servant
(Thy Provoſt to ſee Execution done
On theſe baſe Chriſtians in *Cæsarea*)
Should now want Work? Sleep theſe Idolaters,
That none are ſtirring? — As a curious Painter,
[*Riſes.*
When he has made ſome honourable Piece,
Stands off, and with a ſearching Eye examines
Each Colour, how 'tis ſweeten'd; and then hugs
Himſelf for his rare Workmanſhip.—So here. [*He ſits.*
Will I my Drolleries, and bloody Landſcapes
(Long paſt wrapt up) unfold, to make me merry
With Shadows, now I want the Subſtances.
[*Takes a Book.*
My Muſter-book of Hell-hounds: Were the Chriſtians,
Whoſe Names ſtand here, alive and arm'd, not *Rome*
Could move upon her Hinges. What I've done,
Or ſhall hereafter, is not out of Hate
To poor tormented Wretches; no, I'm carry'd
With Violence of Zeal, and Streams of Service
I owe our *Roman* Gods.—*Great Britain*, what
A thouſand Wives with Brats ſucking their Breaſts,
Had hot Irons pinch'd 'em off, and thrown to Swine;
And then their fleſhy Back-Parts, hew'd with Hatchets,
Were minc'd and bak'd in Pies to feed ſtarv'd Chriſtians.
Ha! ha!
Agen, agen,—*Eaſt-Angles*,—Oh, *Eaſt-Angles*——
Bandogs (kept three Days hungry) worried
A thouſand *Britiſh* Raſcals, ſtied up fat,
Of Purpoſe ſtripped naked, and diſarm'd.
I could outſtare a Year of Suns and Moons,
To ſit at theſe ſweet Bull-baitings, ſo I
Could thereby but one Chriſtian win to fall
In Adoration to my *Jupiter*.—Twelve hundred
Eyes bor'd with Augres out.—Oh! Eleven thouſand
Torn

Torn by wild Beaſts: Two hundred ram'd i' th' Earth
To th' Armpits, and full Platters round about 'em,
But far enough from reaching: Eat, Dogs, ha! ha! ha!
[*He riſes.*
Tuſh, all theſe Tortures are but Fillipings,
Flea-bitings: I, before the Deſtinies [*Enter* Angelo,
with a Baſket, filled with Fruit and Flowers.
My Bottom did wind up, would fleſh myſelf
Once more upon ſome one remarkable
Above all theſe: This Chriſtian Slut was well,
A pretty one; but let ſuch Horror follow
The next I feed with Torments, that, when *Rome*
Shall hear it, her Foundation at the Sound
May feel an Earthquake. How now? [*A Conſort.*
Ang. Are you amaz'd, Sir?—So great a *Roman* Spirit!
And doth it tremble?
Theoph. How cam'ſt thou in? To whom thy Buſineſs?
Ang. To you:
I had a Miſtreſs, late ſent hence by you
Upon a bloody Errand: You intreated
That, when ſhe came into that bleſſed Garden
Whither ſhe knew ſhe went, and where (now happy)
She feeds upon all Joy, ſhe would ſend to you
Some of that Garden: Fruit and Flowers, which here,
To have her Promiſe ſav'd, are brought by me.
Theoph. Cannot I ſee this Garden?
Ang. Yes, if the Maſter
Will give you Entrance. [Angelo *vaniſheth.*
Theoph. 'Tis a tempting Fruit,
And the moſt bright-cheek'd Child I ever view'd;
Sweet-ſmelling, goodly Fruit: What Flowers are theſe?
In *Diocleſian*'s Gardens, the moſt beauteous,
Compar'd with theſe, are Weeds: Is it not *February?*
The ſecond Day ſhe died: Froſt, Ice, and Snow
Hang on the Beard of Winter: Where's the Sun
That gilds this Summer? Pretty, ſweet Boy, ſay,
In what Country ſhall a Man find this Garden?
My delicate Boy, gone! vaniſhed;—Within there—
Julianus and *Geta*——

Enter

Enter two Servants.

Both. My Lord.

Theoph. Are my Gates ſhut?

1. And guarded.

Theoph. Saw you not a Boy?

2. Where?

Theoph. Here he entred, a young Lad; a thouſand Bleſſings danc'd upon his Eyes; a ſmooth fac'd glorious Thing, that brought this Baſket.

1. No, Sir! [*Exeunt.*

Theoph. Away — but be in Reach, if my Voice calls you.

No!—vaniſh'd, and not ſeen!—Be thou a Spirit
Sent from that Witch to mock me, I am ſure
This is eſſential, and, howe'er it grows,
Will taſte it. [*Eats.*

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! [Harpax *within.*

Theoph. So good! I'll have ſome more ſure.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! great lickeriſh Fool!

Theoph. What art thou?

Harp. A Fiſherman.

Theoph. What do'ſt thou catch?

Harp. Souls, Souls; a Fiſh call'd Souls.

Enter a Servant.

Theoph. Geta!

1. My Lord.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*within.*

Theoph. What inſolent Slave is this dares laugh at me? Or what is it the Dog grins at?

1. I neither know, my Lord, at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my Fellow *Julianus*, and he is making a Garland for *Jupiter*.

Theoph. Jupiter! All within me is not well;
And yet not ſick.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*louder.*

Theoph. What's thy Name, Slave?

Harp. Go look. [*At one End.*

1. 'Tis

1. 'Tis *Harpax* Voice.

Theoph. Harpax? Go, drag the Caitiff to my Foot,
That I may ſtamp upon him.

Harp. Fool, thou lyeſt! [*At the other End.*

1. He's yonder, now, my Lord.

Theoph. Watch thou that End,
Whilſt I make good this.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*At the Middle.*

Theoph. He is at *Barli-break*, and the laſt Couple are now in Hell:
Search for him — All this Ground, methinks, is bloody,
And pav'd with thouſands of thoſe Chriſtians Eyes
Whom I have tortur'd, and they ſtare upon me.
What was this Apparition? — Sure it had
A Shape Angelical: Mine Eyes (though dazzl'd
And daunted at firſt Sight) tell me, it wore
A Pair of glorious Wings; yes, they were Wings;
And hence he flew;——'Tis vaniſhed. *Jupiter*,
For all my Sacrifices done to him,
Never once gave me Smiles.—How can Stones ſmile?
Or wooden Image laugh? [*Muſick.*] Ha! I remember
Such Muſick gave a Welcome to mine Ear,
When the fair Youth came to me:—'Tis in the Air
Or from ſome better, a Power divine,
Through my dark Ign'rance on my Soul does ſhine,
And makes me ſee a Conſcience all ſtain'd o'er,
Nay drown'd, and damn'd, for ever in Chriſtian Gore.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha! [*Within.*

Theoph. Again? What dainty Reliſh on my Tongue
This Fruit hath left! Some Angel hath me fed;
If ſo toothſome, I will be banqueted. [*Eats another.*

Enter Harpax *in a fearful Shape, Fire flaſhing out of the Study.*

Harp. Hold!

Theoph. Not for *Cæſar*.

Harp. But for me thou ſhalt.

Theoph. Thou art no Twin to him that laſt was here.
Ye Powers! whom my Soul bids me reverence,
Guard me! — What art thou?

Harp.

Harp. I'm thy Maſter.

Theoph. Mine?

Harp. And thou my everlaſting Slave: That *Harpax*,
Who Hand in Hand hath led thee to thy Hell,
Am I.

Theoph. Avaunt!

Harp. I will not: Caſt thou down
That Baſket with the Things in't, and fetch up
What thou haſt ſwallow'd, and then take a Drink,
Which I ſhall give thee, and I'm gone.

Theoph. My Fruit;
Does this offend thee? ſee!

Harp. Spit it to th' Earth,
And tread upon it, or I'll Piece-meal tear thee.

Theoph. Art thou with this affrighted? See! here's more. [*Flowers.*]

Harp. Fling them away, I'll take thee elſe, and hang
In a contorted Chain of Iſicles [thee
I' th' frigid Zone: Down with them.

Theoph. At the Bottom
One Thing I found not yet. [*A Croſs of Flowers.*

Harp. Oh! I am tortur'd.

Theoph. Can this do't? Hence! thou Fiend infernal! hence!

Harp. Claſp *Jupiter*'s Image, and away with that.

Theoph. At thee I'll fling that *Jupiter*; for, methinks,
I ſerve a better Maſter: He now checks me
For murd'ring my two Daughters, put on by thee:
By thy damn'd Rhet'rick did I hunt the Life
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin-Martyr.
She is not angry with the Axe, nor me,
But ſends theſe Preſents to me; and I'll travel
O'er Worlds to find her, and from her white Hand
Beg a Forgiveneſs.

Harp. No; I'll bind thee here.

Theoph. I ſerve a Strength above thine: This ſmall Weapon,
Methinks, is Armour hard enough.——

Harp. Keep from me. [*Sinks a little.*

Theoph. Art poſting to thy Center? Down, Hell-hound! down;
Me haſt thou loſt; that Arm, which hurls thee hence,
Save me, and ſet me up the ſtrong Defence
In the fair Chriſtians Quarrel.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy Foot there;
Nor be thou ſhaken with a *Cæſar*'s Voice,
Though thouſand Deaths were in it; and I then
Will bring thee to a River, that ſhall waſh
Thy bloody Hands clean, and more white than ſnow;
And to that Garden where theſe bleſt Things grow;
And to that Martyr'd Virgin, who hath ſent
That heavenly Token to thee; ſpread this brave Wing,
And ſerve, than *Cæſar*, a far greater King. *Exit.*

Theoph. It is, it is ſome Angel — Vaniſh'd again?
Oh, come back, raviſhing Boy! bright Meſſenger!
Thou haſt (by theſe mine Eyes fix'd on thy Beauty)
Illumin'd all my Soul: Now look I back
On my black Tyrannies, which, as they did
Out-dare the bloodieſt, thou, bleſt Spirit, that lead'ſt me,
Teach me what I muſt do, and, to do well,
That my laſt Act the beſt may parallel. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Diocleſian, Maximinus, *the Kings of* Epire, Pontus, *and* Macedon, *meeting* Artemia; *Attendants.*

Artem. Glory and Conqueſt ſtill attend upon
Triumphant *Cæſar!*

Diocle. Let thy Wiſh, fair Daughter,
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and rev'rence *Maximinus*,
Whoſe Power, with mine united, make one *Cæſar.*

Max. But that I fear 'twould be held Flattery,
The Bonds conſider'd in which we ſtand tied,
As Love, and Empire, I ſhould ſay, 'till now

I ne'er

I ne'er had ſeen a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Miſtreſs.
Artem. Sir, you ſhew yourſelf
Both Courtier and Soldier: But take heed,
Take Heed, my Lord! tho' my dull-pointed Beauty,
Stain'd by a harſh Refuſal in my Servant,
Cannot dart forth ſuch Beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter ſuch a powerful one,
That with a pleaſing Heat will thaw your Heart,
Though bound in Ribs of Ice. Love ſtill is Love,
His Bow and Arrows are the ſame. Great *Julius*,
That to his Succeſſors left the Name of *Cæſar*,
Whom War could never tame, that with dry Eyes
Beheld the large Plains of *Pharſalia*, cover'd
With the dead Carcaſes of Senators
And Citizens of *Rome*, when the World knew
No other Lord but him, ſtruck deep in Years too,
(And Men grey-hair'd forget the Luſts of Youth)
After all this, meeting fair *Cleopatra*,
A Suppliant to the Magick of her Eye,
E'en in his Pride of Conqueſt, took him Captive;
Nor are you more ſecure.
Max. Were you deform'd,
(But by the Gods you are moſt excellent)
Your Gravity and Diſcretion would o'ercome me;
And I ſhould be more proud in being a Priſoner
To your fair Virtues, than of all the Honours,
Wealth, Title, Empire, that my Sword hath purchas'd.
Diocle. This meets my Wiſhes: Welcome it, *Artemia*,
With out-ſtretch'd Arms, and ſtudy to forget
That *Antoninus* ever was; thy Fate
Reſerv'd thee for this better Choice, embrace it.
Epire. This happy Match brings new Nerves to give Strength
To our continu'd League.
Diocle. *Hymen* himſelf
Will bleſs this Marriage, which we'll ſolemnize
In the Preſence of theſe Kings.
Pontus. Who reſt moſt happy,

To be Eye-witneſſes of a Match that brings
Peace to the Empire.

Diocle. We much thank your Loves:
But where's *Sapritius* our Governor,
And our moſt zealous Provoſt, good *Theophilus*?
If ever Prince were bleſt in a true Servant,
Or could the Gods be Debtors to a Man,
Both they, and we, ſtand far engag'd to cheriſh
His Piety and Service.

Artem. Sir, the Governor
Brooks ſadly his Son's Loſs, although he turn'd
Apoſtate in Death; but bold *Theophilus*,
Who, for the ſame Cauſe, in my Preſence, ſeal'd
His holy Anger on his Daughters Hearts:
Having with Tortures firſt try'd to convert her,
Drag'd the bewitching Chriſtian to the Scaffold,
And ſaw her loſe her Head.

Diocle. He is all worthy.
And from his own Mouth I would gladly hear
The Manner how ſhe ſuffer'd.

Artem. 'Twill be deliver'd
With ſuch Contempt and Scorn (I know his Nature),
That rather 'twill beget your Highneſs' Laughter,
Than the leaſt Pity.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus.

Diocle. To that End I would hear it.

Artem. He comes.——With him the Governor.

Diocle. O *Sapritius*,
I am to chide you for your Tenderneſs;
But yet, remembring that you are a Father,
I will forget it. Good *Theophilus*,
I will ſpeak with you anon.—Nearer your Ear.
[*To* Sapritius.

Theoph. By *Antoninus* Soul, I do conjure you,
And, though not for Religion, for his Friendſhip,
Without demanding what's the Cauſe that moves me,
Receive my Signet;—by the Power of this,
Go to my Priſons, and releaſe all Chriſtians

That

That are in Fetters there by my Command.
Macrin. But what ſhall follow?
Theoph. Haſte then to the Port;
You there ſhall find two tall Ships ready rigg'd,
In which embark the poor diſtreſſed Souls,
And bear them from the Reach of Tyranny.
Enquire not whither you are bound, the Deity
That they adore will give you proſp'rous Winds,
And make your Voyage ſuch, and largely pay
Your Hazard, and your Travel.—Leave me here;
There is a Scene that I muſt act alone.
Haſte, good *Macrinus*; and the great God guide you!
Macrin. I'll undertake't: There's ſomething prompts me to it;
'Tis to ſave innocent Blood, a ſaint-like Act;
And to be merciful, has never been
By mortal Men themſelves eſteem'd a Sin.
[*Exit* Macrin.
Diocle. You know your Charge.
Sap. And will with Care obſerve it.
Diocle. For I profeſs, he is not *Cæſar*'s Friend,
That ſheds a Tear for any Torture that
A Chriſtian ſuffers.——Welcome, my beſt Servant!
My careful zealous Provoſt! thou haſt toil'd
To ſatisfy my Will, though in Extremes:
I love thee for't; thou art firm Rock, no Changeling.
Prythee deliver, and for my Sake do it,
Without Exceſs of Bitterneſs, or Scoffs,
Before my Brother and theſe Kings, how took
The Chriſtian her Death?
Theoph. And ſuch a Preſence,
Through every private Head in this large Room
Were circled round with an Imperial Crown,
Her Story will deſerve, it is ſo full
Of Excellence and Wonder.
Diocle. Ha! how's this?
Theoph. O! mark it, therefore, and with that Attention
As you would hear an Embaſſy from Heaven
By a wing'd Legate; for, the Truth deliver'd,

Both how, and what, this bleſſed Virgin ſuffer'd;
And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
You will riſe up with Rev'rence; and no more,
As Things unworthy of your Thoughts, remember
What the canoniz'd *Spartan* Ladies were,
Which lying *Greece* ſo boaſts of. Your own Matrons,
Your *Roman* Dames, whoſe Figures you yet keep
As holy Reliques, in her Hiſtory
Will find a ſecond Urn: *Gracchus*, *Cornelia*,
Paulina, that in Death deſir'd to follow
Her Huſband, *Seneca*, nor *Brutus*, *Portia*
That ſwallow'd burning Coals to overtake him,
Though all their ſeveral Worths were given to one,
With this is to be mention'd.

Max. Is he mad?

Diocle. Why, they did die, *Theophilus*, and boldly;
This did no more.

Theoph. They, out of Deſperation,
Or for vain Glory of an After-Name,
Parted with Life: This had not mutinous Sons,
As the raſh *Gracchi* were; nor was this Saint
A doting Mother, as *Cornelia* was:
This loſt no Huſband, in whoſe Overthrow
Her Wealth and Honour ſunk; no Fear of Want
Did make her Being tedious; but, aiming
At an immortal Crown, and in his Cauſe
Who only can beſtow it, who ſent down
Legions of miniſt'ring Angels to bear up
Her ſpotleſs Soul to Heav'n; who entertain'd it
With choice, Celeſtial Muſick, equal to
The Motion of the Spheres, ſhe uncompell'd
Chang'd this Life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*,
You at her Death were preſent; did you e'er hear
Such raviſhing Sounds?

Sap. Yet you ſaid then 'twas Witchcraft,
And deviliſh Illuſions.

Theoph. I then heard it
With ſinful Ears, and belch'd out blaſphemous Words
Againſt

Againſt his Deity, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him.

Diocle. Why, doſt thou now? Or dar'ſt thou, in our Hearing?

Theoph. Were my Voice
As loud as is his Thunder, to be heard
Through all the World, all Potentates on Earth
Ready to burſt with Rage, ſhould they but hear it;
Though Hell, to aid their Malice, lent her Furies,
Yet I would ſpeak, and ſpeak again, and boldly,
I am a Chriſtian, and the Powers you worſhip
But Dreams of Fools and Madmen.

Max. Lay Hands on him.

Diocle. Thou twice a Child! (for doting Age ſo makes thee)
Thou could'ſt not elſe, thy Pilgrimage of Life
Being almoſt paſt through, in this laſt Moment,
Deſtroy what e'er thou haſt done good, or great;
Thy Youth did Promiſe much; and, grown a Man,
Thou mad'ſt it good, and with Increaſe of Years
Thy Actions ſtill better'd: As the Sun
Thou didſt riſe glorioufly, kep'ſt a conſtant Courſe
In all thy Journey; and now, in the Evening,
When thou ſhouldſt paſs with Honour to thy reſt,
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor?

Sap. Yet confeſs
That thou art mad, and that thy Tongue and Heart
Had no Agreement.

Max. Do; no Way is left, elſe,
To ſave thy Life, *Theophilus.*

Diocle. But, refuſe it,
Deſtruction as horrid, and as ſudden
Shall fall upon thee, as if Hell ſtood open,
And thou wert ſinking thither.

Theoph. Hear me, yet;
Hear for my Service paſt.

Art. What will he ſay?

Theoph. As ever I deſerv'd your Favour, hear me,
And grant one Boon; 'tis not for Life I ſue;

Nor is it fit, that I, that ne'er knew Pity
To any Chriſtian, being one myſelf,
Should look for any: no, I rather beg
The utmoſt of your Cruelty; I ſtand
Accomptable for thouſand Chriſtians Deaths;
And, were it poſſible that I could die
A Day for every one, then live again
To be again tormented, 'twere to me
An eaſy Penance, and I ſhould paſs through
A gentle cleanſing Fire; but, that deny'd me,
It being beyond the Strength of feeble Nature,
My Suit is, you would have no Pity on me.
In mine own Houſe there are a thouſand Engines
Of ſtudied Cruelty, which I did prepare
For miſerable Chriſtians; let me feel,
As the *Sicilian* did his brazen Bull,
The horrid'ſt you can find, and I will ſay,
In Death, that you are merciful.

Diocle. Deſpair not;
In this thou ſhalt prevail—go fetch 'em hither:
[*Some go for the Rack.*
Death ſhall put on a thouſand Shapes at once,
And ſo appear before thee; Racks, and Whips,
Thy Fleſh, with burning Pincers torn, ſhall feed
The Fire that heats them; and, what's wanting to
The Torture of thy Body, I'll ſupply
In puniſhing thy Mind.—Fetch all the Chriſtians
That are in Hold; and here, before his Face,
Cut 'em in Pieces.

Theoph. 'Tis not in thy Power—
It was the firſt good Deed I ever did;
They are remov'd out of thy Reach; how ere
I was determin'd for my Sins to die,
I firſt took Order for their Liberty,
And ſtill I dare thy worſt.

Diocle. Bind him, I ſay;
Make every Artery and Sinew crack;
The Slave that makes him give the loudeſt Shriek,

Shall

Shall have ten thouſand Drachmas: Wretch! I'll force thee
To curſe the Power thou worſhipp'ſt.
Theoph. Never, never.
No Breath of mine ſhall e'er be ſpent on him,
[*They torture him.*
But what ſhall ſpeak his Majeſty or Mercy:
I'm honour'd in my Sufferings—Weak Tormentors—
More Tortures, more—alas! you are unſkilful—
For Heav'ns Sake more: My Breaſt is yet untorn:
Here purchaſe the Reward that was propounded.
The Irons cool,—here are Arms yet, and Thighs;
Spare no Part of me.
Max. He endures beyond
The Suff'rance of a Man.
Sap. No Sigh, nor Groan
To witneſs he hath Feeling.
Diocle. Harder, Villains!

Enter Harpax.

Harp. Unleſs that he blaſpheme, he's loſt for ever:
If Torments ever could bring forth Deſpair,
Let theſe compel him to it: Oh me!
My ancient Enemies again? [*Falls down.*

Enter Dorothea *in a white Robe, Crowns upon her Robe, a Crown upon her Head, lead in by the Angel,* Antoninus, Caliſte, *and* Chriſteta *following, all in white, but leſs glorious; the Angel with a Crown for him.*

Theoph. Moſt glorious Viſion!
Did ere ſo hard a Bed yield Man a Dream
So Heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd, you bleſſed Spirits, and make haſte
To take that Crown of Immortality
You offer to me;—Death, 'till this bleſſed Minute;
I never thought thee ſlow-pac'd; nor would I
Haſten thee now, for any Pain I ſuffer,
But that thou keep's me from a glorious Wreath,
Which, through this ſtormy Way, I would creep to,
And humbly kneeling with Humility wear it.
Oh! now I feel thee:—Bleſſed Spirits! I come,

And,

And, witneſs for me all theſe Wounds and Scars,
I die a Soldier in the Chriſtian Wars. [*dies.*

Sap. I've ſeen thouſands tortur'd, but ne'er yet
A Conſtancy like this.

Harp. I am twice damn'd.

Ang. Haſte to thy Place appointed, curſed Fiend!
In Spite of Hell, this Soldier's not thy Prey,
'Tis I have won, thou that hath loſt, the Day.
[*Exit.* Angelo.

Diocle. I think the Center of the Earth be crackt,
[*The Devil ſinks with Thunder and Lightning.*
Yet I ſtand ſtill unmov'd, and will go on;
The Perſecution that is here begun,
Through all the World with Violence ſhall run.
[*Flouriſh, Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE

THE
DUKE of MILAN.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it hath been often acted by his MAJESTY's Servants, at the *Black-Friars*, in the Year 1623.

WRITTEN BY

PHILIP MASSINGER, Gent.

THE
DUKE of MILAN.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it hath been often acted by his MAJESTY's Servants, at the Black-Friers, in the Year 1623.

WRITTEN BY

PHILIP MASSINGER, Gent.

TO

The Right Honourable and much eſteemed for her High Birth, but more admired for her Virtue,

The Lady KATHERINE STANHOPE,

Wife to PHILIP Lord STANHOPE,

Baron of SHELFORD.

MADAM,

IF I were not moſt aſſured that Works of this Nature, have found both Patronage and Protection amongſt the greateſt Princes of Italy, *and are at this Day cheriſhed by Perſons moſt eminent in our Kingdom, I ſhould not preſume to offer theſe my weak, and imperfect Labours, at the Altar of your Favour. Let the Example of others, more knowing, and more experienced in this Kind (if my Boldneſs offend) plead my Pardon, and the rather ſince there is no other Means left me (my Misfortunes having caſt me on this Courſe) to publiſh to the World (if it hold the leaſt good Opinion of me) that I am ever your Ladyſhip's Creature. Vouchſafe, therefore, with the never-failing Clemency of your Noble Diſpoſition, not to contemn the tender of his Duty, who while he is, will ever be*

An humble Servant to your

Ladyſhip, and yours,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan.
Signior Francisco, his eſpecial Favourite.
Tiberio, Stephano, } Lords of his Council.
Pescara, a Marquis and Friend to Sforza.
Graccho, a Creature of Mariana Siſter to Sforza.
Charles, the Emperor.
Hernando, Medina, Alphonso, } Captains to the Emperor.
Marcelia, the Dutcheſs, Wife to Sforza.
Isabella, Mother to Sforza.
Mariana, Wife to Francisco, and Siſter to Sforza.
Eugenia, Siſter to Francisco.
Two Poſts, a Beadle, Waiters, Mutes.

THE

THE DUKE of MILAN.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene a public Place in Piſa.

Graccho, Jovio, Giovanni, *with Flaggons.*

Grac. TAKE every Man his Flaggon: give the Oath
To all you meet: I'm this Day, the State-drunkard;
(I'm ſure againſt my Will);—And if you find
A Man, at ten, that's ſober, he's a Traitor,
And, in my Name, arreſt him.

Jov. Very good, Sir:
But, ſay he be a Sexton?

Grac. If the Bells
Ring out of Tune, as if the Street were burning,

* This Tragedy, like moſt of our old Plays, is very free from being perfect either in Tale, Characters, or Decorum; but has many beautiful Starts of Genius and Knowledge intermingled with it.

I ſhall not give any further Account of the Tale in general, than that it greatly reſembles the famous one of *Herod* and *Mariamne*, *Sforza* the Duke of *Milan* is drawn as raſh, uxorious, and jealous, and *Marcelia* his Wife as beautiful, proud and reſentful. *Sforza* diſobliges the Emperor *Charles* V. as *Herod* had done *Octavius*, and was obliged to pay his Compliments in Perſon to make his Peace. During his Abſence, he leaves the ſame Charge with *Franiſco*, his Favourite, to cut off his Wife, that *Herod* did; and *Marcelia* diſcovers it, in the ſame Manner with *Mariamne*. Some other Circumſtances are different, and the modern Play of that Name is more uniform and conſiſtent than this, but in my Opinion, has not ſo many fine independant Paſſages.

And

And he cry, 'tis rare Muſic; bid him ſleep:
'Tis a Sign he has took his Liquor; and, if you meet
An Officer preaching of Sobriety,
Unleſs he read it in *Geneva* Print,
Lay him by the Heels.
Jov. But think you 'tis a Fault
To be found ſober?
Grac. It is Capital Treaſon;
Or, if you mitigate it, let ſuch pay
Forty Crowns to the Poor: But give a Penſion
To all the Magiſtrates you find ſinging Catches,
Or their Wives dancing; for the Courtiers reeling,
And the Duke himſelf, (I dare not ſay diſtemper'd,
But kind, and in his tott'ring Chair carouſing)
They do the Country Service. If you meet
One that eats Bread, a Child of Ignorance,
And bred up in the Darkneſs of no drinking,
Againſt his Will, you may initiate him,
In the true Poſture; though he die in the taking
His Drench it ſkills not: what's a private Man
For th' public Honour? We've nought elſe to think on.
And ſo, dear Friends, Copartners in my Travels,
Drink hard; and let the Health run through the City,
Until it reel again, and with me cry
Long live the Dutcheſs!

Enter Tiberio *and* Stephano.

Jov. Here are two Lords;—what think you?
Shall we give the Oath to them?
Grac. Fie! no: I know them,
You need not ſwear 'em; your Lord, by his Patent
Stands bound to take his rouſe. Long live the Dutcheſs!
[*Exeunt* Graccho *and* Jovio.
Steph. The Cauſe of this? But Yeſterday the Court
Wore the ſad Livery of Diſtruſt and Fear;
No Smile, not in a Buffoon, to be ſeen,
Or common Jeſter: The Great Duke himſelf
Had Sorrow in his Face; which, waited on
By his Mother, Siſter, and his faireſt Dutcheſs,
Diſperſed

Diſperſed a ſilent Mourning through all *Milan*;
As if ſome great Blow had been given the State,
Or were at leaſt expected.
Tib. Stephano,
I know, as you are noble, you are honeſt,
And capable of Secrets, of more Weight
Then now I ſhall deliver. If that *Sforza*,
The preſent Duke, (though his whole Life hath been
But one continu'd Pilgrimage, through Dangers,
Affrights, and Horrors; which his Fortune, guided
By his ſtrong Judgment, ſtill hath overcome)
Appears now ſhaken, it deſerves no Wonder:
All that his Youth hath labour'd for, the Harveſt
Sown by his Induſtry, ready to be reap'd too,
Being now at Stake; and all his Hopes confirm'd,
Or loſt for ever.——
Steph. I know no ſuch Hazard:
His Guards are ſtrong, and ſure: His Coffers full;
The People well affected; and ſo wiſely
His provident Care hath wrought; that though War rages
In moſt Parts of our Weſtern World, there is
No Enemy near us.
Tib. Dangers, that we ſee
To threaten Ruin, are with Eaſe prevented;
But thoſe ſtrike deadly, that come unexpected;
The Light'ning is far off; yet, ſoon as ſeen,
We may behold the terrible Effects
That it produceth. But I'll help your Knowledge,
And make his Cauſe of Fear familiar to you.
The War, ſo long continued between
The Emperor *Charles*, and *Francis* the *French* King
Have int'reſted, in either's Cauſe, the moſt
Of the *Italian* Princes: Among which, *Sforza*,
As one of greateſt Power, was ſought by both;
But with Aſſurance having one his Friend,
The other liv'd his Enemy.
Step. 'Tis true;
And 'twas a doubtful Choice.

Tib. But he, well knowing,
And having too, (it ſeems) the *Spaniſh* Pride,
Lent his Aſſiſtance to the King of *France:*
Which hath ſo far incens'd the Emperor,
That all his Hopes, and Honours are embark'd
With his great Patron's Fortune.

Steph. Which ſtands fair,
For aught I yet can hear.

Tib. But, ſhould it change,
The Duke's undone. They have drawn to the Field
Two Royal Armies, full of fiery Youth;
Of equal Spirit to dare, and Power to do:
So near intrench'd, that 'tis beyond all Hope
Of Human Counſel, they can e'er be ſever'd,
Until it be determin'd by the Sword,
Who hath the better Cauſe: For the Succeſs
Concludes the Victor innocent, and the Vanquiſh'd
Moſt miſerably guilty. How uncertain
The Fortune of the War is, Children know;
And, it being in Suſpenſe, on whoſe fair Tent
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious Stand;
You cannot blame the Duke; though he appear
Perplex'd and troubled.

Steph. But why, then,
In ſuch a Time when every Knee ſhould bend
For the Succeſs, and Safety of his Perſon,
Are theſe loud Triumphs?—In my weak Opinion,
They are unſeaſonable.

Tib. I judge ſo too;
But only in the Cauſe to be excus'd:
It is the Dutcheſs' Birth-day, once a Year
Solemniz'd, with all Pomp and Ceremony;
In which, the Duke is not his own, but hers.
Nay, every Day, indeed, he is her Creature;
For never Man ſo doted: But to tell
The tenth Part of his Fondneſs, to a Stranger,
Would argue me of Fiction.

Steph. She's, indeed,
A Lady of moſt exquiſite Form.

Tib.

Tib. She knows it,
And how to prize it.
Steph. I ne'er heard her tainted,
In any Point of Honour.
Tib. On my Life,
She's conſtant to his Bed, and well deſerves
His largeſt Favours. But, when Beauty is
Stampt on great Women (great in Birth and Fortune,
And blown by Flatt'rers greater then it is)
'Tis ſeldom unaccompany'd with Pride;
Nor is ſhe that way free: Preſuming on
The Duke's Affection, and her own Deſert,
She bears herſelf with ſuch a Majeſty,
Looking with Scorn on all, as Things beneath her;
That *Sforza*'s Mother, (that would loſe no Part
Of what was once her own;) nor his fair Siſter,
(A Lady too, acquainted with her Worth)
Will brook it well; and, howſoe'r their Hate
Is ſmother'd for a Time, 'tis more then fear'd,
It will at length break out.
Steph. He, in whoſe Pow'r 'tis,
Turn all to th' beſt!
Tib. Come, let us to the Court,
We there ſhall ſee all Bravery, and Coſt,
That Art can boaſt of.
Steph. I'll bear you Company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Scene changes to the Court.

Enter Franciſco, Iſabella, Mariana.

Mariana. I will not go; I ſcorn to be a Spot
In her proud Train.
Iſab. Shall I, that am his Mother,
Be ſo indulgent, as to wait on her
That owes me Duty?
Fran. 'Tis done to the Duke,
And not to her.—And, my ſweet Wife, remember,

And, Madam, if you pleaſe, receive my Counſel,
As *Sforza* is your Son, you may command him;
And, as a Siſter, you may challenge from him
A Brother's Love and Favour: But, this granted,
Conſider he's the Prince, and you his Subjects;
And not to queſtion, or contend with her
Whom he is pleas'd to honour. Private Men
Prefer their Wives; and ſhall he, being a Prince,
And bleſt with one that is the *Paradiſe*
Of Sweetneſs, and of Beauty, to whoſe Charge
The Stock of Women's Goodneſs is given up,
Not uſe her like herſelf?

Iſab. You're ever forward,
To ſing her Praiſes.

Mariana. Others are as fair;
I'm ſure, as noble.

Fran. I detract from none,
In giving her what's due. Were ſhe deform'd,
Yet, being the Dutcheſs, I ſtand bound to ſerve her;
But, as ſhe is, to admire her. Never Wife
Met with a purer Heat her Huſband's Fervour;
A happy Pair, one in the other bleſt!
She confident in herſelf, he's wholly hers,
And cannot ſeek for change: and he ſecure
That 'tis not in the Power of Man to tempt her.
And therefore, to conteſt with her, that is
The ſtronger, and the better Part of him,
Is more than Folly. You know him of a Nature
Not to be play'd with; and, ſhould you forget
To obey him as your Prince, he'll not remember
The Duty that he owes you.

Iſab. 'Tis but Truth:
Come, clear our Brows, and let us to the Banquet;
—But not to ſerve his Idol.

Mariana. I ſhall do
What may become the Siſter of a Prince;
But will not ſtoop beneath it.

Fran. Yet, be wiſe;
Soar not too high to fall; but ſtoop, to riſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter three Gentlemen ſetting forth a Banquet.

1 *Gent.* Quick, quick, for Love's Sake! let the Court put on
Her choiceſt Outſide: Coſt and Bravery
Be only thought of.

2 *Gent.* All that may be had
To pleaſe the Eye, the Ear, Taſte, Touch, or Smell,
Are carefully provided.

3 *Gent.* There's a Maſque:
Have you heard what's the Invention?

1 *Gent.* No Matter:
It is intended for the Dutcheſs' Honour;
And if it give her glorious Attributes,
As the moſt fair, moſt vertuous, and the reſt,
'Twill pleaſe the Duke.—They come.

3 *Gent.* All is in order.

Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Franciſco, Sforza, Marcelia, Iſabella, Mariana, *Attendants.*

Sfor. You are the Miſtreſs of the Feaſt—Sit here,
O my Soul's Comfort; and, when *Sforza* bows
Thus low to do you Honour, let none think
The meaneſt Service they can pay my Love,
But as a fair Addition to thoſe Titles
They ſtand poſſeſt of. Let me glory in
My Happineſs, and mighty Kings look pale
With Envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O Mother, look on her! Siſter, admire her!
And, ſince this preſent Age yields not a Woman
Worthy to be her ſecond, borrow of
Times paſt: And let Imagination help
Of thoſe canoniz'd Ladies *Sparta* boaſts of,
And, in her Greatneſs, *Rome* was proud to owe
To Faſhion: And yet ſtill you muſt confeſs,
The *Phœnix* of Perfection ne'er was ſeen,
But in my fair *Marcelia.*

Fran. She's, indeed,
The Wonder of all Times.
Tib. Your Excellence,
(Though I confeſs you give her but her own)
Inforces her Modeſty to the Defence
Of a ſweet Bluſh.
Sfor. It need not, my *Marcelia*;
When moſt I ſtrive to praiſe thee, I appear
A poor Detracter: For thou art indeed
So perfect both in Body, and in Mind,
That, but to ſpeak the leaſt Part to the Height,
Would aſk an Angel's Tongue;—and yet then end
In ſilent Admiration!
Iſab. You ſtill court her,
As if ſhe were a Miſtreſs, not your Wife.
Sfor. A Miſtreſs, Mother? She is more to me,
And ev'ry Day deſerves more to be ſu'd to.
Such as are cloy'd with thoſe they have embrac'd,
May think their wooing done: No Night to me,
But is a bridal one, where *Hymen* lights
His Torches freſh, and new; and thoſe Delights,
Which are not to be cloth'd in airy Sounds,
Enjoy'd, beget Deſires as full of Heat,
And jovial Fervour, as when firſt I taſted
Her Virgin Fruit:—Bleſt Night! and be it number'd
Amongſt thoſe happy ones, in which a Bleſſing
Was, by the full Conſent of all the Stars,
Confer'd upon Mankind.
Marcelia. My worthieſt Lord![1]
The only Object I behold with Pleaſure!
My Pride, my Glory! in a Word, my all!
Bear Witneſs, Heaven, that I eſteem myſelf
In nothing worthy of the meaneſt Praiſe

[1] *My worthieſt Lord!*

Milton ſeems to have copied this in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, *Eve* ſays to *Adam*,

"O Sole in whom my Thoughts find all Repoſe,
"My Glory, my Perfection,
Book 5. V. 28."

You

You can beſtow, unleſs it be in this,
That in my Heart I love, and honour you.
And, but that it would ſmell of Arrogance,
To ſpeak my ſtrong Deſire and Zeal to ſerve you,
I then could ſay, theſe Eyes yet never ſaw
The riſing Sun, but that my Vows, and Prayers
Were ſent to Heav'n, for the Proſperity
And Safety of my Lord: Nor have I ever
Had other Study, but how to appear
Worthy your Favour; and that my Embraces
Might yield a fruitful Harveſt of Content,
For all your noble Travel, in the Purchaſe
Of her that's ſtill your Servant; by theſe Lips,
(Which, pardon me, that I preſume to kiſs) ———

Sfor. O Sweet, for ever ſwear!

Marcelia. I ne'er will ſeek
Delight, but in your Pleaſure; and deſire,
When you are ſated with all earthly Glories,
And Age and Honours make you fit for Heaven,
That one Grave may receive us.

Sfor. 'Tis believ'd;
Believ'd, my bleſt One.

Mariana. How ſhe winds herſelf
Into his Soul! [*Aſide.*

Sfor. Sit all.—Let others feed
On thoſe groſs Cates, while *Sforza* banquets with
Immortal Viands, ta'en in at his Eyes.
I could live ever thus. Command the Eunuch
To ſing the Ditty that I laſt compos'd,

Enter Poſt.

In Praiſe of my *Marcelia.* —— From whence?

Poſt. From *Pavia*, my dread Lord.

Sfor. Speak, is all loſt?

Poſt. The Letter will inform you.

Fran. How his Hand ſhakes,
As he receives it! [*Aſide.*

Mariana. This is ſome Allay
To his hot Paſſion. [*Aſide.*

Sfor. Though it bring Death, I'll read it.

May it pleaſe your Excellence to underſtand, that the very Hour I wrote this, I heard a bold Defiance delivered by a Herald from the Emperor, which was chearfully received by the King of France. *The Battle being ready to join, and the Van-guard committed to my Charge, inforces me to end abruptly,*

Your Highneſs's Servant,

Gaſpero.

Ready to join? — By this, then, I am nothing;
Or my Eſtate ſecure.

Marcelia. My Lord!

Sfor. To doubt,
Is worſe than to have loſt; and to deſpair,
Is but to antedate thoſe Miſeries
That muſt fall on us; all my Hopes depending
Upon this Battle's Fortune. — In my Soul,
Methinks, there ſhould be that imperious Power,
By ſupernatural, not uſual Means,
T' inform me what I am. The Cauſe conſider'd,
Why ſhould I fear? The *French* are bold and ſtrong,
Their Numbers full, and in their Councils wiſe:
But then, the haughty *Spaniard* is all Fire,
Hot in his Executions; fortunate
In his Attempts; married to Victory:
Aye, there it is that ſhakes me.

Fran. Excellent Lady,
This Day was dedicated to your Honour:
One Gale of your ſweet Breath will eaſily
Diſperſe theſe Clouds; and, but yourſelf, there's none
That dare ſpeak to him.

Marcelia. I will run the Hazard.
My Lord!

Sfor. Ha!—Pardon me, *Marcelia*; I am troubled —
And ſtand uncertain, whether I am Maſter
Of aught that's worth the owning.

Marcelia. I am yours, Sir;
And I have heard you ſwear, I being ſafe,

There

There was no Loſs could move you. This Day, Sir,
Is by your Gift made mine: Can you revoke
A Grant made to *Marcelia?* Your *Marcelia?*
For whoſe Love, nay, whoſe Honour, gentle Sir,
(All deep Deſigns, and State-Affairs deferr'd)
Be, as you purpos'd, merry.

Sfor. Out of my Sight,
And all Thoughts that may ſtrangle Mirth forſake me.
Fall what can fall, I dare the worſt of Fate;
Though the Foundation of the Earth ſhould ſhrink,
The glorious Eye of Heaven loſe his Splendor;
Supported thus, I'll ſtand upon the Ruins,
And ſeek for new Life here.——Why are you ſad?
No other Sports? By Heav'n he's not my Friend,
That wears one Furrow in his Face. I was told
There was a Maſque.

Fran. They wait your Higneſs' Pleaſure,
And when you pleaſe to have it.

Sfor. Bid 'em enter:
Come, make me happy once again. I am rap't,
'Tis not to-day, to-morrow, or the next,
But all my Days, and Years, ſhall be employ'd
To do thee Honour.

Marcelia. And my Life, to ſerve you.— [*A Horn.*

Sfor. Another Poſt?—Go hang him, hang him, I ſay;
I will not interrupt my preſent Pleaſures,
Although his Meſſage ſhould import my Head:
Hang him, I ſay.

Marcelia. Nay, good Sir, I am pleas'd
To grant a little Intermiſſion to you;
Who knows but he brings News we wiſh to hear,
To heighten our Delights.

Sfor. As wiſe as fair.

Enter another Poſt.

From *Gaſpero?*

Poſt. That was, my Lord.

Sfor. How, dead?

Poſt. With the Delivery of this, and Prayers,

To guard your Excellency from certain Dangers,
He ceas'd to be a Man.

Sfor. All that my Fears
Could faſhion to me, or my Enemies wiſh,
Is fall'n upon me.—Silence that harſh Muſick:
'Tis now unſeaſonable. A tolling Bell,
As a ſad Harbinger to tell me, that
This pamper'd Lump of Fleſh muſt feaſt the Worms:
'Tis fitter for me —— I am ſick.

Marcelia. My Lord?

Sfor. Sick to Death, *Marcelia.*—Remove
Theſe Signs of Mirth; they were ominous, and but uſher'd
Sorrow and Ruin.

Marcelia. Bleſs us, Heaven!

Iſab. My Son!

Marcelia. What ſudden Change is this?

Sfor. All leave the Room; [2]
I'll bear alone the Burden of my Grief,
And muſt admit no Partner.—I am yet
Your Prince, where's your Obedience? Stay, *Marcelia*;
I cannot be ſo greedy of a Sorrow
In which you muſt not ſhare.

Marcelia. And chearfully
I will ſuſtain my Part.—Why look you pale?
Where is that wonted Conſtancy, and Courage,
That dar'd the worſt of Fortune? Where is *Sforza*,
To whom all Dangers that fright common Men,
Appear'd but pannick Terrors?—Why do you eye me
With ſuch fix'd Looks? Love, Counſel, Duty, Service,
May flow from me, not Danger.

Sfor. O *Marcelia!*
It is for thee I fear: For thee, thy *Sforza*
Shakes like a Coward; for myſelf, unmov'd:
I could have heard my Troops were cut in Pieces,

[2] *All leave the Room.*

The Joy of *Sforza*, on the News of the Defeat of *Francis*, is here turned into Jealouſy; and this Scene between him and *Marcelia* is very pathetick, and far beyond any of the like Kind in *Fenton*'s Tragedy of *Mariamne*.

My

My General ſlain; and he, on whom my Hopes
Of Rule, of State, of Life, had their Dependance,
The King of *France*, my greateſt Friend, made Priſoner
To ſo proud Enemies.——

Marcelia. Then you have juſt Cauſe
To ſhew you are a Man.

Sfor. All this were nothing,
Though I add to it, that I am aſſur'd,
For giving Aid to this unfortunate King,
The Emperor incens'd, lays his Command
On his victorious Army, fleſh'd with Spoil,
And bold of Conqueſt, to march up againſt me,
And ſeize on my Eſtates: Suppoſe that done too,
The City tak'n, the Kennels running Blood,
The ranſack'd Temples falling on their Saints:
My Mother, in my Sight, toſs'd on their Pikes,
And Siſter raviſh'd; and myſelf bound faſt
In Chains, to grace their Triumph; or what elſe
An Enemy's Inſolence could load me with,
I would be *Sforza* ſtill. But, when I think
That my *Marcelia* (to whom, all theſe
Are but as Atoms to the greateſt Hill)
Muſt ſuffer in my Cauſe; and for me ſuffer
All earthly Torments: Nay, ev'n thoſe the Damn'd
Howl for in Hell, are gentle Strokes, compar'd
To what I feel, *Marcelia.*

Marcelia. Good Sir, have Patience:
I can as well partake your adverſe Fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample Share
In your Proſperity. 'Tis not in the Power
Of Fate to alter me: For, while I am,
In ſpight of't, I am yours.

Sfor. But were that Will,
To be ſo, forc'd, *Marcelia?* and I live
To ſee thoſe Eyes, I prize above mine own,
Dart Favours (though compell'd) upon another?
Or thoſe ſweet Lips (yielding immortal Nectar)
Be gently touch'd by any but myſelf?
Think, think, *Marcelia*, what a curſed Thing
I were, beyond Expreſſion. *Mar-*

Marcelia. Do not feed
Thoſe jealous Thoughts; the only Bleſſing that
Heav'n hath beſtow'd on us, more than on Beaſts,
Is, that 'tis in our Pleaſure when to die.
Beſides, were I now in another's Power,
There are ſo many Ways to let out Life,
I would not live, for one ſhort Minute, his;
I was born only your's and I will die ſo.

Sfor. Angels reward the Goodneſs of this Woman:

Enter Franciſco.

All I can pay is nothing. [*Aſide.*] —Why uncall'd for?

Fran. It is of Weight, Sir, that makes me thus preſs
Upon your Privacies. Your conſtant Friend,
The Marquis of *Peſcara*, tired with Haſte,
Hath Buſineſs that concerns your Life and Fortunes,
And with Speed, to impart.

Sfor. Wait on him hither. [*Ex.* Franciſco.
And, Deareſt, to thy Cloſet: Let thy Prayers
Aſſiſt my Councils.

Marcelia. To ſpare Imprecations
Againſt myſelf, without you I am nothing. [*Ex.* Marcelia.

Sfor. The Marquis of *Peſcara?* a great Soldier;
And, though he ſerv'd upon the adverſe Party,
Ever my conſtant Friend.

Enter Franciſco, Peſcara.

Fran. Yonder he walks,
Full of ſad Thoughts.

Peſc. Blame him not, good *Franciſco*,
He hath much Cauſe to grieve.—Would I might end ſo,
And not add this to fear.

Sfor. My dear *Peſcara!*
A Miracle in theſe Times! a Friend, and happy,
Cleaves to a falling Fortune.

Peſc. If it were
As well in my weak Power, in Act to raiſe it,
As 'tis to bear a Part of Sorrow with you;
You then ſhould have juſt Cauſe to ſay, *Peſcara*
Look'd not upon your State, but on your Virtues,

When

When he made Suit to be writ in the Liſt
Of thoſe you favour'd.——But my Haſte forbids
All Compliment: Thus, then, Sir, to the Purpoſe..
The Cauſe that, unattended, brought me hither,
Was not to tell you of your Loſs, or Danger;
(For Fame hath many Wings to bring ill Tidings,
And I preſume you've heard it) but to give you
Such friendly Counſel, as, perhaps, may make
Your ſad Diſaſter leſs.

Sfor. You are all Goodneſs,
And I give up myſelf to be diſpos'd of,
As in your Wiſdom you think fit.

Peſc. Thus, then, Sir.
To hope you can hold out againſt the Emperor,
Were flatt'ring yourſelf, to your undoing:
Therefore, the ſafeſt Courſe that you can take,
Is, to give up yourſelf to his Diſcretion,
Before you be compell'd; for, reſt aſſur'd,
A voluntary Yielding may find Grace,
And will admit Defence, at leaſt Excuſe:
But, ſhould you linger doubtful, till his Powers
Have ſeiz'd your Perſon and Eſtates per Force,
You muſt expect Extremes.

Sfor. I underſtand you;
And I will put your Counſel into Act,
And ſpeedily. I only will take order
For ſome Domeſtical Affairs, that do
Concern me nearly, and with the next Sun
Ride with you.—In the mean time, my beſt Friend,
Pray take your Reſt.

Peſc. Indeed, I've travel'd hard,
And will embrace your Counſel. [*Ex.* Peſcara.

Sfor. With all Care,
Attend my noble Friend. Stay you, *Franciſco.*
—You ſee how Things ſtand with me?

Fran. To my Grief:
And if the Loſs of my poor Life could be
A Sacrifice, to reſtore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor.

Sfor. I think ſo;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the Building I have rais'd,
In your Advancement; and repent no Grace,
I have confer'd upon you: And, believe me,
Though now I ſhould repeat my Favours to you,
The Titles I have given you, and the Means
Suitable to your Honours; that I thought you
Worthy my Siſter, and my Family,
And in my Dukedom made you next myſelf;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you're worthy of them, in your Love
And Service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your Creature;
And any Shape, that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.

Sfor. Thus, then, *Franciſco*;
I now am to deliver to your Truſt,
A weighty Secret, [3] of ſo ſtrange a Nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear ſo monſtrous to you,
That you will tremble in the Execution,
As much as I am tortur'd to command it:
For 'tis a Deed ſo horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would ſtrike into a Ruffian fleſh'd in Murthers,
Or an obdurate Hangman, ſoft Compaſſion;
And yet, *Franciſco* (of all Men the deareſt,
And from me moſt deſerving) ſuch my State
And ſtrange Condition is, that thou alone
Muſt know the fatal Service, and perform it.

Fran. Theſe Preparations, Sir, to work a Stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your Bounties,
Might appear uſeful; but, to me, they are
Needleſs Impertinencies: For I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.

[3] *I now am to deliver to your Truſt*
A weighty Secret.

The Manner of *Sforza* breaking his Mind to *Franciſco*, in the enſuing Scene, with reſpect to *Marcelia*, is finely painted, and has a ſtrange Mixture of Cruelty and Reflexion, Delicacy and Madneſs.

Sfor.

Sfor. But thou muſt ſwear it,
And put into thy Oath, all Joys, or Torments
That fright the Wicked, or confirm the Good:
Not to conceal it only (that is nothing)
But, whenſoe'er my Will ſhall ſpeak, ſtrike now:
To fall upon't like Thunder.
Fran. Miniſter
The Oath in any Way, or Form you pleaſe,
I ſtand reſolv'd to take it.
Sfor. Thou muſt do, then,
What no malevolent Star will dare to look on,
It is ſo wicked: For which, Men will curſe thee
For being the Inſtrument; and the bleſt Angels
Forſake me at my Need, for being the Author:
For 'tis a Deed of Night, of Night, *Franciſco*,
In which the Memory of all good Actions,
We can pretend to, ſhall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remember'd, it ſhall be
To fright Poſterity by our Example,
That have out-gone all Precedents of Villains
That were before us; and ſuch as ſucceed,
Though taught in Hell's black School, ſhall ne'er come near us.
—Art thou not ſhaken yet?
Fran. I grant you move me:
But to a Man confirm'd——
Sfor. I'll try your Temper:
What think you of my Wife?
Fran. As a Thing ſacred:
To whoſe fair Name, and Memory, I pay gladly
Theſe Signs of Duty. [*Kneels.*
Sfor. Is ſhe not the Abſtract
Of all that's rare, or to be wiſh'd in Woman?
Fran. It were a Kind of Blaſphemy to diſpute it:
—But to the Purpoſe, Sir.
Sfor. Add to her Goodneſs,
Her Tenderneſs of me, her Care to pleaſe me;
Her unſuſpected Chaſtity, ne'er equal'd;
Her Innocence, her Honour — O I am loſt

In

In the Ocean of her Virtues, and her Graces,
When I think of them.
Fran. Now I find the End
Of all your Conjurations: There's ſome Service
To be done for this ſweet Lady. If ſhe have Enemies
That ſhe would have remov'd ——
Sfor. Alas! *Franciſco*,
Her greateſt Enemy is her greateſt Lover;
Yet, in that Hatred, her Idolator.
One Smile of her's would make a Savage tame;
One Accent of that Tongue would calm the Seas,
Though all the Winds at once ſtrove there for Empire.
Yet I, for whom ſhe thinks all this too little,
Should I miſcarry in this preſent Journey,
(From whence it is all Number to a Cypher,
I ne'er return with Honour) by thy Hand
Muſt have her murther'd.
Fran. Murther'd!—She that loves ſo,
And ſo deſerves to be belov'd again?
And I, who ſometimes you were pleas'd to favour,
Pick'd out the Inſtrument?
Sfor. Do not fly off:
What is decreed, can never be recall'd;
'Tis more than Love to her, that marks her out
A wiſh'd Companion to me, in both Fortunes:
And ſtrong Aſſurance of thy zealous Faith,
That gives up to thy Truſt a Secret, that
Racks ſhould not have forc'd from me.—O *Franciſco*,
There is no Heav'n without her; nor a Hell,
Where ſhe reſides. I aſk from her but Juſtice,
And what I would have paid to her, had Sickneſs
Or any other Accident divorc'd
Her purer Soul from her unſpotted Body.
The ſlaviſh *Indian* Princes, when they die,
Are cheerfully attended to the Fire
By the Wife, and Slave, that living they lov'd beſt,
To do them Service in another World:
Nor will I be leſs honour'd, that love more.
And therefore trifle not, but in thy Looks

Expreſs

Expreſs a ready Purpoſe to perform
What I command; or, by *Marcella*'s Soul,
This is thy lateſt Minute.
Fran. 'Tis not Fear
Of Death, but Love to you, makes me embrace it.
But, for mine own Security, when 'tis done,
What Warrant have I? If you pleaſe to ſign one,
I ſhall, though with Unwillingneſs and Horror,
Perform your dreadful Charge.
Sfor. I will, *Franciſco*:
But ſtill remember, that a Prince's Secrets
Are Balm, conceal'd; but Poiſon, if diſcover'd.
I may come back; then this is but a Trial,
To purchaſe thee, if it were poſſible,
A nearer Place in my Affection — but
I know thee honeſt.
Fran. 'Tis a Character
I will not part with.
Sfor. I may live to reward it. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Court belonging to the Palace.*

Enter Tiberio, Stephano.

Steph. HOW? left the Court?
Tib. Without Guard, or Retinue
Fitting a Prince.
Steph. No Enemy near, to force him?
To leave his own Strengths, yet deliver up
Himſelf, as 'twere in Bonds, to the Diſcretion
Of him that hates him? 'Tis beyond Example.
You never heard the Motives that induc'd him
To this ſtrange Courſe?

Tib. No, thoſe are Cabinet Councils,
And not to be communicated, but
To ſuch as are his own, and ſure.——Alas!
We fill up empty Places, and in publick
Are taught to give our Suffrages to that
Which was before determin'd; and are ſafe ſo.
Signior *Franciſco* (upon whom alone
His abſolute Power is with all Strength confer'd,
During his Abſence) can with Eaſe reſolve you:
To me, they're Riddles.

Steph. Well, he ſhall not be
My *Oedipus*; I'll rather dwell in Darkneſs.
But, my good Lord *Tiberio*, this *Franciſco*
Is, on the ſudden, ſtrangely rais'd.

Tib. O Sir,
He took the thriving Courſe: He had a Siſter,
A fair one too, with whom (as it is rumour'd)
The Duke was too familiar; but ſhe caſt off,
(What Promiſes ſoever paſt between them)
Upon the Sight of this, forſook the Court,
And ſince was never ſeen. To ſmother this,
(As Honours never fail to purchaſe Silence)
Franciſco firſt was grac'd, and Step by Step
Is rais'd up to this Height.

Steph. But how is his Abſence borne?

Tib. Sadly, it ſeems,
By the Dutcheſs; for, ſince he leſt the Court,
For the moſt Part ſhe hath kept her private Chamber,
No Viſitants admitted. In the Church,
She hath been ſeen to pay her pure Devotions,
Seaſon'd with Tears; and ſure her Sorrow's true,
Or deeply counterfeited. Pomp, and State,
And Bravery's caſt off; and ſhe, that lately
Rival'd *Poppæa* in her varied Shapes,
Or the *Ægyptian* Queen, now, Widow-like,
In Sable Colours (as her Huſband's Dangers
Strangled in her the Uſe of any Pleaſure)
Mourns for his Abſence.

Steph.

Steph. It becomes her Virtue,
And does confirm what was reported of her.
Tib. You take it right: but, on the other Side,
The Darling of his Mother, *Mariana*,
As there were an Antipathy between
Her and the Dutcheſs' Paſſions; and as
She'd no Dependance on her Brother's Fortune,
She ne'er appear'd ſo full of Mirth.
Steph. 'Tis ſtrange.

Enter Graccho *with Fidlers.*

But ſee her Favourite; and accompany'd,
To your Report.
Grac. You ſhall ſcrape, and I'll ſing,
A ſcurvy Ditty, to a ſcurvy Tune,
Repine who dares.
Fidl. But, if we ſhould offend,
The Dutcheſs having ſilenc'd us: And theſe Lords
Stand by to hear us.——
Grac. They, in Name, are Lords;
But I am one in Power: And, for the Dutcheſs,
But Yeſterday we were merry for her Pleaſure,
We now'll be for my Lady's.
Tib. Signior *Graccho?*
Grac. A poor Man, Sir, a Servant to the Princeſs:
But you, great Lords, and Counſellors of State,
Whom I ſtand bound to reverence.
Tib. Come, we know
You are a Man in Grace.
Grac. Fye! no: I grant,
I bear my Fortunes patiently; ſerve the Princeſs,
And have Acceſs at all Times to her Cloſet,
Such is my Impudence! when your grave Lordſhips
Are Maſters of the Modeſty, to attend
Three Hours, nay ſometimes four; and then bid wait
Upon her the next Morning.
Steph. He derides us.
Tib. Pray you, what News is ſtirring? You know all.
Grac. Who, I? Alas! I've no Intelligence

At home, nor abroad: I only ſometimes gueſs
The Change of the Times;—I ſhould aſk of your Lordſhips
Who are to keep their Honours, who to loſe 'em;
Whom the Dutcheſs ſmil'd on laſt, or on whom frown'd,
You only can reſolve me. We poor Waiters
Deal (as you ſee) in Mirth, and fooliſh Fiddles:
It is our Element; and—could you tell me
What Point of State 'tis, that I am commanded
To muſter up this Muſic, on mine Honeſty,
You ſhould much befriend me.

Steph. Sirrah! you grow ſaucy.

Tib. And would be laid by th' Heels.

Grac. Not by your Lordſhips,
Without a ſpecial Warrant;—look to your own Stakes;
Were I committed, here come thoſe would bail me:
Perhaps, we might change Places too.

Enter Iſabella, Mariana.

Tib. The Princeſs——
We muſt be Patient.

Steph. There's no contending.

Tib. See, the informing Rogue!

Steph. That we ſhould ſtoop
To ſuch a Muſhrome!

Mariana. Thou doſt miſtake; they durſt not
Uſe the leaſt Word of Scorn, although provok'd,
To any Thing of mine. Go, get you home,
And to your Servants, Friends, and Flatterers, number
How many Deſcents you're noble:—Look to your Wives too;
The ſmooth-chinn'd Courtiers are abroad.

Tib. No Way to be a Freeman? [*Ex.* Tib. *and* Steph.

Grac. Your Excellence hath the beſt Gift, to diſpatch
Theſe Arras Pictures of Nobility,
I ever read of.

Mariana. I can ſpeak ſometimes.

Grac. And cover ſo your bitter Pills, with Sweetneſs
Of princely Language to forbid Reply,

They're

They're greedily ſwallow'd.

Iſab. But to the Purpoſe, Daughter,
That brings us hither? Is it to beſtow
A Viſit on this Woman, that, becauſe
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The Abſence, and the Dangers, of my Son,
Proclaims a general Sadneſs?

Mariana. If to vex her
May be interpreted to do her Honour,
She ſhall have many of 'em? I'll make Uſe
Of my ſhort Reign: My Lord now governs all;
And ſhe ſhall know, that, her Idolater
My Brother being not by now to protect her,
I am her equal.

Grac. Of a little Thing,
It is ſo full of Gall: A Devil of this Size,
Should they run for a Wager to be ſpiteful,
Gets not a Horſe-head of her. [*Aſide.*

Mariana. On her Birth-day,
We were forc'd to be merry; and now ſhe's muſty,
We muſt be ſad, on Pain of her Diſpleaſure;
We will, we will. This is her private Chamber,
Where, like an Hypocrite, not a true Turtle,
She ſeems to mourn her abſent Mate, her Servants
Attending her like Mutes: But I'll ſpeak to her,
And in a high Key too,—play any Thing
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare Sport. [*Song.*

[Marcelia *above, in black.*

Iſab. She frowns, as if
Her Looks could fright us.

Mariana. May it pleaſe your Greatneſs,
We heard that your late Phyſic hath not work'd;
And that breeds Melancholy, as your Doctor tells us:
To purge which, we, that are born your Highneſs Vaſſals,
And are to play the Fools to do you Service,
Preſent you with a Fit of Mirth:—What think you
Of a new Antick?

Iſab. 'Twould ſhow rare in Ladies.

Mariana. Being intended for ſo ſweet a Creature;
Were ſhe but pleas'd to grace it.

Iſab. Fye! ſhe will,
Be it ne'er ſo mean: She's made of Courteſy.

Mariana. The Miſtreſs of all Hearts;—One Smile, I pray you,
On your poor Servants, or a Fidler's Fee:
Coming from thoſe fair Hands, though but a Ducat,
We will inſhrine it as a holy Relique.

Iſab. 'Tis Wormwood, and it works.

Marcelia. If I lay by
My Fears, and Griefs (in which you ſhall be Sharers);
If doting Age could let you but remember,
You have a Son; or frontleſs Impudence,
You are a Siſter; and in making Anſwer,
To what was moſt unfit for your to ſpeak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my juſt Anger.

Iſab. A ſet Speech, on my Life.

Mariana. Pen'd by her Chaplain.

Marcelia. Yes, I can ſpeak, without Inſtruction ſpeak;
And tell your Want of Manners, that y'are rude,
And ſaucily rude, too.

Grac. Now the Game begins. [*Aſide.*

Marcelia. You durſt not, elſe, on any Hire or Hope,
(Remembring what I am, and whoſe I am)
Put on the deſperate Boldneſs, to diſturb
The leaſt of my Retirements.

Mariana. Note her, now.

Marcelia. For both ſhall underſtand, though th' one preſume
Upon the Privilege due to a Mother,
The Duke ſtands now on his own Legs, and needs
No Nurſe to lead him.

Iſab. How, a Nurſe?

Marcelia. A dry one,
And uſeleſs too:—But I am merciful,
And Dotage ſigns your Pardon.

Iſab. I defy thee;

Thee,

Thee, and thy Pardons, proud one!

Marcelia. For you, Puppet——

Mariana. What, of me? Pine-tree.

Marcelia. Little you are, I grant,
And have as little Worth, but much leſs Wit;
You durſt not, elſe, the Duke being wholly mine,
His Pow'r and Honour mine, and the Allegiance,
You owe him, as a Subject, due to me—

Mariana. To you?

Marcelia. To me: And therefore, as a Vaſſal,
From this Hour learn to ſerve me, or, you'll feel,
I muſt make Uſe of my Authority,
And, as a Princeſs; puniſh it.

Iſab. A Princeſs?

Mariana. I had rather be a Slave unto a Moor
Than know thee for my Equal.

Iſab. Scornful Thing!
Proud of a white Face!

Mariana. Let her but remember
The Iſſue in her Leg:

Iſab. The Charge ſhe puts
The State to, for Perfumes.

Mariana. And, howſoe'er
She ſeems, when ſhe's made up, as ſhe's herſelf,
She ſtinks above Ground. Oh that I could reach you!
The little one you ſcorn ſo, with her Nails,
Would tear your painted Face, and ſcratch thoſe Eyes out.
—Do but come down.

Marcelia. Were there no other Way,
But leaping on thy Neck, to break mine own,
Rather than be outbrav'd thus.——

Grac. Forty Ducats
Upon the little Hen: She's of the Kind,
And will not leave the Pit. [*Aſide.*

Mariana. That it were lawful
To meet her with a Poignard, and a Piſtol!
But theſe weak Hands ſhall ſhew my Spleen.

Enter Marcelia *below.*

Marcelia. Where are you? You Modicum! you Dwarf!
Mariana. Here, Gianteſs, here.

Enter Franciſco, Tiberio, Stephano.

Fran. A Tumult in the Court? [4]
Mariana. Let her come on.
Fran. What Wind hath rais'd this Tempeſt?
Sever 'em, I command you. What's the Cauſe?
Speak *Mariana.*
Mariana, I am out of Breath;
But we ſhall meet, we ſhall.—And do you hear, Sir,
Or right me on this Monſter (ſhe's three Foot
Too high for a Woman) or ne'er look to have
A quiet Hour with me.
Iſab. If my Son were here,
And would endure this, may a Mother's Curſe
Purſue, and overtake him!
Fran. O forbear!
In me he's preſent, both in Pow'r, and Will;
And, Madam, I much grieve, that, in his Abſence,

[4] *A Tumult in the Court.*

Maſſinger was undoubtedly a Man of Genius, as appears in almoſt every Play he wrote. He has often the Strength of *Shakeſpear*, and the Softneſs of *Fletcher*, was very judicious in the Choice of his Subjects, and maſterly in the finiſhing his Characters: But, notwithſtanding all this, he is more or leſs led away by the Vice of the Age, and debaſes in all his Works their Value, by ridiculous Farce, and unmeaning Buffoonery. In the very Play before us, though the Tale is taken from high Life, and the Perſons chiefly concerned no leſs than Princes and Stateſmen, he cannot help this idle Affectation, and engages *Marcelia*, the Dutcheſs, in a Fray with her Lord's Mother and Siſter, in his Abſence, to aſſert her Precedency, and make the Galleries Sport: The Incident itſelf anſwering no other End, but to give *Franciſco*, the Duke's Favourite, an Opportunity of making his Court to *Marcelia*, at the Expence of their Liberty; though the laſt is his Wife, and introduce the Attempt he makes immediately after upon her Honour.

But the laſt Scene of this Act is ſo far above thoſe preceding, conduces ſo remarkably to the carrying on the Plot, and is wrote ſo finely that no Remarks would explain its Beauty ſo fully as itſelf.

There

There ſhould ariſe the leaſt Diſtaſte to move you;
It being his principal, nay, only Charge,
To have you in his Abſence ſerv'd, and honour'd,
As when himſelf perform'd the willing Office.
Mariana. This is fine, i'Faith.
Grac. I would I were well off. [*Aſide.*
Fran. And therefore, I beſeech you, Madam, frown not
(Till moſt unwittingly he hath deſerv'd it)
On your poor Servant; to your Excellence,
I ever was, and will be ſuch, and lay,
The Duke's Authority, truſted to me,
With Willingneſs at your Feet.
Mariana. O baſe!
Iſab. We're like
To have an equal Judge!
Fran. But, ſhould I find
That you are touch'd in any Point of Honour,
Or that the leaſt Neglect is fall'n upon you,
I then ſtand up a Prince.
Fidl. Without Reward,
Pray you diſmiſs us. [*Aſide.*
Grac. Would I were five Leagues hence! [*Aſide.*
Fran. I will be partial to none; not to myſelf:
Be you but pleas'd to ſhew me my Offence;
Or, if you hold me in your good Opinion,
Name thoſe that have offended you.
Iſab. I am one;
And I will juſtify it.
Mariana. Thou art a baſe Fellow,
To take her Part.
Fran. Remember, ſhe's the Dutcheſs.
Marcelia. But us'd with more Contempt, than if I were
A Peaſant's Daughter; baited, and hooted at,
Like to a common Strumpet; with loud Noiſes,
Forc'd from my Prayers; and my private Chamber
(Which, with all Willingneſs, I would make my Priſon,
During the Abſence of my Lord) deny'd me.
But if he e're return——

Fran.

Fran. Were you an Actor
In this lewd Comedy?
Mariana. I, marry, was I;
And will be one again.
Iſab. I'll join with her,
Though you repine at it.
Fran. Think not, then, I ſpeak
(For I ſtand bound to Honour, and to ſerve you;)
But that the Duke, that lives in this great Lady,
For the Contempt of him, in her, commands you
To be cloſe Priſoners.
Iſab. Mariana, Priſoners?
Fran. Bear them hence:
This is your Charge, my Lord *Tiberio*,
And, *Stephano*, this is yours.
Marcelia. I am not cruel,
But pleas'd they may have Liberty.
Iſab. Pleas'd, with a Miſchief!
Mariana. I'll rather live in any loathſome Dungeon,
Than in a Paradiſe, at her Intreaty:
And, for you, Upſtart.——
Steph. There is no contending.
Tib. What ſhall become of theſe?
Fran. See them well whipp'd,
As you will anſwer it.
Tib. Now, Signior *Graccho*,
What's become of your Greatneſs?
Grac. I preach Patience,
And muſt endure my Fortune.
Fidl. I was never yet
At ſuch a huntſ-up, nor was ſo rewarded.
[*Exeunt all but* Franciſco *and* Marcelia.
Fran. Let them firſt know themſelves, and how you are
To be ſerv'd, and honour'd; which when they confeſs,
You may again receive them to your Favour:
And then it will ſhew nobly.
Marcelia. With my Thanks,
The Duke ſhall pay you his, if he return

To

To bleſs us with his Preſence.
Fran. There is nothing
That can be added to your fair Acceptance:
That is the Prize, indeed: All elſe are Blanks,
And of no Value. As in virtuous Actions,
The Undertaker finds a full Reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankful Men;
So, any Service done to ſo much Sweetneſs,
(However dangerous, and ſubject to
An ill Conſtruction) in your Favour finds
A wiſh'd, and glorious End.
Marcelia. From you, I take this
As loyal Duty; but, in any other,
It would appear groſs Flattery.
Fran. Flattery, Madam?
You are ſo rare, and excellent in all Things;
And rais'd ſo high upon a Rock of Goodneſs,
That Vice can never reach you: who but looks on
This Temple built by Nature to Perfection,
But muſt bow to it; and out of that Zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it.
Marcelia. Whither will this Fellow?
Fran. Pardon therefore, Madam,
If an Exceſs in me of humble Duty,
Teach me to hope (and though it be not in
The Pow'r of Man to merit ſuch a Bleſſing)
My Piety for it is more than Love
May find Reward.
Marcelia. You have it in my Thanks;
And, on my Hand, I am pleaſed that you ſhall take
A full Poſſeſſion of it. But, take Heed
That you fix here, and feed no Hope beyond this;
If you do, 'twill prove fatal.
Fran. Be it Death,
And Death with Torments Tyrants ne'er found out:
Yet I muſt ſay I love you.
Marcelia. As a Subject;
And 'twill become you.

Fran.

Fran. Farewell Circumſtance![5]
And ſince you are not pleas'd to underſtand me,
But by a plain, and uſual Form of Speech;
All ſuperſtitious Reverence laid by,
I love you as a Man, and as a Man
I would enjoy you.—Why do you ſtart, and fly me?
I am no Monſter, and you but a Woman:
A Woman made to yield, and by Example
Told it is lawful; Favours of this Nature
Are, in our Age, no Miracles in the greateſt:
And, therefore, Lady——

Marcelia. Keep off.—O you Powers!——
Libidinous Beaſt! and, add to that unthankful!
(A Crime, which Creatures, wanting Reaſon, fly from)
Are all the princely Bounties, Favours, Honours,
Which, with ſome Prejudice to his own Wiſdom,
Thy Lord, and Raiſer hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three Days Abſence buried? Hath he made thee
(A Thing obſcure, almoſt without a Name)
The Envy of great Fortunes? Have I grac'd thee,
Beyond thy Rank? And entertain'd thee, as
A Friend, and not a Servant? And is this,
This impudent Attempt to taint mine Honour,
The fair Return of both our ventur'd Favours?

Fran. Hear my Excuſe.

Marcelia. The Devil may plead Mercy,
And with as much Aſſurance, as thou yeild one.
Burns Luſt ſo hot in thee? Or is thy Pride
Grown up to ſuch a Height, that, but a Princeſs,
No Woman can content thee? And, add to that,
His Wife, and Princeſs, to whom thou art ty'd

[5] *Farewell Circumſtance!*

This is one of *Shakeſpear*'s Expreſſions; and in the Tragedy before us there are many as well as a great Number of ſimilar Thoughts to his *Othello*. To ſay that *Maſſinger* directly copied them from *Shakeſpear*, would perhaps being doing him great Injuſtice. *Othello*, 'tis true, was publiſhed the preceeding Year before the Duke of *Milan*; but we are not from that Reaſon to infer *Maſſinger* imitated *Shakeſpear*. He perhaps had wrote this Tragedy long before it was printed, or before *Shakeſpear* might have thought of *Othello*.

In

In all the Bonds of Duty?—Read my Life,
And find one Act of mine ſo looſely carried,
That could invite a moſt ſelf-loving Fool,
Set off with all that Fortune could throw on him,
To the leaſt Hope to find Way to my Favour;
And (what's the worſt mine Enemies could wiſh me)
I'll be thy Strumpet.

Fran. 'Tis acknowledg'd, Madam,
That your whole Courſe of Life hath been a Pattern
For chaſte and virtuous Women. In your Beauty
(Which I firſt ſaw, and lov'd) as a fair Chryſtal,
I read your heavenly Mind, clear and untainted;
And, while the Duke did prize you to your Value
(Could it have been in Man to pay that Duty)
I well might envy him, but durſt not hope
To ſtop you in your full Career of Goodneſs:
But, now I find that he's fall'n from his Fortune,
And (howſoever he would appear doting)
Grown cold in his Affection; I preſume,
From his moſt barbarous Neglect of you,
To offer my true Service: Nor ſtand I bound,
To look back on the Courteſies of him
That, of all living Men, is moſt unthankful.

Marcelia. Unheard-of Impudence!

Fran. You'll ſay I'm modeſt,
When I have told the Story. Can he tax me
(That have receiv'd ſome worldly Trifles from him)
For being ungrateful? When he, that firſt taſted,
And hath ſo long enjoy'd your ſweet Embraces
(In which, all Bleſſings that our frail Condition
Is capable of, is wholly comprehended)
As cloy'd with Happineſs, contemns the Giver
Of his Felicity? And, as he reach'd not
The Maſter-piece of Miſchief which he aims at,
Unleſs he pay thoſe Favours, he ſtands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate?—You think he loves you
With unexampled Fervour; nay, dotes on you,
As there were ſomething in you more than Woman:
When, on my Knowledge, he long ſince hath wiſh'd

You

You were among the Dead:—And I, you ſcorn ſo,
Perhaps, am your Preſerver.
Marcelia. Bleſs me, good Angels,
Or I am blaſted! Lies ſo falſe and wicked,
And faſhion'd to ſo damnable a Purpoſe,
Cannot be ſpoken by a human Tongue.
My Huſband hate me? Give thyſelf the Lie,
Falſe, and accurs'd! thy Soul (if thou haſt any)
Can witneſs, never Lady ſtood ſo bound
To the unfeign'd Affection of her Lord,
As I do to my *Sforza*. If thou would'ſt work
Upon my weak Credulity, tell me, rather,
That the Earth moves; the Sun and Stars ſtand ſtill;
The Ocean keeps nor Floods, nor Ebbs; or that
There's Peace between the Lion, and the Lamb;
Or that the rav'nous Eagle, and the Dove,
Keep in one Ayery, and bring up their Young:
Or any Thing that is averſe to Nature;
And I will ſooner credit it, than that
My Lord can think of me, but as a Jewel,
He loves more than himſelf, and all the World.
Fran. O Innocence abus'd! Simplicity couzen'd!
It were a Sin for which we have no Name,
To keep you longer in this wilful Error.
Read his Affection here; and then obſerve
How dear he holds you.—'Tis his Character,
Which cunning, yet, could never counterfeit.
Marcelia. 'Tis his Hand, I am reſolv'd of't:
I'll try what the Inſcription is.
Fran. Pray you, do ſo.
Marcelia. "You know my Pleaſure, and the Hour of
"*Marcelia*'s Death, which fail not to execute, as you
"will anſwer the contrary, not with your Head alone,
"but with the Ruin of your whole Family. And this,
"written with mine own Hand, and ſigned with my
"privy Signet, ſhall be your ſufficient Warrant.
Lodovico Sforza."
I do obey it, every Word's a Poignard,
And reaches to my Heart. [*She ſwoons.*
Fran.

Fran. What have I done?—
Madam! for Heav'n's Sake, Madam!—O my Fate!—
I'll bend her Body:—This is, yet, ſome Pleaſure;
I'll kiſs her into a new Life. Dear Lady!—
She ſtirs: For the Duke's Sake; for *Sforza*'s Sake.—

Marcelia. Sforza's? Stand off: Though dead, I will be his,
And ev'n my Aſhes ſhall abhor the Touch
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel!
Learn Women, learn to truſt in one another;
There is no Faith in Man: *Sforza* is falſe,
Falſe to *Marcelia.*

Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the Pomp,
State, and Obſervance you had, being his,
Compar'd to what you ſhall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remembred. Loſe his Memory,
And look with chearful Beams on your new Creature:
And know, what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate can alter. If the Emperor
Take not his Life, at his Return he dies,
And by my Hand: My Wife, that is his Heir,
Shall quickly follow.—Then we reign alone;
For with this Arm I'll ſwim through Seas of Blood,
Or make a Bridge, arch'd with the Bones of Men,
But I will graſp my Arms in you, my deareſt,
Deareſt, and beſt of Women.

Marcelia. Thou art a Villain:
All Attributes of Arch-Villains made into one
Cannot expreſs thee. I prefer the Hate
Of *Sforza*, though it mark me for the Grave,
Before thy baſe Affection. I am yet
Pure, and unſpotted, in my true Love to him;
Nor ſhall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:
Nor will I part with Innocence, becauſe
He is found guilty. For thyſelf, thou art
A Thing, that equal with the Devil himſelf
I do deteſt and ſcorn

Fran. Thou, then, art nothing:

Thy

Thy Life is in my Power, disdainful Woman;
Think on't, and tremble.
Marcelia. No, though thou wert now
To play thy Hangman's Part. Thou well may'st be
My Executioner, and art only fit
For such Employment; but ne'er hope to have
The least Grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the Shame of Men: So, with my Curses
Of Horror to thy Conscience in this Life;
And Pains in Hell hereafter, I spit at thee;
And, making Haste to make my Peace with Heaven,
Expect thee as my Hangman. [*Exit Marcelia.*
Fran. I am lost,
In the Discovery of this fatal Secret.
Curs'd Hope, that flatter'd me, that Wrongs could make her
A Stranger to her Goodness! all my Plots
Turn back upon myself;—but I am in,
And must go on: And, since I have put off
From the Shore of Innocence, Guilt be now my Pilot.
Revenge first wrought me; Murther's his Twin-brother:
One deadly Sin, then, help to cure another!

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Imperial Camp.*

Enter Medina, Hernando, Alphonso.

Med. THE Spoil, the Spoil! 'tis that the Soldier fights for;
Our Victory, as yet, affords us nothing
But Wounds, and empty Honour. We have pass'd
The Hazard of a dreadful Day, and forc'd
A Passage with our Swords, through all the Dangers
That, Page-like, wait on the Success of War;
And now expect Reward.

Hern.

Hern. Hell put it in
The Enemy's Mind to be desp'rate, and hold out:
Yieldings and Compositions will undo us;
And what is that Way given, for the most Part,
Comes to the Emperor's Coffers, to defray
The Charge of the great Action (as 'tis rumour'd);
When, usually, some Thing in Grace (that ne'er heard
The Cannon's roaring Tongue, but at a Triumph)
Puts in, and for his Intercession shares
All that we fought for; the poor Soldier left
To starve, or fill up Hospitals.
Alph. But, when
We enter Towns by Force, and carve ourselves,
Pleasure with Pillage, and the richest Wines
Open our shrunk-up Veins, and pour into 'em
New Blood, and Fervour.
Med. I long to be at it;
To see these Chuffs, that every Day may spend
A Soldier's Entertainment for a Year,
Yet make a third Meal of a Bunch of Raisons;
These Spunges, that suck up a Kingdom's Fat
(Batt'ning like *Scarabes* in the Dung of Peace)
To be squeez'd out by the rough Hand of War;
And all that their whole Lives have heap'd together,
By Cous'nage, Perjury, or sordid Thrift,
With one Gripe to be ravish'd.
Hern. I would be towsing
Their fair *Madona's*, that in little Dogs,
Monkeys, and Paraquetto's consume thousands;
Yet, for th' Advancement of a noble Action,
Repine to part with a poor Piece of Eight:
War's Plagues upon 'em: I have seen 'em stop
Their scornful Noses first, then seem to swoon
At Sight of a Buff-Jerkin, if it were not
Perfum'd, and hid with Gold; yet these nice Wantons
(Spurr'd on by Lust, cover'd in some Disguise,
To meet some rough Court-Stallion, and be leap'd)
Durst enter into any common Brothel,

Though all Varieties of Stink contend there;
Yet praiſe the Entertainment.
Med. I may live
To ſee the tatterd'ſt Raſcals of my Troop,
Drag 'em out of their Cloſets, with a Vengeance;
When neither threat'ning, flatt'ring, kneeling, howling,
Can ranſom one poor Jewel, or redeem
Themſelves, from their blunt Wooing.
Hern. My main Hope is,
To begin the Sport at *Milan:* There's enough,
And of all Kinds of Pleaſure we can wiſh for,
To ſatisfy the moſt covetous.
Alph. Every Day
We look for a Remove.
Med. For *Lodowick Sforza*,
The Duke of *Milan*, I, on mine own Knowledge,
Can ſay thus much: He is too much a Soldier,
Too confident of his own Worth, too rich too,
And underſtands too well the Emperor hates him,
To hope for Compoſition.
Alph. On my Life,
We need not fear his coming in.
Hern. On mine,
I do not wiſh it: I had rather that,
To ſhew his Valour, he'd put us to the Trouble
To fetch him in by th' Ears.
Med. The Emperor.

Enter Charles *the Emperor*, Peſcara, *&c. Attendants.*

Charl. You make me wonder — nay, it is no Council,
You may partake it, Gentlemen, who'd have thought
That he, that ſcorn'd our proffer'd Amity,
When he was ſu'd to, ſhould, e'er he be ſummon'd
(Whether perſuaded to it by baſe Fear,
Or flatter'd by falſe Hope, which, 'tis uncertain)
Firſt kneel for Mercy?
Med. When your Majeſty
Shall pleaſe t' inſtruct us who it is, we may
Admire it with you.

Charl.

Charl. Who, but the Duke of *Milan*,
The Right Hand of the *French*: Of all that ſtand
In our Diſpleaſure, whom Neceſſity
Compels to ſeek our Favour, I would have ſworn
Sforza had been the laſt.
Hern. And ſhould be writ ſo
In the Liſt of thoſe you pardon. Would his City
Had rather held us out a Siege, like *Troy*,
Than, by a feign'd Submiſſion, he ſhould cheat you
Of a juſt Revenge; or us, of thoſe fair Glories
We have ſweat Blood to purchaſe!
Med. With your Honour
You cannot hear him.
Alph. The Sack alone of *Milan*
Will pay the Army.
Charl. I am not ſo weak,
To be wrought on, as you fear; nor ignorant
That Money is the Sinew of the War:
And on what Terms ſoever he ſeek Peace,
'Tis in our Pow'r to grant it, or deny it.
Yet, for our Glory, and to ſhew him that
We've brought him on his Knees; it is reſolv'd
To hear him as a Suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him ſee th' Effects of our juſt Anger,
In the Guard that you make for him. [*Ex.* Piſcara.
Hern. I'm now
Familiar with the Iſſue (all Plagues on it!)
He will appear in ſome dejected Habit,
His Count'nance ſuitable: and, for his Order,
A Rope about his Neck: Then kneel, and tell
Old Stories, what a worthy Thing it is
T' have Pow'r, and not to uſe it; then add to that
A Tale of King *Tigranes*, and great *Pompey*,
Who ſaid (forſooth, and wiſely) "'Twas more Honour
"To make a King, than kill one:" Which, apply'd
To th' Emperor, and himſelf, a Pardon's granted
To him, an Enemy; and we, his Servants,
Condemn'd to Beggary. [*Aſide.*

Med. Yonder he comes:
But not as you expected. [*Aside.*

Enter Sforza.

Alph. He looks as if
He would out-face his Dangers. [*Aside.*
Hern. I am couſin'd:
A Suitor in the Devil's Name? [*Aside.*
Med. Hear him ſpeak. [*Aside.*
Sfor. I come not, Emperor, t' invade thy Mercy, [6]
By fawning on thy Fortune; nor bring with me
Excuſes, or Denials. I profeſs
(And with a good Man's Confidence, ev'n this Inſtant
That I am in thy Pow'r) I was thine Enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd Enemy; one that wiſh'd
Confuſion to thy Perſon and Eſtates;
And with my utmoſt Pow'rs, and deepeſt Counſels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it:
Nor will I now, although my Neck were under
The Hangman's Axe, with one poor Syllable
Confeſs, but that I honour'd the *French* King
More than thyſelf, and all Men.
Med. By Saint *Jaques*,
This is no Flattery. [*Aside.*
Hern. There is Fire and Spirit in't;
But not long-liv'd, I hope. [*Aside.*
Sfor. Now, give me Leave
(My Hate againſt thyſelf, and Love to him

[6] *I come not, Emperor, to invade thy Mercy.*

In the Beginning of this Act, the Scene changes to the Camp of the Emperor *Charles* V. a Fault which not only *Maſſinger*, but all his Cotemporaries made no Scruple of committing: The Unities of Time, Place, and Action were then but little regarded; and if the Author, by going out of the Road, could introduce any great or remarkable Events, he thought the Beauty abundantly attoned for the Fault. Of this Nature is the Circumſtance of following the Duke of *Milan* to the Imperial Camp, and entertaining the Audience with this Interview between him and the Emperor. I muſt own he has not loſt his Labour, and the Idea it gives us of the Duke's Courage and Addreſs, contributes not a little to our Concern for his Misfortune.

Freely

Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the Reaſons
That made me ſo affected. In my Wants
I ever found him faithful: had Supplies
Of Men and Monies from him; and my Hopes
Quite ſunk, were, by his Grace, buoy'd up again:
He was, Indeed, to me, as my good Angel,
To guard me from all Dangers. I dare ſpeak
(Nay muſt and will) his Praiſe now, in as high
And loud a Key, as when he was thy Equal.
The Benefits he ſow'd in me, met not
Unthankful Ground, but yielded him his own
With fair Increaſe, and I ſtill glory in it.
And, though my Fortunes (poor, compar'd to his,
And *Milan*, weigh'd with *France*, appear as nothing)
Are in thy Fury burnt; let it be mention'd,
They ſerv'd but as ſmall Tapers to attend
The ſolemn Flame at this great Funeral;
And with them I will gladly waſte myſelf,
Rather than undergo the Imputation
Of being baſe or unthankful.

Alph. Nobly ſpoken! [*Aſide.*

Hern. I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
Leſs than I did. [*Aſide.*

Sfor. If that, then, to be grateful
For Courteſies receiv'd; or not to leave
A Friend in his Neceſſities, be a Crime
Amongſt you *Spaniards* (which other Nations
That, like you, aim'd at Empire, lov'd, and cheriſh'd
Where-e'er they found it) *Sforza* brings his Head
To pay the Forfeit. Nor come I as a Slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a ſqualid Weed,
Falling before thy Feet, kneeling and howling,
For a foreſtall'd Remiſſion: That were poor,
And would but ſhame thy Victory; for Conqueſt
Over baſe Foes, is a Captivity,
And not a Triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wiſh'd to live. When I had reach'd
My Ends in being a Duke, I wore theſe Robes,
This Crown upon my Head, and to my Side

This Sword was girt: And, witneſs Truth, that, now
'Tis in another's Pow'r when I ſhall part
With them and Life together, I'm the ſame:
My Veins then did not ſwell with Pride; nor now
They ſhrink for Fear.—Know, Sir, that *Sforza* ſtands
Prepar'd for either Fortune.
Hern. As I live,
I do begin ſtrangely to love this Fellow;
And could part with three Quarters of my Share in
The promis'd Spoil, to ſave him. [*Aſide.*
Sfor. But, if Example
Of my Fidelity to the *French* (whoſe Honours,
Titles, and Glories, are now mix'd with yours;
As Brooks, devour'd by Rivers, loſe their Names)
Has Pow'r t' invite you to make him a Friend
That hath given evident Proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful; this my Crown, now yours,
You may reſtore me, and in me inſtruct
Theſe brave Commanders (ſhould your Fortune change,
Which now I wiſh not) what they may expect
From noble Enemies for being faithful.
The Charges of the War I will defray,
And, what you may (not without Hazard) force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the Cries
Of murther'd Infants, and of raviſh'd Maids,
Which, in a City ſack'd, call on Heav'n's Juſtice,
And ſtop the Courſe of glorious Victories.
And, when I know the Captains and the Soldiers,
That have in the late Battle done beſt Service,
And are to be rewarded, I myſelf,
According to their Quality and Merits,
Will ſee them largely recompenc'd.——I've ſaid,
And now expect my Sentence.
Alph. By this Light,
'Tis a brave Gentleman! [*Aſide.*
Med. How like a Block
The Emperor ſits! [*Aſide.*
Hern. He hath deliver'd Reaſons,
Eſpecially in his Purpoſe to enrich

Such

Such as fought bravely (I myſelf am one,
I care not who knows it) I wonder he
Can be ſo ſtupid.—Now he begins to ſtir:
Mercy, an't be thy Will!—— [*Aſide.*

Charl. Thou haſt ſo far
Outgone my Expectation, noble *Sforza*
(For ſuch I hold thee), and true Conſtancy,
Rais'd on a brave Foundation, bears ſuch Palm
And Privilege with it, that, where we behold it,
Though in an Enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it.—By my future Hopes,
I'm glad, for thy Sake, that, in ſeeking Favour,
Thou did'ſt not borrow of Vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject Means; and for mine own,
That (ſince my Purpoſes muſt now be chang'd
Touching thy Life and Fortunes) the World cannot
Tax me of Levity in my ſettled Councils;
I being neither wrought by tempting Bribes,
Nor ſervile Flattery; but forc'd unto it
By a fair War of Virtue.

Hern. This ſounds well. [*Aſide.*

Charl. All former Paſſages of Hate be buried;
For thus with open Arms I meet thy Love,
And as a Friend embrace it; and ſo far
I am from robbing thee of the leaſt Honour,
That with my Hands, to make it ſit the faſter,
I ſet thy Crown once more upon thy Head;
And do not only ſtile thee, Duke of *Milan*,
But vow to keep thee ſo: Yet, not to take
From others to give only to thyſelf,
I will not hinder your Magnificence
To my Commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all Things elſe, I leave you
To be your own Diſpoſer. [*Flouriſh. Ex.* Charles.

Sfor. May I live
To ſeal my Loyalty, though with Loſs of Life
In ſome brave Service worthy *Cæſar*'s Favour,
And I ſhall die moſt happy. Gentlemen,
Receive me to your Loves, and, if henceforth

There can ariſe a Difference between us,
It ſhall be in a noble Emulation
Who hath the faireſt Sword, or dare go fartheſt,
To fight for *Charles* the Emperor?
Hern. We embrace you,
As one well read in all the Points of Honour;
And there we are your Scholars.
Sfor. True; but ſuch
As far out-ſtrip the Maſter. We'll contend
In Love hereafter, in the mean Time, pray you,
Let me diſcharge my Debt, and, as in earneſt
Of what's to come, divide this Cab'net:
In the ſmall Body of it there are Jewels
Will yield a hundred thouſand Piſtolets;
Which honour me to receive.
Med. You bind us to you.
Sfor. And, when great *Charles* commands me to his Preſence,
If you will pleaſe t' excuſe my abrupt Departure,
(Deſigns that moſt concern me, next this Mercy,
Calling me home) I ſhall hereafter meet you,
And gratify the Favour.
Her. In this, and all Things,
We are your Servants.
Sfor. A Name I ever owe you. [*Ex.* Med. Her. Alph.
Peſc. So, Sir; this Tempeſt is well overblown,
And all Things fall out to our Wiſhes. But,
In my Opinion, this quick Return,
Before you've made a Party in the Court
Among the great Ones (for theſe needy Captains
Have little Power in Peace) may beget Danger;
At leaſt Suſpicion.
Sfor. Where true Honour lives,
Doubt hath no Being; I deſire no Pawn
Beyond an Emperor's Word for my Aſſurance:
Beſides, *Peſcara*, to thyſelf of all Men
I will confeſs my Weakneſs—though my State
And Crown's reſtor'd me; though I am in Grace
And that a little Stay might be a Step

To greater Honours, I muſt hence. Alas!
I live not here; my Wife, my Wife, *Peſcara*,
Being abſent, I am dead. Pr'thee, excuſe,
And do not chide, for Friendſhip Sake, my Fondneſs;
But ride along with me; I'll give you Reaſons,
And ſtrong ones, to plead for me.

Peſc. Uſe your own Pleaſure;
I'll bear you Company.

Sfor. Farewel, Grief! I am ſtor'd with
Two Bleſſings moſt deſir'd in human Life;
A conſtant Friend, an unſuſpected Wife.

Scene changes to Piſa.

Enter Graccho, *Officer*.

Offic. What I did, I had Warrant for. You've taſted
My Office gently, and for thoſe ſoft Strokes,
Flea-bitings to the Jerks I could have lent you,
There does belong a Feeling.

Grac. Muſt I pay
For being tormented and diſhonour'd?

Offic. Fye! no,
Your Honours not impair'd in't. What's the letting out
Of a little corrupted Blood, and the next Way too?
There is no Chirurgeon like me to take off
A Courtier's Itch that's rampant at great Ladies,
Or turns Knave for Preferment, or grows proud
Of their rich Cloaks, and Suits, though got by Brokage,
And ſo forgets his betters.

Grac. Very good, Sir;
But am I the firſt Man of Quality,
That e'er came under your Fingers?

Offic. Not by a thouſand:
And they have ſaid I have a lucky Hand too;
Both Men and Women of all Sorts have bow'd
Under this Scepter. I have had a Fellow
That could indite, forſooth, and make fine Meeters
To tinkle in the Ears of ignorant Madams,
That for defaming of great Men, was ſent me

Thread-

Threadbare and louſy, and in three Days after
Diſcharged by another that ſet him on; I have ſeen him
Cap-a-pe Gallant, and his Stripes waſh'd of
With Oil of Angels.
Grac. 'Twas a ſovereign Cure,
Offic. There was a Secretary too, that would not be
Conformable to th' Orders of the Church,
Nor yield to any Argument of Reaſon,
But ſtill rail at Authority, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his Tongue, and truſs'd his Haunches,
Grew a fine Pulpit-Man, and was benefic'd.
Had he not Cauſe to thank me?
Grac. There was Phyſic
Was to the Purpoſe.
Offic. Now, for Women,
For your more Conſolation, I could tell you
Twenty fine Stories, but I'll end in one,
And 'tis the laſt that's memorable.
Grac. Prithee, do;
For I grow weary of thee.
Offic. There was lately
A fine She-waiter in the Court, that doted
Extremely of a Gentleman, that had
His main Dependance on a Signior's Favour
(I will not name;) but could not compaſs him
On any Terms. This Wanton, at dead Midnight,
Was found at the Exerciſe behind the Arras
With the 'foreſaid Signior: He got clear off;
But ſhe was ſeiz'd on, and, to ſave his Honour,
Endur'd the Laſh; and, though I made her often
Curvet and caper, ſhe would never tell
Who play'd at Puſh-pin with her.
Grac. But what follow'd? Prithee be brief.
Offic. Why this, Sir.—ſhe delivered;
Had Store of Crowns aſſign'd her by her Patron,
Who forc'd the Gentleman, to ſave her Credit,
To marry her, and ſay he was the Party
Found in Lob's Pound. So ſhe, that, before, gladly
Would

Would have been his Whore, reigns o'er him as his Wife;
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but Truth, then,
Is not my Office lucky?

Grac. Go, there's for thee; [*Gives him Money.*
But what will be my Fortune?

Offic. If you thrive not
After that ſoft Correction, come again.

Grac. I thank you, Knave.

Offic. And then Knave, I will fit you. [*Ex. Officer.*

Grac. Whipt like a Rogue? No lighter Puniſhment ſtrive
To ballance with a little Mirth? 'Tis well;
My Credit ſunk for ever, I am now
Fit Company only for Pages and for Foot-boys,
That have peruſed the Porter's Lodge.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* See, *Julio*,
Yonder the proud Slave is; how he looks now
After his Caſtigation!

2 *Gent.* As he came
From a cloſe Fight at Sea under the Hatches,
With a ſhe Dunkerke, that was ſhot before
Between Wind and Weather,
And he hath ſprung a Leak too, or I'm couzen'd.

1 *Gent.* Let's be merry with him.

Grac. How they ſtare at me! am I turn'd to an Owl?
The Wonder, Gentlemen?

2 *Gent.* I read, this Morning,
Strange Stories of the paſſive Fortitude
Of Men in former Ages, which I thought
Impoſſible, and not to be believed:
But, now I look on you, my Wonder ceaſes.

Grac. The Reaſon, Sir?

2 *Gent.* Why, Sir, you have been whip'd;
Whip'd, Signior *Graccho:* And the Whip, I take it,
Is, to a Gentleman, the greateſt Trial
That may be of his Patience.

Grac. Sir, I'll call you

To a ſtrict Account for this.
2 *Gent.* I'll not deal with you,
Unleſs I have a Beadle for my Second;
And then I'll anſwer you.
1 *Gent.* Farewell, poor *Graccho!* [*Ex. Gentlemen.*
Grac. Better and better ſtill.—If ever Wrongs
Could teach a Wretch to find the Way to Vengeance,

Enter Franciſco *and Servant.*

Hell now inſpire me. How, the Lord Protector!
My Judge, I thank him. Whither thus in private?
I will not ſee him.
Fran. If I am ſought for,
Say I am indiſpos'd, and will not hear
Or Suits, or Suitors.
Serv. But, Sir, if the Princeſs
Enquire, what ſhall I anſwer?
Fran. Say, I'm rode
Abroad to take the Air; but by no means
Let her know I'm in Court.
Serv. So I ſhall tell her. [*Ex. Servant.*
Fran. Within there, Ladies!

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. My good Lord, your Pleaſure?
Fran. Prithee, let me beg thy Favour for Acceſs
To th' Dutcheſs.
Gentlew. In good ſooth, my Lord, I dare not;
She's very private.
Fran. Come there's Gold to buy thee
A new Gown, and a rich one.
Gentlew. This will tempt me. [*Aſide.*] I once ſwore
If e'er I loſt my Maiden-head, it ſhould be
With a great Lord as you are; and, I know not how,
I feel a yielding Inclination in me,
If you have Appetite.
Fran. Pox on thy Maiden-head!
Where is thy Lady?
Gentlew. If you venture on her,

She's

She's walking in the Gallery.—Perhaps,
You will find her leſs tractable.

Fran. Bring me to her.

Gentlew. I fear you'll have cold Entertainment, when
You are at your Journey's End; and 'twere Diſcretion
To take a Snatch by the Way.

Fran. Prithee leave Fooling,
My Page waits in the Lobby: Give him Sweet-meats;
He is train'd up for his Maſter's Eaſe,
And he will cool thee. [*Ex.* Franciſco *and Gentlew.*

Grac. A brave Diſcovery, beyond my Hope!
A Plot e'en offer'd to my Hand to work on,
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The Scorn of Worms and Slaves, let me conſider;
My Lady and her Mother firſt committed
In the Favour of the Dutcheſs, and I whip'd—
That with an Iron Pen is writ in Braſs
On my tough Heart, now grown a harder Metal;
And all his brib'd Approaches to the Dutcheſs
To be conceal'd, good, good: This to my Lady,
Deliver'd as I'll order it, runs her mad.
But this may prove but Courtſhip; let it be,
I care not, ſo it feed her Jealouſy. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Marcelia, Franciſco.

Marcelia. Believe thy Tears or Oaths? Can it be hop'd,
After a Practice ſo abhorr'd and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee?

Fran. Dear Lady,
Great in your Fortune, greater in your Goodneſs,
Make a ſuperlative of Excellence,
In being greateſt in your ſaving Mercy.
I do confeſs, humbly confeſs my Fault,
To be beyond all Pity; my Attempt,
So barbarouſly rude, that it would turn
A Saint-like Patience into Savage Fury:
But you that are all Innocence and Virtue,

No

No Spleen or Anger in you of a Woman,
But when a holy Zeal to Piety fires you,
May, if you pleaſe, impute the Fault to Love,
Or call it beaſtly Luſt, for 'tis no better;
A Sin, a monſtrous Sin, yet with it many
That did prove good Men after, have been tempted,
And, though I am crooked now, 'tis in your Power
To make me ſtrait again.

Marcelia. Is't poſſible
This can be Cunning? [*Aſide.*

Fran. But, if no Submiſſion,
Nor Prayers can appeaſe you, that you may know
'Tis not the Fear of Death that makes me ſue thus,
But a loath'd Deteſtation of my Madneſs,
Which makes me wiſh to live to have your Pardon.
I will not wait the Sentence of the Duke
(Since his Return is doubtful) but I myſelf
Will do a fearful Juſtice on myſelf,
No Witneſs by but you, there being no more
When I offended.—Yet, before I do it,
For I perceive in you no Signs of Mercy,
I will diſcloſe a Secret, which, dying with me,
May prove your Ruin.

Marcelia. Speak it: it will take from
The Burthen of thy Conſcience.

Fran. Thus, then, Madam,
The Warrant by my Lord ſign'd for your Death,
Was but conditional; but you muſt ſwear
By your unſpotted Truth, not to reveal it,
Or I end here abruptly.

Marcelia. By my Hopes
Of Joys hereafter.—On.

Fran. Nor was it Hate
That forc'd him to it, but Exceſs of Love,
" And if I ne'er return, (ſo ſaid great *Sforza*)
" No living Man deſerving to enjoy
" My beſt *Marcelia.* With the firſt News
" That I am dead, for no Man after me
" Might e'er enjoy her——fail not to kill her,

" But

" But till certain Proof aſſure thee I am loſt,
" (Theſe were his Words)
" Obſerve and honour her as if the Seal
" Of Woman's Goodneſs only dwelt in her."
This Truſt I have abus'd and baſely wrong'd,
And, if the excelling Pity of your Mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather then look on my offended Lord,
I ſtand reſolv'd to puniſh it.

Marcelia. Hold! 'tis forgiven,
And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair Life
Hereafter ſtudy to deſerve this Bounty
Which thy true Penitence (ſuch I believe it)
Againſt my Reſolution hath forc'd from me.
But that my Lord, my *Sforza*, ſhould eſteem
My Life fit only as a Page, to wait on
The various Courſe of his uncertain Fortunes;
Or cheriſh in himſelf that ſenſual Hope
In Death to know me as a Wife, afflicts me:
Nor does his Envy leſs deſerve mine Anger,
Which though, ſuch is my Love, I would not nouriſh,
Will ſlack the Ardour that I had to ſee him
Return in Safety.

Fran. But if your Entertainment
Should give the leaſt Ground to his Jealouſy,
To raiſe up an Opinion I am falſe,
You then deſtroy your Mercy. Therefore, Madam,
(Though I ſhall ever look on you as on
My Life's Preſerver, and the Miracle
Of human Pity) would you but vouchſafe
In Company to do me thoſe fair Graces
And Favours which your Innocence and Honour
May ſafely warrant, it would to the Duke
(I being to your beſt ſelf alone known guilty)
Make me appear moſt innocent.

Marcelia. Have your Wiſhes,
And ſomething I may do to try his Temper;
At leaſt, to make him know a conſtant Wife

Is not ſo ſlav'd to her Huſband's doting Humours,
But that ſhe may deſerve to live a Widow,
Her Fate appointing it.
Fran. It is enough;
Nay, all I could deſire, and will make Way
To my Revenge, which ſhall diſperſe itſelf
On him, on her, and all. [*Aſide.*] [*Shout, and flouriſh.*
Marcelia. What Shout is that?

Enter Tiberio *and* Stephano.

Tib. All Happineſs to the Dutcheſs, that may flow
From the Duke's new and wiſh'd Return!
Marcelia. He's welcome.
Steph. How coldly ſhe receives it! [*Aſide.*
Tib. Obſerve their Encounter. [*Flouriſh.*

Enter Sforza, Peſcara, Iſabella, Mariana, Graccho, *and the reſt.*

Mariana. What you have told me, *Graccho*, is believ'd,
And I'll find Time to ſtir in't.
Grac. As you ſee Cauſe;
I will not do ill Offices.
Sfor. I've ſtood
Silent thus long, *Marcelia*, expecting
When, with more then a greedy Haſte, thou would'ſt
Have flown into my Arms, and on my Lips
Have printed a deep Welcome. My Deſire
To glaſs myſelf in theſe fair Eyes, have born me
With more then human Speed: Nor durſt I ſtay
In any Temple, or to any Saint
To pay my Vows and Thanks for my Return,
Till I had ſeen thee.
Marcelia. Sir, I am moſt happy
To look upon you ſafe, and would expreſs
My Love and Duty in a modeſt Faſhion,
Such as might ſuit with the Behaviour
Of one that knows herſelf a Wife, and how
To temper her Deſires; not like a Wanton

Fir'd

Fir'd with hot Appetite; nor can it wrong me
To love diſcreetly.

Sfor. How? Why, can there be
A Mean in your Affections to *Sforza*?
Or any Act, though ne'er ſo looſe, that may
Invite or heighten Appetite, appear
Immodeſt or uncomely. Do not move me;
My Paſſions to you are in Extremes,
And know no Bounds—come kiſs me.

Marcelia. I obey you.

Sfor. By all the Joys of Love, ſhe does ſalute me
As if I were her Grandfather. What Witch,
With curſed Spells, hath quench'd the amorous Heat
That liv'd upon theſe Lips? Tell me, *Marcelia*,
And truly tell me, is't a Fault of mine
That hath begot this Coldneſs; or Neglect
Of others, in my Abſence?

Marcelia. Neither, Sir:
I ſtand indebted to your Subſtitute,
Noble and good *Franciſco* for his Care,
And fair Obſervance of me: There was nothing
With which you, being preſent, could ſupply me,
That I dare ſay I wanted.

Sfor. How?

Marcelia. The Pleaſures,
That ſacred *Hymen* warrants us, excepted;
Of which, in troth, you are too great a Doter,
And there is more of Beaſt in it than Man.
Let us love temperately; Things violent laſt not,
And too much Dotage rather argues Folly
Then true Affection.

Grac. Obſerve but this,
And how ſhe prais'd my Lord's Care and Obſervance;
And then judge, Madam, if my Intelligence
Have any Ground of Truth. [*Aſide.*

Mariana. No more; I mark it. [*Aſide.*

Steph. How the Duke ſtands! [*Aſide.*

Tib. As he were rooted there,
And had no Motion. [*Aſide.*

Pesc. My Lord, from whence
Grows this Amazement?

Sfor. It is more, dear my Friend;
For I am doubtful whether I've a Being,
But certain that my Life's a Burthen to me.
Take me back, good *Pescara*; shew me to *Cæsar*
In all his Rage and Fury; I disclaim
His Mercy; to live now, which is his Gift,
Is worse than Death, and with all studied Torments.
Marcelia is unkind, nay worse, grown cold
In her Affection; my Excess of Fervour,
Which yet was never equall'd, grown distasteful.
But have thy Wishes, Woman; thou shalt know
That I can be myself, and thus shake off
The Fetters of fond Dotage.—From my Sight,
Without Reply; for I am apt to do
Something I may repent. Oh! who would place
His Happiness in most accursed Woman,
[8] In whom Obsequiousness ingenders Pride;
And Harshness deadly. From this Hour
I'll labour to forget there are such Creatures;
True Friends be now my Mistresses. Clear your Brows,
And, though my Heart-strings crack for't, I will be,
To all, a free Example of Delight:
We will have Sports of all Kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new
Unsatisfy'd, though we surfeit in their Store,
And never think of curs'd *Marcelia* more. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *In whom Obsequiousness ingenders Pride.*

This Expression *Milton* seems to have had in View in his *Paradise Lost*, B. IV. Verse 809.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Franciſco, Graccho.

Fran. AND is it poſſible thou ſhould'ſt forget
A Wrong of ſuch a Nature, and then ſtudy
My Safety and Content?
Grac. Sir, but allow me
Only to have read the Elements of Courtſhip
(Not the abſtruſe and hidden Arts to thrive there)
And you may pleaſe to grant me ſo much Knowledge,
That Injuries from one in Grace, like you,
Are noble Favours. Is it not grown common
In every Sect, for thoſe that want, to ſuffer
From ſuch as have to give? Your Captain caſt
If poor, though not thought daring, but approv'd ſo
To raiſe a Coward into Name, that's rich,
Suffers Diſgraces publickly—but receives
Rewards for them in private.
Fran. Well obſerv'd,
Put on; we'll be familiar, and diſcourſe
A little of this Argument. That Day,
In which it was firſt rumour'd, then confirm'd,
Great *Sforza* thought me worthy of his Favour,
I found myſelf to be another Thing,
Not what I was before. I paſſed, then,
For a pretty Fellow, and of pretty Parts too,
And was perhaps receiv'd ſo: but, once rais'd,
The liberal Courtier made me Maſter of
Thoſe Virtues, which I ne'er knew in myſelf.
If I pretended to a Jeſt, 'twas made one
By their Interpretation: If I offer'd
To reaſon of Philoſophy, though abſurdly,
They had Helps to ſave me, and without a Bluſh

Would ſwear, that I, by Nature, had more Knowledge,
Then others could acquire by any Labour.
Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me ſhew'd rarely.
Grac. But then they taſted of your Bounty.
Fran. True:
They gave me thoſe good Parts I was not born to;
And, by my Interceſſion, they got that
Which, had I croſs'd them, they durſt not have hop'd for.
Grac. All this is Oracle. And ſhall I, then,
For a fooliſh Whipping, leave to honour him,
That holds the Wheel of Fortune? No; that ſavours
Too much of th' antient Freedom.—Since Great Men
Receive Diſgraces, and give Thanks, poor Knaves
Muſt have nor Spleen, nor Anger. Though I love
My Limbs as well as any Man, if you had now
A Humour to kick me lame into an Office,
Where I might ſit in State, and undo others,
Stood I not bound to kiſs the Foot that did it?
Though it ſeem ſtrange, there have been ſuch Things
I' th' Memory of Man. [ſeen
Fran. But to the Purpoſe;
And then, that Service done, make thine own Fortunes.
My Wife, thou ſay'ſt, is jealous I am too
Familiar with the Dutcheſs.
Grac. And incens'd
For her Commitment in her Brother's Abſence;
And by her Mother's Anger is ſpur'd on
To make Diſcov'ry of it. This her Purpoſe
Was truſted to my Charge, which I declin'd
As much as in me lay; but, finding her
Determinately bent to undertake it,
Though breaking my Faith to her may deſtroy
My Credit with your Lordſhip, I yet thought,
Though at my Peril, I ſtood bound to reveal it.
Fran. I thank thy Care, and will deſerve this Secret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more Moment. Come into my Boſom,
And take it from me. Canſt thou think, dull *Graccho*,
My

My Pow'r and Honours were conferr'd upon me,
And, add to them, this Form, to have my Pleaſures
Confin'd and limited? I delight in Change
And ſweet Variety; that's my Heav'n on Earth,
For which I love Life only. I confeſs,
My Wife pleas'd me a Day; the Dutcheſs, two,
(And yet I muſt not ſay I have enjoy'd her)
But now I care for neither. Therefore, *Graccho*,
So far I am from ſtopping *Mariana*
In making her Complaint, that I deſire thee
To urge her to it.

Grac. That may prove your Ruin,
The Duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtful ſhe hath play'd falſe.

Fran. There thou art couſen'd;
His Dotage, like an Ague, keeps his Courſe;
And now 'tis ſtrongly on him. But I loſe Time,
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my Inſtrument, and, in ſpite
Of the old Saw, that ſays, "it is not ſafe
"On any Terms to truſt a Man that's wrong'd,"
I dare thee to be falſe.

Grac. This is a Language,
My Lord, I underſtand not.

Fran. You thought, Sirrah,
To put a Trick on me for the Relation
Of what I knew before, and, having won
Some weighty Secret from me, in Revenge
To play the Traitor.—Know, thou wretched Thing,
By my Command thou wert whip'd, and ev'ry Day
I'll have thee freſhly tortur'd, if thou miſs
In the leaſt Charge that I impoſe upon thee.
Though what I ſpeak, for the moſt Part, is true;
Nay, grant thou had'ſt a thouſand Witneſſes
To be depos'd they heard it, 'tis in me
With one Word (ſuch is *Sforza*'s Confidence
Of my Fidelity, not to be ſhaken)
To make all void, and ruin my Accuſers.
Therefore look to't, bring my Wife hotly on

T' accuſe me to the Duke (I have an End in't)
Or think what 'tis makes Man moſt miſerable,
And that ſhall fall upon thee. Thou wert a Fool
To hope, by being acquainted with my Courſes,
To curb and awe me; or that I ſhould live
Thy Slave, as thou did'ſt ſaucily divine.
For prying in my Councils, ſtill live mine.
[*Exit* Franciſco.

Grac. I'm caught on both Sides. This 'tis for a puny
In Policy's *Protean* School, to try Concluſions
With one that hath commenc'd and gone out Doctor.
If I diſcover what, but now, he brag'd of,
I ſhall not be believ'd. If I fall off
From him, his Threats and Actions go together.
And there's no Hope of Safety, 'till I get
A Plummet that may ſound his deepeſt Councils.
—I muſt obey and ſerve him. Want of Skill
Now makes me play the Rogue againſt my Will.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Scene changes to another Apartment.

Enter Marcelia, Tiberio, Stephano, *Gentlewoman.*

Marcelia. Command me from his Sight? and with ſuch Scorn
As he would rate his Slave?

Tib. 'Twas in his Fury.

Steph. And he repents it, Madam.

Marcelia. Was I born
T' obſerve his Humours? or, becauſe he doats,
Muſt I run mad?

Tib. If that your Excellence
Would pleaſe but to receive a feeling Knowledge
Of what he ſuffers, and how deep the leaſt
Unkindneſs wounds from you, you would excuſe
His haſty Language.

Steph. He hath paid the Forfeit
Of his Offence, I'm ſure, with ſuch a Sorrow,

As,

As, if it had been greater, would deſerve
A full Remiſſion.

Marcelia. Why, perhaps, he hath it;
And I ſtand more afflicted for his Abſence,
Than he can be for mine?—So, pray you, tell him.
But, 'till I have digeſted ſome ſad Thoughts,
And reconcil'd Paſſions that are at War
Within myſelf, I purpoſe to be private.
And have you Care, unleſs it be *Franciſco*,
That no Man be admitted.

Tib. How, *Franciſco*! [*Aſide.*

Steph. He, that at ev'ry Stage keeps Livery Miſtreſſes,
The Stallion of the State! [*Aſide.*

Tib. They are Things above us.
And ſo no Way concern us. [*Aſide.*

Steph. If I were
The Duke (I freely muſt confeſs my Weakneſs)

Enter Franciſco.

I ſhould wear yellow Breeches.——Here he comes.
[*Aſide.*

Tib. Nay, ſpare your Labour, Lady, we know our Duty,
And quit the Room. [*Exit.*

Steph. Is this her Privacy?
Though with the Hazard of a Check, perhaps,
This may go to the Duke. [*Aſide. Exit* Steph.

Marcelia. Your Face is full
Of Fears and Doubts.——The Reaſon?

Fran. O beſt Madam,
They are not counterfeit. I, your poor Convert,
That only wiſh to live in ſad Repentance,
To mourn my deſperate Attempt of you,
That have no Ends, nor Aims, but that your Goodneſs
Might be a Witneſs of my Penitence,
Which ſeen, would teach you how to love your Mercy,
Am robb'd of that laſt Hope. The Duke, the Duke,
I more than fear, hath found—that I am guilty.

Marc. By my unspotted Honour, not from me;
Nor have I with him chang'd one Syllable,
Since his Return, but what you heard.

Fran. Yet, Malice
Is Eagle-ey'd, and would see that which is not.
And Jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure Foundations.

Marcelia. Jealousy?

Fran. It takes. [*Aside.*

Marcelia. Who dares but only think I can be tainted?
But for him, though almost on certain Proof,
To give it Hearing, not Belief, deserves
My Hate for ever.

Fran. Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste Favours shewn unto me;
Or her Imprisonment, for her Contempt
To you, by my Command, my frantick Wife
Hath put it in his Head.——

Marcelia. Have I then liv'd
So long, now to be doubted? Are my Favours
The Themes of her Discourse? or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected Path,
Subject to base Construction?—Be undaunted:
For now, as of a Creature that is mine,
I rise up your Protectress. All the Grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd
With a shut Hand: It shall be, now, more free,
Open, and liberal.—But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the Life, teach you
To nourish sawcy Hopes.

Fran. May I be blasted,
When I prove such a Monster!

Marcelia. I will stand, then,
Between you and all Danger. He shall know,
Suspicion overturns what Confidence builds,
And he that dares but doubt, when there's no Ground,
Is neither to himself, nor others, sound. [*Exit.*

Fran.

Fran. So let it work! [9] Her Goodneſs, that deny'd
My Service, branded with the Name of Luſt,
Shall now deſtroy itſelf; and ſhe ſhall find,
When he's a Suitor, that brings Cunning arm'd
With Power to be his Advocates, the Denial
Is a Diſeaſe as killing as the Plague,
And Chaſtity a Clew that leads to Death.
Hold but thy Nature, Duke, and be but raſh,
And violent enough, and then at Leiſure
Repent. I care not.
And let my Plots produce this long'd-for Birth,
In my Revenge I have my Heav'n on Earth. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sforza, Peſcara, *three Gentlemen.*

Peſc. You promis'd to be merry.
1 *Gent.* There are Pleaſures,
And of all Kinds, to entertain the Time.
2 *Gent.* Your Excellence vouchſafing to make Choice
Of that which beſt affects you.
Sfor. Hold your prating!
Learn Manners too; you are rude.
3 *Gent.* I have my Anſwer,
Before I aſk the Queſtion.
Peſc. I muſt borrow
The Privilege of a Friend, and will; or elſe
I am, like theſe, a Servant, or, what's worſe,
A Paraſite to the Sorrow *Sforza* worſhips
In ſpite of Reaſon.
Sfor. Pray you Uſe your Freedom;
And ſo far, if you pleaſe, allow me mine,
To hear you only, not to be compell'd
To take your Moral Potions. I am a Man,

[9] *So let it work*, &c.

The Character of *Franciſco*, as a Villain, greatly reſembles that of *Iago* in *Othello*; and it will be very entertaining to the curious Reader to compare many Paſſages of this Play with *Othello*.

And,

And, though Philoſophy your Miſtreſs rage for't,
Now I have Cauſe to grieve, I muſt be ſad;
And I dare ſhew it.
Peſc. Would it were beſtow'd
Upon a worthier Subject.
Sfor. Take heed, Friend!
You rub a Sore, whoſe Pain will make me mad;
And I ſhall then forget myſelf and you.
Lance it no further.
Peſc. Have you ſtood the Shock
Of thouſand Enemies, and out-fac'd the Anger
Of a great Emperor, that vow'd your Ruin,
Though by a deſp'rate, a glorious Way,
That had no Precedent? Are you return'd with Honour,
Lov'd by your Subjects? Does your Fortune court you,
Or rather ſay, your Courage does command it?
Have you giv'n Proof, to this Hour of your Life,
Proſperity (that ſearches the beſt Temper)
Could never puff you up, nor adverſe Fate
Deject your Valour? Shall, I ſay, theſe Virtues,
So many and ſo various Trials of
Your conſtant Mind, be buried in the Frown
(To pleaſe you, I will ſay ſo) of a fair Woman?
Yet I have ſeen her equals,
Sfor. Good *Peſcara*,
This Language in another were prophane;
In you it is unmannerly—Her equal?
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly
(To all men elſe, my Sword ſhould make reply)
Her Goodneſs does diſdain Compariſon,
And, but herſelf admits no parallel.
But you will ſay ſhe's croſs, tis fit ſhe ſhould be,
When I am fooliſh; for ſhe's wiſe, *Peſcara*,
And knows how far ſhe may diſpoſe her Bounties,
Her Honour ſafe; or, if ſhe were averſe,
'Twas a Prevention of a greater Sin
Ready to fall upon me; for ſhe's not ignorant,
But truly underſtands, how much I love her,
And that her rare Parts do deſerve all Honour,

Her

Her Excellence increaſing with her Years too,
I might have fall'n into Idolatry,
And from the Admiration of her Worth,
Been taught to think there is no Pow'r above her;
And yet I do believe, had Angels Sexes,
The moſt would be ſuch Women, and aſſume
No other Shape, when they were to appear
In their full Glory.

Peſc. Well, Sir, I'll not croſs you,
Nor labour to diminiſh your Eſteem
Hereafter of her—ſince your Happineſs
(As you will have it) has alone Dependance
Upon her Favour, from my Soul, I wiſh you
A fair Attonement.

Sfor. Time, and my Submiſſion

Enter Tiberio *and* Stephano.

May work her to it.——O! you are well return'd,
Say, am I bleſt? Hath ſhe vouchſaf'd to hear you?
Is there Hope left that ſhe may be appeas'd?
Let her propound, and gladly I'll ſubſcribe
To her Conditions.

Tib. She, Sir, yet is froward,
And deſires Reſpite, and ſome Privacy.

Steph. She was harſh at firſt; but, ere we parted,
Implacable. [ſeem'd not

Sfor. There's Comfort yet: I'll ply her
Each Hour with new Ambaſſadors, of more Honours,
Titles, and Eminence. My ſecond Self,
Franciſco, ſhall ſollicit her.

Steph. That a wiſe Man,
And, what is more, a Prince, that may command,
Should ſue thus poorly, and treat with his Wife,
As ſhe were a victorious Enemy,
At whoſe proud Feet, himſelf, his State, and Country,
Baſely begg'd Mercy!

Sfor. What is that you mutter?
I'll have thy Thoughts.

Steph. You ſhall: You are too fond,

And

And feed a Pride that's ſwol'n too big already,
And ſurfeits with Obſervance.
Sfor. O my Patience!
My Vaſſal ſpeak thus?
Steph. Let my Head anſwer it,
If I offend. She that you think a Saint,
I fear, may play the Devil.
Peſc. Well ſaid, old Fellow.
Steph. And he that hath ſo long ingroſs'd your Favours,
Though to be nam'd with Rev'rence, Lord *Franciſco*,
Who, as you purpoſe, ſhall ſollicit for you,
I think's too near her.
Peſc. Hold, Sir; this is Madneſs.
Steph. It may be they confer of winning Lordſhips;
I'm ſure he's private with her.
Sfor. Let me go,
I ſcorn to touch him; he deſerves my Pity,
And not my Anger. — Dotard! and to be one
Is thy Protection, elſe thou durſt not think
That Love to my *Marcelia* hath left Room
In my full Heart for any jealous Thought:
That idle Paſſion dwell with thick-ſcull'd Tradeſmen,
The undeſerving Lord, or the unable.
Lock up thy own Wife, Fool, that muſt take Phyſick
From her young Doctor, and upon her Back,
Becauſe thou haſt the Palſey in that Part
That makes her active. I could ſmile to think
What wretched Things they are that dare be jealous.
Were I match'd to another *Meſſaline*,
While I found Merit in myſelf to pleaſe her,
I ſhould believe her chaſte, and would not ſeek
To find out my own Torment; But, alas!
Enjoying one that, but to me's a Dion,
I'm too ſecure.
Tib. This is a Confidence
Beyond Example.

Enter Graccho, Iſabella, Mariana.

Grac. There he is — Now ſpeak,
Or be for ever ſilent.
Sfor. If you come

To

To bring me Comfort, ſay, that you have made
My Peace with my *Marcelia*.
Iſab. I had rather
Wait on you to your Funeral.
Sfor. You are my Mother;
Or, by her Life, you were dead, elſe.
Mariana. Would you were,
To your Diſhonour; and, ſince Dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my Eyes,
Or ſome Part of my Spirit. Are you all Fleſh?
A Limb of Patience only? no Fire in you?
But do your Pleaſure.—Here your Mother was
Committed by your Servant (for I ſcorn
To call him Huſband, and myſelf your Siſter,
(If that you dare remember ſuch a Name)
Mew'd up to make the Way open and free
For the Adultereſs, I am unwilling
To ſay a Part of *Sforza*.
Sfor. Take her Head off;
She hath blaſphem'd, and by our Law muſt die.
Iſab. Blaſphem'd, for calling of a Whore, a Whore?
Sfor. O Hell! what do I ſuffer!
Mariana. Or is it Treaſon
For me, that am a Subject, to endeavour
To ſave the Honour of the Duke, and that
He ſhould not be a Wittal on Record?
For by Poſterity 'twill be believ'd,
As certainly as now it can be prov'd,
Franciſco, the great Minion that ſways all,
To meet the chaſte Embraces of the Dutcheſs,
Hath leap'd into her Bed.
Sfor. Some Proof, vile Creature!
Or thou haſt ſpoke thy laſt.
Mariana. The publick Fame;
Their hourly private Meetings; and, e'en now,
When, under a Pretence of Grief or Anger,
You are deny'd the Joys due to a Huſband,
And made a Stranger to her, at all Times
The Door ſtands open to him.—To a *Dutchman*
This were enough; but to a right *Italian*,
A hundred thouſand Witneſſes.

Iſab.

Iſab. Would you have us
To be her Bawds?
Sfor. O the Malice
And Envy of baſe Women, that with Horror,
Knowing their own Defects, and inward Guilt,
Dare lye, and ſwear, and damn, for what's moſt falſe,
To caſt Aſperſions upon one untainted!
Y'are in your Natures Devils, and your Ends,
Knowing your Reputations ſunk for ever,
And not to be recover'd, to have all
Wear your black Livery. Wretches! you have rais'd
A monumental Trophy to her Pureneſs.
In this your ſtudy'd Purpoſe to deprave her;
And all the Shot made by your foul Detraction,
Falling upon her ſure-arm'd Innocence,
Returns upon yourſelves; and, if my Love
Could ſuffer an Addition, I'm ſo far
From giving Credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and ſerve her.—Y'are not worthy
To fall as Sacrifices to appeaſe her;
And therefore live till your own Envy burſt you.
Iſab. All is in vain; he is not to be mov'd.
Mariana. She has bewitch'd him.
Peſc. 'Tis ſo paſt Belief,
To me it ſhews a Fable.

Enter Franciſco *and a Servant.*

Fran. On thy Life,
Provide my Horſes, and without the Port
With Care attend me.
Serv. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Ex. Servant.*
Grac. He's come.
What Gimcrack have we next?
Fran. Great Sir.
Sfor. *Franciſco*,
Though all the Joys in Women are fled from me,
In thee I do embrace the full Delight
That I can hope from Man.
Fran. I would impart,

'Pleaſe

'Pleaſe you to lend your Ear, a weighty Secret,
I am in Labour to deliver you.
Sfor. All leave the Room.—Excuſe me, good *Peſcara*;
Ere long I will wait on you.
Peſc. You ſpeak, Sir,
The Language I ſhould uſe.
Sfor. Be within Call;
Perhaps we may have Uſe of you.
Tib. We ſhall, Sir. [*Exit all but* Sfor. *and* Fran.
Sfor. Say on, my Comfort.
Fran. Comfort? No, your Torment;
For ſo my Fate appoints me—I could curſe
The Hour that gave me Being.
Sfor. What new Monſters
Of Miſery ſtand ready to devour me?
Let them at once diſpatch me.
Fran. Draw your Sword, then,
And, as you wiſh your own Peace, quickly kill me.
—Conſider not, but do it.
Sfor. Art thou mad?
Fran. Or, if to take my Life be too much Mercy,
(As Death, indeed, concludes all human Sorrows)
Cut off my Noſe and Ears; pull out an Eye,
The other only left to lend me Light
To ſee my own Deformities.—Why was I born
Without ſome Mulct impos'd on me by Nature?
Would from my Youth a loathſome Leproſy
Had run upon this Face, or that my Breath
Had been infectious, and ſo made me ſhun'd
Of all Societies! curs'd be he that taught me
Diſcourſe or Manners, or lent any Grace
That makes the Owner pleaſing in the Eye
Of wanton Women, ſince thoſe Parts, which others
Value as Bleſſings, are to me Afflictions;
—Such my Condition is.
Sfor. I am on the rack!
Diſſolve this doubtful Riddle.
Fran. That I alone,
Of all Mankind, that ſtand moſt bound to love you,

And

And ſtudy your Content, ſhould be appointed,
Not by my Will, but forc'd by cruel Fate
To be your greateſt Enemy—not to hold you
In this Amazement longer, in a Word,
Your Dutcheſs loves me.
Sfor. Loves thee?
Fran. Is mad for me;
Purſues me hourly.
Sfor. Oh!
Fran. And from hence grew
Her late Neglect of you.
Sfor. O Women! Women!
Fran. I labour'd to divert her by Perſuaſion;
Then urg'd your much Love to her, and the Danger;
Deny'd her, and with Scorn.
Sfor. 'Twas like thyſelf.
Fran. But when I ſaw her ſmile, then heard her ſay,
Your Love and extreme Dotage as a Cloak
Should cover our Embraces, and your Power
Fright others from Suſpicion, and all Favours
That ſhould preſerve her in her Innocence,
By Luſt inverted, to be us'd as Bawds;
I could not but in Duty (though I know
That the Relation kills in you all Hope
Of Peace hereafter, and in me 'twill ſhew
Both baſe and poor to riſe up her Accuſer)
Freely diſcover it.
Sfor. Eternal Plagues
Purſue and overtake her! for her Sake
To all Poſterity may he prove a Cuckold,
And, like to me, a Thing ſo miſerable
As Words may not expreſs him, that gives Truſt
To all deceiving Women! or, ſince it is
The Will of Heaven, to preſerve Mankind,
That we muſt know, and couple with theſe Serpents,
No wiſe Man ever, taught by my Example,
Hereafter uſe his Wife with more Reſpect
Then he would do his Horſe that does him Service;
Baſe Woman being in her Creation made

A Slave to Man. But, like a Village Nurſe,
Stand I now curſing, and conſid'ring, when
The tameſt Fool would do?—Within there! *Stephano*,
Tiberio, and the reſt,—I will be ſudden;
And ſhe ſhall know and feel Love in Extremes,
Abus'd, knows no Degree of Hate.

Enter Tiberius, Stephano, *Guard.*

Tib. My Lord.

Sfor. Go to the Chamber of that wicked Woman.

Steph. What wicked Woman, Sir?

Sfor. The Devil my Wife.
Force a rude Entry; and, if ſhe refuſe
To follow you, drag her hither by the Hair,
And know no Pity; any gentle Uſage
To her will call on Cruelty from me
To ſuch as ſhew it.—Stand you ſtaring? Go,
And put my Will in Act.

Steph. There's no diſputing.

Tib. But 'tis a Tempeſt, on the ſudden rais'd,
Who durſt have dream'd of? [*Ex.* Tib. *and* Steph.

Sfor. Nay, ſince ſhe dares Damnation,
I'll be a Fury to her.

Fran. Yet, great Sir,
Exceed not in your Fury; ſhe's yet guilty
Only in her Intent.

Sfor. Intent, *Franciſco?*
It does include all Fact, and I might ſooner
Be won to pardon Treaſon to my Crown,
Or one that kill'd my Father.

Fran. You are wiſe,
And know what's beſt to do—Yet, if you pleaſe
To prove her Temper to the Height, ſay only
That I am dead; and then obſerve how far
She'll be tranſported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your Call:—Now to the Upſhot;
Howe'er I'll ſhift for one. [*Aſide.*] *Exit.*

Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Marcelia, *Guard.*

Marcelia. Where is this Monſter?
This walking Tree of Jealouſy, this Dreamer,
This horned Beaſt that would be? Oh! are you here, Sir?
Is it by your Commandment, or Allowance,
I am thus baſely us'd? Which of my Virtues,
My Labours, Services, and Cares to pleaſe you
(For, to a Man ſuſpicious and unthankful,
Without a Bluſh, I may be mine own Trumpet)
Invites this barbarous Courſe?—Dare you look on me
Without a Seal of Shame?

Sfor. Impudence,
How ugly thou appear'ſt now! thy Intent
To be a Whore, leaves thee not Blood enough
To make an honeſt Bluſh: What had the Act done?

Marcelia. Return'd thee the Diſhonour thou deſerveſt,
Though willingly I had giv'n up myſelf
To ev'ry common Letcher.

Sfor. Your chief Minion,
Your choſen Favourite, your woo'd *Franciſco*,
Has dearly paid fort; for, Wretch! know, he's dead;
And by my Hand.

Marcelia. The bloodier Villain thou!
But 'tis not to be wonder'd at, thy Love
Does know no other Object, thou haſt kill'd, then,
A Man I do profeſs I lov'd; a Man
For whom a thouſand Queens might well be Rivals,
But he (I ſpeak it to thy Teeth) that dares be
A jealous Fool, dares be a Murtherer,
And knows no End in Miſchief.

Sfor. I begin now
In this my Juſtice. [*Stabs her.*

Marcelia. Oh! I have fool'd myſelf
Into my Grave, and only grieve for that
Which, when you know you've ſlain an Innocent,
You needs muſt ſuffer.

Sfor. An Innocent? Let one

Call

Call in *Franciſco*, for he lives [10] (vile Creature!)
[*Ex.* Steph.
To juſtify thy Falſhood, and how often
With whoriſh Flatteries thou'ſt tempted him;
I being only fit to live a Stale,
A Bawd and Property to your Wantonneſs.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Signior *Franciſco*, Sir, but even now
Took Horſe without the Ports.
Marcelia. We're both abus'd,
And both by him undone—ſtay, Death, a little,
Till I have clear'd myſelf unto my Lord, and then
I willingly obey thee.—O my *Sforza*,
Franciſco was not tempted, but the Tempter;
And, as he thought to win me, ſhew'd the Warrant
That you ſign'd for my Death.
Sfor. Then I believe thee;
Believe thee innocent too.
Marcelia. But, being contemn'd,
Upon his Knees with Tears he did beſeech me
Not to reveal it. I ſoft-hearted Fool!
Judging his Penitence true, was won unto it.
Indeed, th' Unkindneſs to be ſentenc'd by you
Before that I was guilty in a Thought,
Made me put on a ſeeming Anger towards you,
And now—behold the Iſſue.—As I do,
May Heav'n forgive you. [*Dies.*
Tib. Her ſweet Soul has left
Her beauteous Priſon.
Steph. Look to the Duke; he ſtands
As if he wanted Motion.
Tib. Grief hath ſtopp'd
The Organ of his Speech.

[10] *Call in* Franciſco, *&c.*
——— *Iago* knows
That ſhe with *Caſſio* had the Act of Shame
A thouſand Times committed.
OTHELLO.

Steph. Take up this Body,
And call for his Phyſicians.
Sfor. O my Heart-ſtrings! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Out of the Dutchy of Milan.

Enter Franciſco, Eugenia.

Fran. WHY could'ſt thou think, *Eugenia*, that Rewards,
Graces, or Favours, though ſtrew'd thick upon me,
Could ever bribe me to forget mine Honour?
Or that I tamely would ſit down, before
I had dry'd theſe Eyes, ſtill wet with Show'rs of Tears
By th' Fire of my Revenge? Look up, my deareſt;
For that proud Fair, that, Thief-like, ſtepp'd between
Thy promis'd Hopes, and robb'd thee of a Fortune
Almoſt in thy Poſſeſſion, hath found,
With horrid Proof, his Love, ſhe thought her Glory,
And an Aſſurance of all Happineſs,
But haſt'ned her ſaid Ruin.
Eug. Do not flatter
A Grief that is beneath it; for, however
The credulous Duke to me prov'd falſe and cruel,
It is impoſſible he could be wrought
To look on her, but with the Eyes of Dotage,
And ſo to ſerve her.
Fran. Such, indeed, I grant
The Stream of his Affection was, and ran
A conſtant Courſe, til I with cunning Malice
(And yet I wrong my Act, for it was Juſtice)
Made it turn backward, and hate in Extremes
Love baniſh'd from his Heart to fill the Room,
—In a Word, know fair *Marcelia*'s dead.
Eug. Dead!

Fran.

Fran. And by *Sforza*'s Hand. Do's it not move you?
How coldly you receive it! I expected
The mere Relation of so great a Blessing,
Born proudly on the Wings of sweet Revenge,
Would have call'd on a Sacrifice of Thanks,
And Joy not to be bounded, or conceal'd!
You entertain it with a Look, as if
You wish'd it were undone!

Eug. Indeed, I do;
For, if my Sorrows could receive Addition,
Her sad Fate would encrease, not lessen 'em.
She never injur'd me, but entertain'd
A Fortune humbly offer'd to her Hand,
Which a wise Lady gladly would have kneel'd for.
Unless you would impute it as a Crime,
She was more fair then I, and had Discretion
Not to deliver up her Virgin Fort
(Though strait besieg'd with Flatteries, Vows, and Tears)
Until the Church had made it safe and lawful.
And had I been the Mistress of her Judgment
And constant Temper, skilful in the Knowledge
Of Man's malicious Falshood, I had never,
Upon his Hell-deep Oaths to marry me,
Giv'n up my fair Name, and my maiden Honour
To his foul Lust, nor liv'd now, being branded
I' th' Forehead for his Whore, the Scorn and Shame
Of all good Women.

Fran. Have you, then, no Gall,
Anger, or Spleen familiar to your Sex?
Or is it possible that you could see
Another to possess what was your due,
And not grow pale with Envy?

Eug. Yes, of him
That did deceive me. There's no Passion, that
A Maid so injur'd ever could partake of,
But I have dearly suffer'd. These three Years
In my Desire, and Labour of Revenge
Trusted to you, I have indur'd the Throes
Of teeming Women, and will hazard all

Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy Heart, falſe *Sforza*.—You have trifled with me,
And not proceeded with that fiery Zeal
I look'd for from a Brother of your Spirit.
Sorrow forſake me, and all Signs of Grief
Farewel for ever.—Vengeance, arm'd with Fury
Poſſeſs me wholly, now!

Fran. The Reaſon, Siſter,
Of this ſtrange Metamorphoſis?

Eug. Aſk thy Fears;
Thy baſe unmanly Fears, thy poor Delays;
Thy dull Forgetfulneſs equal with Death;
My Wrong, elſe, and the Scandal which can never
Be waſh'd off from our Houſe but in his Blood,
Would have ſtirr'd up a Coward to a Deed
In which, though he had fall'n, the brave Intent
Had crown'd itſelf with a fair Monument
Of noble Reſolution. In this Shape
I hope to get Acceſs, and then, with Shame
Hearing my ſudden Execution, judge
What Honour thou haſt loſt, in being tranſcended
By a weak Woman.

Fran. Still mine own, and dearer;
And yet in this you but pour Oil on Fire,
And offer your Aſſiſtance where it needs not:
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your Wrongs ſtamp'd deeply on my Heart
By th' Iron Pen of Vengeance, I attempted
By whoring her to cuckold him; that failing,
I did begin his Tragedy in her Death,
To which it ſerv'd as Prologue, and will make
A memorable Story of your Fortunes
In my aſſur'd Revenge.—Only, beſt Siſter,
Let us not loſe ourſelves in the Performance,
By your raſh Undertaking; we will be
As ſudden as you could wiſh

Eug. Upon thoſe Terms
I yield myſelf and cauſe to be diſpos'd of
As you think fit.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Fran. Thy Purpoſe?
Serv. There's one *Graccho*,
That follow'd you it ſeems, upon the Track,
Since you left *Milan*, that's importunate
To have Acceſs, and will not be deny'd,
His Haſte, he ſays, concerns you.
Fran. Bring him to me, [*Ex. Servant.*
Though he hath laid an Ambuſh for my Life,
Or Apprehenſion, yet I will prevent him
And work mine own Ends out.

Enter Graccho.

Grac. Now for my Whipping;
And if I now out-ſtrip him not, and catch him,
And by a new and ſtrange Way too, hereafter
I'll ſwear there are Worms in my Brains. [*Aſide.*
Fran. Now, my good *Graccho?*
We meet as 'twere by Miracle!
Grac. Love, and Duty,
And Vigilance in me for my Lord's Safety,
Firſt taught me to imagine you were here;
And then to follow you. All's come forth, my Lord,
That you could wiſh conceal'd. The Dutcheſs' Wound,
In the Duke's Rage put home, yet gave her Leave
To acquaint him with your Practices, which your Flight
Did eaſily confirm.
Fran. This I expected;
But ſure you come provided of good Counſel
To help in my Extremes.
Grac. I would not hurt you.
Fran. How? Hurt me? Such another Word's thy Death,
Why, dar'ſt thou think it can fall in thy Will,
T' outlive what I determine?
Grac. How he awes me! [*Aſide.*
Fran. Be brief, what brought thee hither?
Grac. Care to inform you

You are a condemn'd Man, purſu'd, and ſought for,
And your Head rated at ten thouſand Ducats
To him that brings it.
Fran. Very good.
Grac. All Paſſages
Are intercepted, and choice Troops of Horſe
Scour o'er the neighbour Plains; your Picture ſent
To ev'ry State confederate with *Milan*.
That, though I grieve to ſpeak it, in my Judgment,
So thick your Dangers meet, and run upon you,
It is impoſſible you ſhould eſcape
Their curious Search.
Eug. Why, let us then turn *Romans*,
And, falling by our own Hands, mock their Threats,
And dreadful Preparations.
Fran. 'Twould ſhow nobly;
But that the honour of our full Revenge
Were loſt in the raſh Action. No, *Eugenia*,
Graccho is wiſe; my Friend too, not my Servant,
And I dare truſt him with my lateſt Secret.
We would (and thou muſt help us to perform it)
Firſt kill the Duke—then, fall what can upon us;
For Injuries are writ in Braſs, kind *Graccho*,
And not to be forgotten.
Grac. He inſtructs me
What I ſhould do. [*Aſide.*
Fran. What's that?
Grac. I labour with
A ſtrong Deſire t' aſſiſt you with my Service;
And now I am deliver'd of't.
Fran. I told you—— [*To* Eugenia.
Speak, my oraculous *Graccho*,
Grac. I have heard, Sir,
Of Men in Debt, that, lay'd for by their Creditors
(In all ſuch Places where it could be thought
They would take Shelter) choſe for Sanctuary,
Their Lodgings underneath their Creditor's Noſes,
Or near that Priſon to which they were deſign'd,
If apprehended; confident that there

They

They never ſhould be ſought for.
Eug. 'Tis a ſtrange one!
Fran. But what infer you from it?
Grac. This, my Lord;
That, ſince all Ways of your Eſcape are ſtopp'd,
In *Milan* only, or, what's more, i'th' Court
(Whether it is preſum'd you dare not come)
Conceal'd in ſome Diſguiſe, you may live ſafe.
Fran. And not to be diſcover'd?
Grac. But by myſelf.
Fran. By thee? Alas! I know thee honeſt, *Graccho*,
And I will put thy Counſel into Act,
And ſuddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving travel to preſerve me,
What bloody End ſoe'er my Stars appoint,
Thou ſhalt be ſafe, good *Graccho*.—Who's within there?
Grac. In the Devil's Name, what means he? [*Aſide.*

Enter Servants.

Fran. Take my Friend
Into your Cuſtody, and bind him faſt;
I would not part with him.
Grac. My good Lord.
Fran. Diſpatch:
'Tis for your good, to keep you honeſt, *Graccho*,
I would not have ten thouſand Ducats tempt you
(Being of a ſoft and Wax-like Diſpoſition)
To play the Traitor; nor a fooliſh Itch
To be reveng'd for your late excellent Whipping
Give you the Opportunity to offer
My Head for Satisfaction. Why, thou Fool,
I can look through and through thee; thy Intents
Appear to me as written in thy Forehead
In plain and eaſy Characters. And but that
I ſcorn a Slave's baſe Blood ſhould ruſt that Sword
That from a Prince expects a ſcarlet Dye,
Thou now wert Dead; but live only to pray
For good Succeſs to crown my Undertakings,

And

And then, at my Return, perhaps, I'll free thee
[*Exit Servants with* Graccho.
To make me further Sport.—Away with him!
I will not hear a Syllable. We muſt truſt
Ourſelves, *Eugenia*, and though we make Uſe of
The Counſel of our Servants, that Oil ſpent,
Like Snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.
But now to our laſt Scene, which we'll ſo carry,
That few ſhall underſtand how 'twas begun,
'Till all, with half an Eye, may ſee 'tis done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An inner Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Peſcara, Tiberio, Stephano.

Peſt. The like was never read of.
Steph. In my Judgment,
To all that ſhall but hear it, 'twill appear
A moſt impoſſible Fable.
Tib. For *Franciſco*,
My Wonder is the leſs, becauſe there are
Too many Precedents of unthankful Men
Rais'd up to Greatneſs, which have after ſtudied
The Ruin of their Makers.
Steph. But that melancholy,
Though ending in Diſtraction, ſhould work
So far upon a Man as to compel him
To court a Thing that has not Senſe, nor Being,
Is unto me a Miracle.
Peſc. 'Troth, I'll tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what Degrees
He fell into this Madneſs. When by the Care
Of his Phyſicians he was brought to Life,
As he had only paſs'd a fearful Dream,
And had not acted what I grieve to think on,
He call'd for fair *Marcelia*, and being told
That ſhe was dead, he broke forth in Extremes,
(I would not ſay blaſphem'd) and cry'd that Heaven

For

For all th' Offences that Mankind could do,
Would never be ſo cruel as to rob it
Of ſo much Sweetneſs, and of ſo much Goodneſs,
That not alone was ſacred in herſelf,
But did preſerve all others innocent
That had but Converſe with her. Then it came
Into his Fancy that ſhe was accus'd
By his Mother and his Siſter; thrice he curs'd 'em,
And thrice his deſperate Hand was on his Sword
To've kill'd 'em both; but he reſtrain'd, and they
Shunning his Fury 'ſpite of all Prevention
He would have turn'd his Rage upon himſelf,
When wiſely his Phyſicians looking on
The Dutcheſs' Wound, to ſtay his ready Hand,
Cry'd out, it was not mortal.

Tib. 'Twas well thought on.

Peſc. He eaſily believing what he wiſh'd
More than a Perpetuity of Pleaſure
In any Object elſe, flatter'd by Hope,
Forgetting his own Greatneſs, he fell proſtrate
At the Doctor's Feet, implor'd their Aid, and ſwore,
Provided they recover'd her, he would live
A private Man, and they ſhould ſhare his Dukedom.
They ſeem'd to promiſe fair, and ev'ry Hour
Vary their Judgments, as they find his Fit
To ſuffer Intermiſſion, or Extremes.
For his Behaviour ſince——

Sfor. (Within.) As you have Pity,
Support her gently.

Peſc. Now, be your own Witneſſes;
I am prevented.

Enter Szorza, Iſabella, Mariana, *the Body of* Marcelia *brought in, Doctor's Servants.*

Sfor. Carefully, I beſeech you;
The gentleſt Touch torments her, and then think
What I ſhall ſuffer.—O you earthy Gods,
You ſecond Natures, that from your great Maſter
(Who join'd the Limbs of torn *Hippolitus*,

And

And drew upon himſelf the Thunderer's Envy)
Are taught thoſe hidden Secrets that reſtore
To Life death-wounded Men, you have a Patient
On whom t' expreſs the Excellence of Art,
Will bind ev'n Heav'n your Debtor, though it pleaſes
To make your Hands the Organs of a Work
The Saints will ſmile to look on, and good Angels
Clap their celeſtial Wings to give it Plaudits.
How pale and wan ſhe looks! O pardon me,
That I preſume (dy'd o'er with bloody Guilt,
Which makes me, I confeſs, far, far unworthy)
To touch this ſnow-white Hand.—How cold it is!
This once was *Cupid*'s Fire-brand, and ſtill
'Tis ſo to me.—How ſlow her Pulſes beat too!
Yet, in this Temper, ſhe is all Perfection,
And Miſtreſs of a Heat ſo full of Sweetneſs,
The Blood of Virgins, in their Pride of Youth,
Are Balls of Snow or Ice compar'd unto her.

Mariana. Is not this ſtrange?

Iſab. Oh! croſs him not, dear Daughter;
Our Conſcience tells us we have been abus'd,
Wrought to accuſe the Innocent, and with him
Are guilty of a Fact ———

Enter a Servant.

Mariana. 'Tis now paſt Help.

Peſc. With me? What is he?

Serv. He has a ſtrange Aſpect;
A Jew by Birth, and a Phyſician
By his Profeſſion, as he ſays, who, hearing
Of the Duke's Phrenſy, on the Forfeit of
His Life, will undertake to render him
Perfect in every Part.—Provided that
Your Lordſhip's Favour gain him free Acceſs,
And your Pow'r with the Duke a ſafe Protection,
'Till the great Work be ended.

Peſc. Bring me to him;
As I find Cauſe, I'll do. [*Ex.* Peſcara *and Servant.*

Sfor.

Sfor. How ſound ſhe ſleeps!
Heav'n keep her from a Lethargy!——How long
(But anſwer me with Comfort, I beſeech you)
Does your ſure Judgment tell you that theſe Lids,
That cover richer Jewels than themſelves,
Like envious Night, will bar theſe glorious Suns
From ſhining on me?

1 *Doct.* We have giv'n her, Sir,
A ſleepy Potion that will hold her long,
That ſhe may be leſs ſenſible of the Torment
The ſearching of her Wound will put her to.

2 *Doct.* She now feels little; but, if we ſhould wake her,
To hear her ſpeak would fright both us and you,
And therefore dare not haſten it.

Sfor. I'm patient.
You ſee I do not rage, but wait your Pleaſure.
What do you think ſhe dreams of now? for ſure,
Although her Body's Organs are bound faſt,
Her Fancy cannot ſlumber.

1 *Doct.* That, Sir, looks on
Your Sorrow for your late raſh Act with Pity
Of what you ſuffer for it, and prepares
To meet, with free Confeſſion of your Guilt,
With a glad Pardon.

Sfor. She was ever kind,
And her Diſpleaſure, though call'd on, ſhort-liv'd
Upon the leaſt Submiſſion.—O you Powers
That can convey our Thoughts to one another
Without the Aid of Eyes, or Ears, aſſiſt me!
Let her behold me in a pleaſing Dream!
Thus, on my Knees before her (yet that Duty
In me is not ſufficient) let her ſee me
Compel my Mother, from whom I took Life,
And this my Siſter, Partner of my Being,
To bow thus low unto her; let her hear us
In my Acknowledgment freely confeſs
That we in a Degree as high are guilty,
As ſhe is innocent.—Bite your Tongues, vile Creatures,

And

And let your inward Horror fright your Souls,
For having bely'd that Pureneſs, to come near which
All Women that Poſterity can bring forth
Muſt be, though ſtriving to be good, poor Rivals.
And for that Dog, *Franciſco* (that ſeduc'd me,
In wounding her, to raſe a Temple built
To Chaſtity and Sweetneſs) let her know
I'll follow him to Hell, but I will find him,
And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.
Then for this curſed Hand and Arm, that guided
The wicked Steel, I'll have them Joint by Joint,
With burning Irons ſear'd off, which I will eat,
I being a Vulture fit to taſte ſuch Carrion.
Laſtly ——

1 *Doct.* You are too loud, Sir; you diſturb
Her ſweet Repoſe

Sfor. I'm huſh'd.—Yet give us Leave,
Thus proſtrate at her Feet, our Eyes bent downward,
Unworthy, and aſham'd to look upon her,
T' expect her gracious ſentence.

2 *Doct.* He's paſt Hope.

1 *Doct.* The Body too will putrify, and then
We can no longer cover the Impoſture.

Tib. Which in her Death will quickly be diſcover'd.
I can but weep his Fortune.

Steph. Yet be careful
You loſe no Minute to preſerve him; Time
May leſſen his Diſtraction.

Enter Peſcara, Franciſco, Eugenia.

Fran. I am no God, Sir,
To give a new Life to her; yet I'll hazard
My Head, I'll work the ſenſeleſs Trunk t' appear
To him, as it had got a ſecond Being,
Or that the Soul, that's fled from't, were call'd back
To govern it again. I will preſerve it
In the firſt Sweetneſs, and by a ſtrange Vapour,
Which I'll infuſe into her Mouth, create
A ſeeming Breath: I'll make her Veins run high too,

As

As if they had true Motion.

Peſc. Do but this,
'Till we uſe Means to win upon his Paſſions
T' endure to hear ſhe's dead with ſome ſmall Patience,
And make thy own Reward.

Fran. The Art I uſe
Admits no Looker on: I only aſk
The fourth Part of an Hour, to perfect that
I boldly undertake.

Peſc. I will procure it.

2 *Doct.* What Stranger's this?

Peſc. Sooth me in all I ſay;
There is a main End in't.

Fran. Beware!

Eugenia. I'm warn'd.

Peſc. Look up, Sir, chearfully; Comfort in me
Flows ſtrongly to you.

Sfor. From whence came that Sound?
Was it from my *Marcelia*? If it were,
I riſe, and Joy will give me Wings to meet it.

Peſc. Nor ſhall your Expectation be deferr'd
But a few Minutes. Your Phyſicians are
Mere Voice, and no Performance; I have found
A Man that can do Wonders: Do not hinder
The Dutcheſs' wiſh'd Recovery to enquire,
Or what he is, or to give Thanks, but leave him
To work this Miracle.

Sfor. Sure, 'tis my good Angel:
I do obey in all Things; be it Death
For any to diſturb him, or come near
'Till he be pleas'd to call us.—O, be proſp'rous,
And make a Duke thy Bondman.

[*Exeunt all but* Franciſco *and* Eugenia.

Fran. 'Tis my Purpoſe;
If that to fall a long-wiſh'd Sacrifice
To my Revenge can be a Benefit,
I'll firſt make faſt the Doors.—So.

Eugenia. You amaze me:
What follows now?

Fran.

Fran. A full Concluſion
Of all thy Wiſhes.—Look on this, *Eugenia*,
Ev'n ſuch a Thing, the proudeſt Fair on Earth
(For whoſe Delight the Elements are ranſack'd,
And Art with Nature ſtudies to preſerve her)
Muſt be, when ſhe is ſummon'd to appear
I' th' Court of Death. —— But I loſe Time.

Eugenia. What mean you?

Fran. Diſturb me not.—Your Ladyſhip looks pale;
But, I, your Doctor, have a Ceruſe for you.
See, my *Eugenia*, how many Faces,
That are ador'd in Court, borrow theſe Helps,
[*Paints the Body.*
And paſs for Excellence, when the better Part
Of them are like to this.—Your Mouth ſmells ſour too;
But here is that ſhall take away the Scent,
A precious Antidote old Ladies uſe
When they would kiſs, knowing their Gums are rotten:
—Theſe Hands too, that diſdain'd to take a Touch
From any Lip, whoſe Honour writ not Lord,
Are now but as the coarſeſt Earth; but I
Am at the Charge, my Bill not to be paid too,
To give them ſeeming Beauty. — So, 'tis done.
How do you like my Workmanſhip?

Eugenia. I tremble:
And thus to tyrannize upon the Dead
Is moſt inhuman.

Fran. Come we for Revenge,
And can we think on Pity? Now to the Upſhot,
And, as it proves, applaud it. My Lord, the Duke,
Enter with Joy, and ſee the ſudden Change
Your Servant's Hand hath wrought.

Enter Sforza *and the reſt.*

Sfor. I live again
In my full Confidence that *Marcelia* may
Pronounce my Pardon.—Can ſhe ſpeak yet?

Fran. No:
You muſt not look for all your Joys at once;

That

That will aſk longer Time.

Peſt. 'Tis wond'rous ſtrange!

Sfor. By all the Dues of Love I have had from her,
This Hand ſeems as it was when firſt I kiſs'd it:
Theſe Lips invite too:—I could ever feed
Upon theſe Roſes; they ſtill keep their Colour
And native Sweetneſs; only the Nectar's wanting,
That, like the Morning Dew in flow'ry *May*,
Preſerv'd them in their Beauty.

Enter Graccho.

Grac. Treaſon, Treaſon!

Tib. Call up the Guard.

Fran. *Graccho!* then we are loſt.

Grac. I am got off, Sir Jew.—A Bribe hath done it,
For all your ſerious Charge; there's no Diſguiſe
Can keep you from my Knowledge.

Sfor. Speak.

Grac. I am out of Breath,
But this is ——

Fran. Spare thy Labour, Fool. *Franciſco.*

All. Monſter of Men!

Fran. Give me all Attributes
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the Thing I was born.—I am *Franciſco*;
Franciſco, that was rais'd by you, and made
The Minion of the Time; the ſame *Franciſco*,
That would have whor'd this Trunk when it had Life;
And, after, breath'd a Jealouſy upon thee, [11]
As killing as thoſe Damps that belch out Plagues,
When the Foundation of the Earth is ſhaken;

[11] *A Jealouſy upon thee*
As killing as thoſe Damps, &c.

This is a beautiful Simile, and truly original; On the whole, the Beauties of this Tragedy, though inferior to thoſe of *Shakeſpear*'s *Othello*, are ſuch peculiar Excellencies, that there are none of any Author, ancient or modern, that can be brought in Competition with them.

I made thee do a Deed Heav'n will not pardon,
Which was — to kill an Innocent.
Sfor. Call forth the Tortures
For all that Fleſh can feel.
Fran. I dare the worſt;
Only, to yield ſome Reaſon to the World
Why I purſu'd this Courſe, look on this Face,
Made old by thy baſe Falſhood; 'tis *Eugenia.*
Sfor. Eugenia!
Fran. Does it ſtart you, Sir? My Siſter,
Seduc'd and fool'd by thee: But thou muſt pay
The Forfeit of thy Falſhood.—Does it not work yet?
Whate'er becomes of me (which I eſteem not)
Thou art mark'd for the Grave. I've giv'n thee Poiſon
In this Cup, now obſerve me, which thy laſt
Carouſing deeply of, made thee forget
Thy vow'd Faith to *Eugenia.*
Peſc. O damn'd Villain!
Iſab. How do you, Sir?
Sfor. Like one
That learns to know in Death what Puniſhment
Waits on the Breach of Faith.—Oh! now I feel
An *Ætna* in my Entrails.—I have liv'd
A Prince, and my laſt Breath ſhall be Command.
—I burn, I burn! yet, e'er Life be conſum'd,
Let me pronounce upon this Wretch all Torture
That witty Cruelty can invent.
Peſc. Away with him!
Tib. In all Things we will ſerve you.
Fran. Farewell, Siſter!
Now I have kept my Word, Torments I ſcorn:
I leave the World with Glory.—They are Men,
And leave behind them Name and Memory,
That wrong'd, do right themſelves before they die.
[*Exeunt Guard with* Franciſco.
Steph. A deſperate Wretch!
Sfor. I come, Death; I obey thee.
—Yet I will not die raging; for alas!
My whole Life was a Phrenſy.—Good *Eugenia,*

In

In Death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her
To ſome religious Houſe, there let her ſpend
The Remnant of her Life.—When I am Aſhes,
Perhaps, ſhe'll be appeas'd, and ſpare a Prayer
For my poor Soul.—Bury me with *Marcelia* —
And let our Epitaph be —— [*Dies.*

Tib. His Speech is ſtop'd.

Steph. Already dead?

Peſc. It is in vain to labour
To call him back. We'll give him Funeral,
And then determine of the State Affairs:
And learn, from this Example, " There's no Truſt
" In a Foundation that is built on Luſt. "

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

THE
BONDMAN.
AN
ANCIENT STORY.

As it hath been often acted with good Allowance, at the COCK-PIT in *Drury-Lane*, by the moſt Excellent Princeſs, the Lady ELIZABETH, her Servants. 1638.

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

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As it hath been often acted with good Allowance,
at the Cock-Pit in Drury-Lane, by the
most Excellent Princes, the Lady Elizabeth,
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By PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO

The RIGHT HONOURABLE, my Singular Good Lord,

PHILIP Earl of MONTGOMERY,

Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the GARTER, &c.

Right Honourable,

However I could never arrive at the Happineſs to be made known to your Lordſhip, yet a Deſire, born with me, to make a Tender of all Duties, and Service, to the Noble Family of the Herberts, *deſcended to me as an Inheritance from my dead Father,* Arthur Maſſinger. *Many Years he happily ſpent in the Service of your Honourable Houſe, and died a Servant to it; leaving His, to be ever moſt glad, and ready, to be at the Command of all ſuch as derive themſelves from his moſt honoured Maſter, your Lordſhip's Father. The Conſideration of this encouraged me (having no other Means to preſent my humble Service to your Honour) to ſhroud this Trifle under the Wings of your Noble Protection; and I hope, out of the Clemency of your Heroic Diſpoſition, it will find, tho' perhaps not a welcome Entertainment, yet, at the worſt, a gracious Pardon. When it was firſt acted, your Lordſhip's liberal Suffrage taught others to allow it for current, it having received the undoubted Stamp of your Lordſhip's Allowance: And if in the Peruſal of any vacant Hour, when your Honour's more ſerious Occaſions ſhall give you Leave to read it, it anſwer in your Lordſhip's Judgment the Report and Opinion it had upon the Stage, I ſhall eſteem my Labours not ill employ'd, and, while I live, continue*

The humbleſt of thoſe that
truly honour your Lordſhip,

PHILIP MASSINGER,

Dramatis Perſonæ.

TIMOLEON, the General of *Corinth.*
ARCHIDAMUS, the Prætor of *Syracuſa.*
DIPHILUS, a Senator of *Syracuſa.*
CLEON, a fat impotent Lord.
PISANDER (diſguis'd) a Gentleman of *Thebes.*
POLIPHRON (diſguis'd) Friend to PISANDER.
LEOSTHENES, a Gentleman of *Syracuſa*, enamour'd of CLEORA.
ASOTUS, a fooliſh Lover, and the Son of CLEON.
TIMAGORAS, the Son of ARCHIDAMUS.
CLEORA, Daughter of ARCHIDAMUS.
CORISCA, a proud wanton Lady, Wife to CLEON.
OLYMPIA, a rich Widow.
STATILIA, Siſter to PISANDER, Slave to CLEORA.
ZANTHIA, Slave to CORISCA.
GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, } Bondmen.
A Jailor.

THE

THE BONDMAN.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Timagoras *and* Leoſthenes.

Timagoras.

WHY ſhould you droop, *Leoſthenes*, or deſpair
My Siſter's Favour? What before you purchas'd
By Courtſhip, and fair Language, in theſe Wars
(For, from her Soul, you know, ſhe loves a Soldier)
You may deſerve by Action.

Leoſt. Good *Timagoras*,
When I have ſaid my Friend, think all is ſpoken
That may aſſure me yours; and pray you, believe
The dreadful Voice of War, that ſhakes the City,
The thund'ring Threats of *Carthage*, nor their Army,

* The Tale of this Play is one of the ſimpleſt and beſt of any among the Works of the old *Engliſh* Writers.——It conſiſts of but one regular Vein, and has all its Parts, Pauſes, and Incidents marked in ſo judicious a Manner, that nothing is either improbable, inconſiſtent, or unentertaining.—'Tis indeed clogg'd with ſome ridiculous comick Characters; but then they have no Share in the Buſineſs of the Play, and may be rejected at Pleaſure.—Some State Affairs too are introduced, which, though they don't immediately relate to the Plot, yet are ſo aſſiſtant to the Incidents of it, as not to be ſpared on any Account. Beſide which, they are in themſelves entertaining, and ſerve to introduce his principal Woman in a Manner wholly grand, novel, and ſurpriſing. The Tale itſelf is calculated to ſhew the ill Effects of Jealouſy in Love, and the Force of Addreſs and Management.

Rais'd

Rais'd to make good thoſe Threats, affright not me.
If fair *Cleora* were confirm'd his Prize
That has the ſtrongeſt Arm, and ſharpeſt Sword,
I'd court *Bellona* in her horrid Trim,
As if ſhe were a Miſtreſs, and bleſs Fortune
That offers my young Valour to the Proof,
How much I dare do for your Siſter's Love.
But, when that I conſider how averſe
Your noble Father, great *Archidamus*,
Is, and hath ever been, to my Deſires,
Reaſon may warrant me to doubt and fear,
What Seeds ſoever I ſow, in theſe Wars,
Of noble Courage, his determinate Will
May blaſt, and give my Harveſt to another
That ne'er toil'd for it.

Timag. Prithee, do not nouriſh
Theſe jealous Thoughts; I'm thine, and (pardon me,
Though I repeat it, my *Leoſthenes*)
That, for thy Sake, when the bold *Theban* ſu'd
Far-fam'd *Piſander*, for my Siſter's Love,
Sent him diſgrac'd, and diſcontented Home,
I wrought my Father then; and I, that ſtop'd not
In the Career of my Affection to thee,
When that renowned Worthy, that brought with him
High Birth, Wealth, Courage, as fee'd Advocates
To mediate for him, never will conſent,
A Fool, that only has the Shape of Man,
Aſotus, though he be rich *Cleon*'s Heir,
Shall bear her from thee.

Leoſt. In that Truſt I love.

Timag. Which never ſhall deceive you.

Enter Piſander.

Piſan. Sir, the General,
Timoleon, by his Trumpets hath giv'n Warning
For a Remove.

Timag. 'Tis well; provide my Horſe.

Piſan. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exit* Piſander.

Leoſt. This Slave has a ſtrange Aſpect!

Timag.

Timag. Fit for his Fortune; 'tis a ſtrong-limb'd Knave;
My Father bought him for my Siſter's Litter.
O Pride of Women! Coaches are too common,
They ſurfeit in the Happineſs of Peace,
And Ladies think they keep not State enough,
If, for their Pomp and Eaſe, they are not borne
In Triumph on Men's Shoulders.

Leoſt. Who commands
The *Carthaginian* Fleet?

Timag. *Giſco*'s their Admiral,
And, 'tis our Happineſs, a raw young Fellow,
One ne'er train'd in Arms, but rather faſhion'd
To tilt with Ladies Lips, than crack a Lance,
Raviſh a Feather from a Miſtreſs' Fan,
And wear it as a Favour. A Steel Helmet,
Made horrid with a glorious Plume, will crack
His Woman's Neck.

Leoſt. No more of him.—The Motives
That *Corinth* give us Aid?

Timag. The common Danger:
For *Sicily* being on Fire, ſhe is not ſafe;
It being apparent that ambitious *Carthage*,
(That to enlarge her Empire ſtrives to faſten
An unjuſt Gripe on us, that live free Lords
Of *Syracuſa)* will not end, till *Greece*
Acknowledge her their Sovereign.

Leoſt. I'm ſatisfy'd.
What think you of our General?

Timag. He is a Man
Of ſtrange and reſerv'd Parts; but a great Soldier.
[*A Trumpet ſounds.*
His Trumpets call us; I'll forbear his Character:
To-morrow, in the Senate-Houſe, at large
He will expreſs himſelf.

Leoſt. I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Cleon, Coriſca, Gracculo.

Coriſ. Nay, good Chuck.——

Cleon. I've ſaid it: Stay at home;
I cannot brook your Gadding, you're a fair one,
Beauty invites Temptation, and ſhort Heels
Are ſoon tripp'd up.

Coriſ. Deny me? By my Honour
You take no Pity on me. I ſhall ſwoon
As ſoon as you are abſent;—aſk my Man, elſe;
You know he dares not tell a Lie.

Grac. Indeed,
You are no ſooner out of Sight, but ſhe
Does feel ſtrange Qualms; then ſends for her young Doctor,
Who miniſters Phyſic to her, on her Back,
Her Ladyſhip lying as ſhe were intranc'd.
(I've peep'd in at the Key-hole, and obſerv'd them)
And, ſure his Potions never fail to work,
For ſhe's ſo pleaſant in the taking them,
She tickles again.

Coriſ. And all's to make you merry
When you come Home.

Cleon. You flatter me; I'm old,
And Wiſdom cries, beware.

Coriſ. Old, Duck? To me
You are a young *Adonis*.

Grac. Well ſaid, *Venus!*
I am ſure ſhe *Vulcans* him. [*Aſide.*

Coriſ. I will not change thee
For twenty boiſt'rous young Things without Beards.
Theſe Briſtles give the gentleſt Titulations,
And ſuch a ſweet Dew flows on them, it cures
My Lips without Pomatum:—Here's a round Belly,
'Tis a Down Pillow to my Back. I ſleep
So quietly by it; and this tunable Noſe
(Faith when you hear it not) affords ſuch Muſic,

That

That I curſe all Night-fidlers.
Grac. This is groſs;
Not find ſhe flouts him? [*Aſide.*
Coriſ. As I live, I am jealous.
Cleon. Jealous of me, Wife?
Coriſ. Yes; and I have a Reaſon,
Knowing how luſty and active a Man you are.
Cleon. Hum! Hum! [*Struts.*
Grac. This is no cunning Quean! 'ſlight, ſhe will make him
To think, that, like the Stag, he has caſt his Horns,
And is grown young again. [*Aſide.*
Coriſ. You have forgot
What you did in your ſleep, and when you wak'd
Call'd for a Caudle.
Grac. It was in his ſleep;
For, waking, I durſt truſt my Mother with him. [*Aſide.*
Coriſ. I long to ſee the Man of War; *Cleora*, *Archidamus*'s Daughter, goes, and rich *Olympia*;
I will not miſs the Show.
Cleon. There's no contending:
—For this Time I am pleas'd; but I'll no more on't.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Senate Houſe.

Archidamus, Cleon, Diphilus, Olympia, Coriſca, Cleora, Zanthia.

Archid. So careleſs we have been, my noble Lords,
In the diſpoſing of our own Affairs,
And ignorant in the Art of Government,
That now we need a Stranger to inſtruct us.
Yet we are happy, that our Neighbour *Corinth*
(Pitying the unjuſt Gripe *Carthage* would lay
On *Syracuſa*) hath vouchſaf'd to lend us
Her Man of Men, *Timoleon*, to defend
Our Country and our Liberties.

Diph.

Diph. 'Tis a Favour
We are unworthy of, and we may bluſh
Neceſſity compels us to receive it.
Archid. O Shame! that we, that are a populous Nation,
Engag'd to liberal Nature, for all Bleſſings
An Iſland can bring forth; we, that have Limbs,
And able Bodies, Shipping, Arms, and Treaſure,
The Sinews of the War, now we are call'd
To ſtand upon our Guard, cannot produce
One fit to be our General.
Cleon. I'm old and fat;
I could ſay ſomething elſe.
Archid. We muſt obey
The Time, and our Occaſions; ruinous Buildings,
Whoſe Baſes and Foundations are infirm,
Muſt uſe Supporters: We are circled round
With Danger; o'er our Heads with Sail-ſtretch'd Wings
Deſtruction hovers, and a Cloud of Miſchief
Ready to break upon us; no Hope left us,
That may divert it, but our ſleeping Vertue
Rous'd up by brave *Timoleon.*
Cleon. When arrives he?
Diph. He is expected every Hour.
Archid. The Braveries
Of *Syracuſa*, among whom my Son
Timagoras, *Leoſthenes*, and *Aſotus*
(Your hopeful Heir Lord *Cleon*) two Days ſince
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to
The City; every Minute we expect
To be bleſs'd with his Preſence.
Cleon. What Shout's this? [*Shout at a Diſtance.*
Diph. 'Tis ſeconded with loud Muſic.
[*Trumpets flouriſh within.*
Archid. Which confirms
His wiſh'd-for Entrance. Let us entertain him
With all Reſpect, Solemnity, and Pomp
A Man may merit, that comes to redeem us
From Slavery, and Oppreſſion.

Cleon.

Cleon. I'll lock up
My Doors, and guard my Gold; theſe Lads of *Corinth*
Have nimble Fingers, and I fear them more,
Being within our Walls, than thoſe of *Carthage*;
They are far off.

Archid. And, Ladies, be it your Care
To welcome him and his Followers with all Duty:
For reſt reſolv'd, their Hands and Swords muſt keep you
In that full Height of Happineſs you live:
A dreadful Change elſe follows.

[*Exeunt* Arch. Cleon, Diph.

Olymp. We are inſtructed.

Coriſ. I'll kiſs him, for the Honour of my Country,
With any She in *Corinth.*

Olymp. Were he a Courtier,
I've Sweetmeat in my Cloſet ſhould content him,
Be his Pallat ne'er ſo curious.

Coriſ. And, if Need be,
I have a Couch, and a Banquetting-houſe in my Orchard,
Where many a Man of Honour has not ſcorn'd
To ſpend an Afternoon.

Olymp. Theſe Men of War,
As I have heard, know not to court a Lady.
They cannot praiſe our Dreſſings, kiſs our Hands,
Uſher us to our Litters, tell Love-ſtories,
Commend our Feet, and Legs, and ſo ſearch upwards.
A ſweet becoming Boldneſs! They are rough,
Boiſt'rous and ſaucy, and at the firſt Sight
Ruffle, and touze us, and, as they find their Stomachs,
Fall roundly to it.

Coriſ. 'Troth, I like 'em the better:
I can't indure to have a perfum'd Sir
Stand cringing in the Hams, licking his Lips
Like a Spaniel over a Furmety-pot, and yet
Has not the Boldneſs to come on, or offer
What they know we expect.

Olymp. We may commend
A Gentleman's Modeſty, Manners, and fine Language,
His Singing, Dancing, riding of great Horſes,

The

The Wearing of his Cloaths, his fair Complexion;
Take Preſents from him, and extol his Bounty:
Yet, though he obſerve, and waſte his 'State upon us,
If he be ſtaunch, and bid not for the Stock,
That we were born to traffic with;—the Truth is,
We care not for his Company.

Coriſ. Muſing, *Cleora?*

Olymp. She's ſtudying how to entertain theſe Strangers,
And to engroſs them to herſelf.

Cleora. No, ſurely;
I will not cheapen any of their Wares,
'Till you have made your Market; you will buy,
I know, at any Rate.

Coriſ. She has given it you.

Olymp. No more; they come.
The firſt Kiſs for this Jewel. [*Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

Enter Timagoras, Leoſthenes, Aſotus, Timoleon *in black, lead in by* Archidamus, Diphilus, Cleon; *followed by* Piſander, Gracculo, Cimbrio, *and other Slaves.*

Archid. It is your Seat.
Which with a general Suffrage,
As to the ſupreme Magiſtrates, *Sicily* tenders,
And prays *Timoleon* to accept.

Timol. Such Honours
To one ambitious of Rule or Titles,[1]
Whoſe Heaven on Earth is plac'd in his Command,
And abſolute Power on others, would with Joy,

[1] ——— *Such Honours*
To one ambitious of Rule, &c.

Maſſinger has here finely drawn the Character of *Timoleon,* and been very true to Hiſtory, I ſhall take the Liberty to tranſcribe ſuch Parts as may be not only entertaining, but likewiſe throw a Luſtre on ſeveral Parts of the Play before us: *Timoleon* was deſcended from one of the nobleſt Families in *Corinth*, loved his Country paſſionately, and diſcovered upon all Occaſions a ſingular Humanity of Temper, except againſt Tyrants, and bad Men. He was an excellent Captain, and as in his Youth he had all the Maturity of Age; in Age he had all the Fire and Courage of the moſt ardent Youth.

And

And Veins ſwoln high with Pride, be entertain'd.
They take not me; for I have ever lov'd
An equal Freedom, and proclaim'd all ſuch
As would uſurp another's Liberties,
Rebels to Nature, to whoſe bounteous Bleſſings
All Men lay Claim, as true legitimate Sons.
But ſuch as have made forfeit of themſelves
By vicious Courſes, and their Birth-right loſt,
'Tis not Injuſtice they are mark'd for Slaves,
To ſerve the Virtuous. For myſelf, I know
Honours and great Employments are great Burthens,
And muſt require an *Atlas* to ſupport them.
He, that would govern others, firſt ſhould be
The Maſter of himſelf, richly indu'd
With Depth of Underſtanding, Height of Courage,
And thoſe remarkable Graces which I dare not
Aſcribe unto myſelf.

Archid. Sir, empty Men
Are Trumpets of their own Deſerts; but you,
That are not in Opinion, but in Proof,
Really good, and full of glorious Parts,
Leave the Report of what you are to Fame;
Which, from the ready Tongues of all good Men,
Aloud proclaims you.

Diph. Beſides, you ſtand bound,
Having ſo large a Field to exerciſe
Your active Virtues offer'd you, to impart
Your Strength to ſuch as need it.

Timol. 'Tis confeſſed:
And, ſince you'll have it ſo, ſuch as I am,
For you, and for the Liberty of *Greece*,
I am moſt ready to lay down my Life:
But yet conſider, Men of *Syracuſa*,
Before that you deliver up the Power,
Which yet is yours, to me, to whom 'tis given,
To an impartial Man, with whom nor Threats,
Nor Prayers ſhall e'er prevail; for I muſt ſteer
An even Courſe.

Archid. Which is deſir'd of all.

Timol. *Timophanes*, my Brother, for whoſe Death[a]
I'm tainted in the World, and foully tainted,
In whoſe Remembrance I have ever worn,
In Peace and War, this Livery of Sorrow,
Can witneſs for me, how much I deteſt
Tyrannous Uſurpation; with Grief
I muſt remember it: For, when no Perſuaſion
Could win him to deſiſt from his bad Practice,
To change the Ariſtocracy of *Corinth*
Into an abſolute Monarchy, I choſe rather
To prove a pious and obedient Son
To my Country, my beſt Mother, than to lend
Aſſiſtance to *Timophanes*, though my Brother,
That, like a Tyrant, ſtrove to ſet his Foot
Upon the City's Freedom.

Timag. 'Twas a Deed
Deſerving rather Trophies, than Reproof.

Leoſt. And will be ſtill remembred to your Honour,
If you forſake us not.

Diph. If you free *Sicily*,
From barbarous *Carthage'* Yoke, it will be ſaid
In him you ſlew a Tyrant.

Archid. But, giving Way
To her Invaſion, not vouchſafing us
(That fly to your Protection) Aid, and Comfort,
'Twill be believ'd, that for your private Ends
You kill'd a Brother.

[a] Timophanes, *my Brother, for whoſe Death*
I'm tainted in the World, &c.

Timoleon had an elder Brother, called *Timophanes*, whom he tenderly loved; as he had demonſtrated in a Battle, in which he covered him with his Body, and ſaved his Life at the great Danger of his own; but his Country was ſtill dearer to him. That Brother having made himſelf Tyrant of it, ſo black a Crime gave him the ſharpeſt Affliction. He made Uſe of all poſſible Means to bring him back to his Duty: Kindneſs, Friendſhip, Affection, Remonſtrances, and even Menaces. But finding all his Endeavours ineffectual, and that nothing could prevail upon an Heart abandoned to Ambition, he cauſed his Brother to be aſſaſſinated in his Preſence by two of his Friends and Intimates, and thought, that upon ſuch an Occaſion, the Laws of Nature ought to give Place to thoſe of his Country.

Timol.

Timol. As I then proceed,
To all Posterity may that Act be crown'd
With a deserv'd Applause, or branded with
The Mark of Infamy—Stay yet; e'er I take
This Seat of Justice, or engage myself
To fight for you abroad, or to reform
Your State at home, swear all upon my Sword,
And call the Gods of *Sicily* to witness
The Oath you take; that whatsoe'er I shall
Propound for Safety of your Commonwealth,
Not circumscrib'd or bound in, shall by you
Be willingly obey'd.

Archid. Diphilus, Cleon. So may we prosper,
As we obey in all Things!

Timag. Leosthenes, Asotus. And observe
All your Commands as Oracles!

Timol. Do not repent it. [*Takes the State.*

Olymp. He ask'd not our Consent.

Coris. He's a Clown, I warrant him.

Olymp. I offer'd myself twice, and yet the Churl
Would not salute me.

Coris. Let him kiss his Drum!
I'll save my Lips, I rest on it.

Olymp. He thinks Women
No Part of the Republic.

Coris. He shall find
We are a Commonwealth.

Cleora. The less your Honour.

Timol. First then, a Word or two, but without Bitterness,
(And yet mistake me not, I am no Flatterer)
Concerning your ill Government of the State.
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich
Stand, in the first File, guilty.

Cleon. Ha! how's this?

Timol. You have not, as good Patriots should do, studied
The public Good, but your particular Ends:
Factious among yourselves, preferring such

To Offices and Honours, as ne'er read
The Elements of ſaving Policy;
But deeply ſkill'd in all the Principles
That uſher to Deſtruction.
Leoſt. Sharp.
Timag. The better.
Timol. Your Senate-Houſe, which us'd not to admit
A Man, however popular, to ſtand
At the Helm of Government, whoſe Youth was not
Made glorious by Action, whoſe Experience
Crown'd with grey Hairs, gave Warrant to her Counſels
Hear'd, and receiv'd with Reverence, is now fill'd
With green Heads that determine of the State
Over their Cups, or when their ſated Luſts
Afford them Leiſure; or ſupply'd by thoſe
Who, riſing from baſe Arts, and ſordid Thrift
Are eminent for Wealth, not for their Wiſdom:
Which is the Reaſon, that to hold a Place
In Council, which was once eſteem'd an Honour,
And a Reward for Virtue, hath quite loſt
Luſtre, and Reputation, and is made
A mercenary Purchaſe.
Timag. He ſpeaks home.
Leoſt. And to the Purpoſe.
Timol. From whence it proceeds
That the Treaſure of the City is engroſs'd
By a few private Men, the public Coffers
Hollow with Want; and they, that will not ſpare
One Talent for the common Good, to feed
The Pride and Bravery of their Wives, conſume
In Plate, in Jewels, and ſuperfluous Slaves,
What would maintain an Army.
Coriſ. Have at us.
Olymp. We thought we were forgot.
Cleora. But it appears
You will be treated of.
Timol. Yet in this Plenty,
And Fat of Peace, your young Men ne'er were train'd
In martial Diſcipline, and your Ships unrigg'd

Rot

Rot in the Harbour: No Defence prepar'd,
But thought unuſeful; as if that the Gods,
Indulgent to your Sloth, had granted you
A Perpetuity of Pride and Pleaſure,
Nor Change fear'd, or expected. Now you find
That *Carthage*, looking on your ſtupid Sleeps,
And dull Security, was invited to
Invade your Territories.

Archid. You've made us ſee, Sir,
To our Shame, the Country's Sickneſs: Now from you,
As from a careful and a wiſe Phyſician,
We do expect the Cure.

Timol. Old feſter'd Sores
Muſt be lanc'd to the quick and cauteriz'd;
Which borne with Patience, after I'll apply
Soft Unguents: For the Maintenance of the War,
It is decreed all Monies, in the Hand
Of private Men, ſhall inſtantly be brought
To th' public Treaſury.

Timag. This bites ſore.

Cleon. The Cure
Is worſe than the Diſeaſe; I'll never yield to't:
What could the Enemy, though victorious,
Inflict more on us? All that my Youth hath toil'd for,
Purchas'd with Induſtry, and preſerv'd with Care,
Forc'd from me in a Moment.

Diph. This rough Courſe
Will never be allow'd of.

Timol. O blind Men!
If you refuſe the firſt Means, that is offer'd
To give you Health, no Hopes left to recover
Your deſp'rate Sickneſs. Do you prize your Muck
Above your Liberties: And rather chooſe
To be made Bondmen, than to part with that
To which already you are Slaves? Or can it
Be probable in your flattering Apprehenſions,
You can capitulate with the Conqueror,
And keep that yours, which they come to poſſeſs,
And, while you kneel in vain, will raviſh from you?

—But take your own Ways; brood upon your Gold,
Sacrifice to your Idol, and preſerve
The Prey intire, and merit the Report
Of careful Stewards: Yield a juſt Account
To your proud Maſters, who with Whips of Iron
Will force you to give up what you conceal,
Or tear it from your Throats; adorn your Walls
With *Perſian* Hangings wrought of Gold and Pearl;
Cover the Floors on which they are to tread
With coſtly *Median* Silks; perfume the Rooms
With Caſſia and Amber, where they are
To feaſt and revel; while, like ſervile Grooms
You wait upon their Trenchers; feed their Eyes
With maſſy Plate until your Cupboards crack
With the Weight that they ſuſtain; ſet forth your Wives
And Daughters in as many vary'd Shapes
As there are Nations, to provoke their Luſts,
And let them be embrac'd before your Eyes,
The Object may content you; and, to perfect
Their Entertainment, offer up your Sons,
And able Men for Slaves; while you, that are
Unfit for Labour, are ſpurn'd out to ſtarve,
Unpity'd, in ſome Deſart, no Friend by,
Whoſe Sorrow may ſpare one compaſſionate Tear
In the Remembrance of what once you were.

Leoſt. The Blood turns.

Timag. Obſerve how old *Cleon* ſhakes,
As if in Picture he had ſhown him what
He was to ſuffer.

Coriſ. I am ſick; the Man
Speaks Poignards, and Diſeaſes.

Olymp. Oh! my Doctor!
I never ſhall recover.

Cleora. If a Virgin,
Whoſe Speech was ever yet uſher'd with Fear;
One knowing Modeſty and humble Silence
To be the choiceſt Ornaments of our Sex,
I' th' Preſence of ſo many Reverend Men,
Struck dumb with Terror and Aſtoniſhment,

Preſume

Preſume to cloath her Thought in vocal Sounds,
Let her find Pardon. Firſt, to you, great Sir!
A baſhful Maid's Thanks, and her zealous Prayers
Wing'd with pure Innocence, bearing them to Heaven
For all Proſperity that the Gods can give
To one, whoſe Piety muſt exact their Care;
Thus low I offer.

Timol. 'Tis a happy Omen.
Riſe, bleſt one, and ſpeak boldly: On my Virtue
I am thy Warrant, from ſo clear a Spring
Sweet Rivers ever flow.

Cleora. Then thus to you,
My noble Father, and theſe Lords, to whom
I next owe Duty; no Reſpect forgotten
To you, my Brother, and theſe bold young Men
(Such I would have them) that are, or ſhould be,
The City's Sword and Target of Defence.
To all of you I ſpeak; and, if a Bluſh
Steal on my Cheeks, it is ſhown to reprove
Your Paleneſs (willingly I would not ſay
Your Cowardice, or Fear:) Think you all Treaſure
Hid in the Bowels of the Earth, or ſhipwreck'd
In *Neptune*'s watry Kingdom, can hold Weight,
When Liberty and Honour fill one Scale,
Triumphant Juſtice ſitting on the Beam?
Or dare you but imagine that your Gold is
Too dear a Salary for ſuch as hazard
Their Blood, and Lives in your Defence? For me,
An ignorant Girl, bear Witneſs, Heaven! ſo far,
I prize a Soldier, that, to give him Pay,
With ſuch Devotion as our *Flamens* offer
Their Sacrifices at the holy Altar,
I do lay down theſe Jewels, will make ſale
Of my ſuperfluous Wardrobe, to ſupply
The meaneſt of their Wants.

Timol. Brave, Maſculine Spirit!

Diph. We are ſhown, to our Shame, what we in Honour
Should have taught others.

Archid. Such a fair Example
Muſt needs be follow'd.
Timag. Ever my dear Siſter;
But now our Family's Glory.
Leoſt. Were ſhe deform'd,
The Virtues of her Mind would force a Stoick
To ſue to be her Servant.
Cleon. I muſt yield;
And, though my Heart-blood part with it, I will
Deliver in my Wealth.
Aſot. I would ſay ſomething;
But, the Truth is, I know not what.
Timol. We have Money,
And Men muſt now be thought on.
Archid. We can preſs
Of Labourers in the Country (Men inur'd
To Cold and Heat) ten Thouſand.
Diph. Or, if Need be,
Inrol of Slaves, luſty and able Varlets,
And fit for Service.
Cleon. They ſhall go for me;
I will not pay and fight too.
Cleora. How! your Slaves?
O Stain of Honour!—Once more, Sir, your Pardon;
And to their Shames let me deliver, what
I know in Juſtice you may ſpeak.
Timol. Moſt gladly:
I could not wiſh my Thoughts a better Organ
Than your Tongue to expreſs them.
Cleora. Are you Men?
(For Age may qualify, though not excuſe,
The Backwardneſs of theſe) able young Men?
Yet, now your Country's Liberty's at the Stake,
Honour, and glorious Triumph made the Garland
For ſuch as dare deſerve them; a rich Feaſt
Prepar'd by Victory of immortal Viands,
Not for baſe Men, but ſuch as with their Swords
Dare force Admittance, and will be her Gueſts;
And can you coldly ſuffer ſuch Rewards

To be propos'd to Labourers and Slaves?
While you, that are born Noble (to whom theſe,
Valued at their beſt Rate, are next to Horſes,
Or other Beaſts of Carriage) cry, Ay me!
Like idle Lookers-on, till their proud Worth
Make them become your Maſters?

Timol. By my Hopes,
There's Fire and Spirit enough in this to make
Therſites valiant.

Cleora. No; far, far be it from you:
Let thoſe of meaner Quality contend,
Who can endure moſt Labour; plow the Earth,
And think they are rewarded, when their Sweat
Brings home a fruitful Harveſt to their Lords;
Let them prove good Artificers, and ſerve you
For Uſe and Ornament; but not preſume
To touch at what is Noble, if you think them
Unworthy to taſte of thoſe Cates you feed on,
Or wear ſuch coſtly Garments. Will you grant them
The Privilege and Prerogative of great Minds,
Which you were born to? Honour won in War,
And to be ſtil'd Preſervers of their Country,
Are Titles fit for free and generous Spirits,
And not for Bondmen. Had I been born a Man,
And ſuch ne'er dying Glories made the Prize
To bold heroic Courage, by *Diana*
I would not, to my Brother, nay, my Father,
Be brib'd to part with the leaſt Piece of Honour
I ſhould gain in this Action.

Timol. She's inſpir'd,
Or in her ſpeaks the Genius of your Country,
To fire your Blood in her Defence: I am rap'd
With the Imagination.—Noble Maid,
Timoleon is your Soldier, and will ſweat
Drops of his beſt Blood, but he will bring home
Triumphant Conqueſt to you. Let me wear
Your Colours, Lady; and, though youthful Heats,
That look no farther than your outward Form,
Are long ſince buried in me, while I live,

I am a conſtant Lover of your Mind,
That does tranſcend all Precedents.
Cleora. 'Tis an Honour, [*Gives her a Scarf.*
And ſo I do receive it.
Coriſ. Plague upon it!
She has got the Start of us: I could ev'n burſt
With Envy at her Fortune.
Olymp. A raw young thing!
We've too much Tongue ſometimes, our Huſbands ſay;
And ſhe out-ſtrip us.
Leoſt. I am for the Journey.
Timag. May all Diſeaſes, Sloth and Letchery bring,
Fall upon him that ſtays at home.
Archid. Though old,
I will be there in Perſon.
Diph. So will I.
Methinks I am not what I was: Her Words
Have made me younger, by a ſcore of Years,
Than I was when I came hither.
Cleon. I am ſtill
Old *Cleon*, fat and unweildy; I ſhall never
Make a good Soldier, and therefore deſire
To be excus'd at Home.
Aſot. 'Tis my Suit too:
I am a Griſtle, and theſe Spider-Fingers
Will never hold a Sword.—Let us alone
To rule the Slaves at Home, I can ſo yerk 'em;
But in my Conſcience I ſhall never prove
Good Juſtice in the War.
Timol. Have your Deſires;
You would be Burthens to us, no Way Aids.
Lead, Faireſt, to the Temple; firſt we'll pay
A Sacrifice to the Gods for good Succeſs:
For, all great Actions the wiſh'd Courſe do run,
That are, with their Allowance, well begun.
[*Exeunt all but the Slaves.*
Piſan. Stay, *Cimbrio* and *Gracculo.*
Cimb. The Buſineſs?
Piſan. Meet me Tomorrow Night near to the Grove
Neigh-

Neighbouring the Eaſt Part of the City.

Grac. Well.

Piſan. And bring the reſt of our Condition with you:
I've ſomething to impart may break our Fetters,
If you dare ſecond me.

Cimb. We'll not fail.

Grac. A Cart-Rope
Shall not bind me at home.

Piſan. Think on't, and proſper. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Archidamus, Timagoras, Leoſthenes, *with Gorgets*, Piſander.

Archid. SO, ſo, 'tis well: How do I look?

Piſan. Moſt ſprightfully.

Archid. I ſhrink not in the Shoulders; tho' I'm old,
I'm tough; Steel to the Back: I have not waſted
My Stock of Strength in Feather-Beds.—Here's an Arm too;
There's Stuff in't, and I hope will uſe a Sword
As well as any beardleſs Boy of you all.

Timag. I'm glad to ſee you, Sir, ſo well prepar'd
To endure the Travail of the War.

Archid. Go to, Sirrah!
I ſhall endure, when ſome of you keep your Cabins,
For all your flaunting Feathers.—Nay, *Leoſthenes*,
You're welcome too, all Friends and Fellows now.

Leoſt. Your Servant, Sir.

Archid. Piſh! leave theſe Compliments,
They ſtink in a Soldier's Mouth; I could be merry,
(For, now my Gown's off, farewel Gravity,)
And muſt be bold to put a Queſtion to you,
Without Offence, I hope.

Leoſt.

Leoſt. Sir, what you pleaſe.
Archid. And you will anſwer truly?
Timag. On our Words, Sir.
Archid. Go to, then! I preſume you will confeſs,
That you are two notorious Whore-maſters.
Nay, ſpare your Bluſhing, I've been wild myſelf;
A Smack, or ſo, for Phyſick, does no Harm;
Nay, it is Phyſick, if us'd moderately:
But to lie at Rack and Manger ———
Leoſt. Say we grant this,
(For if we ſhould deny't, you'll not believe us)
What will you infer upon it?
Archid. What you'll groan for,
I fear, when you come to the Teſt. Old Stories tell us,
There's a Month call'd *October*, which brings in
Cold Weather; there are Trenches too, 'tis rumour'd,
In which to ſtand all Night to th' Knees in Water,
In Gallants breeds the Tooth-ach; there's a Sport too,
Nam'd lying *perdue* (do you mark me?) 'tis a Game
Which you muſt learn to play at, now in theſe Seaſons,
And choice Variety of Exerciſes,
(Nay, I come to you) and faſt, not for Devotion,
Your rambling Hunt-ſmock feels ſtrange Alterations,
And in a froſty Morning looks as if
He could with Eaſe creep in a Pottle-pot
Inſtead of his Miſtreſs' Placket.—Then he curſes
The Time he ſpent in Midnight Viſitations,
And finds, what he ſuperfluouſly parted with,
To be reported good, and well-breath'd,
But if retriev'd into his Back again,
Would keep him warmer than a Scarlet Waiſtcoat,

Enter Diphilus *and* Cleora.

Or an Armour lin'd with Furr. O welcome, welcome!
You've cut off my Diſcourſe, but I will perfect
My Lecture in the Camp.
Diph. Come, we are ſtay'd for;
The General's a-fire for a Remove,
And longs to be in Action.

Archid.

Archid. 'Tis my Wiſh too.
We muſt part.—Nay, no Tears, my beſt *Cleora*;
I ſhall melt too, and that were ominous.
Millions of Bleſſings on thee! All that's mine
I give up to thy Charge; and, Sirrah, look
You with that Care and Rev'rence obſerve her,
As you would pay to me.—A Kiſs, farewel, Girl!

Diph. Peace wait upon you, Fair One!
[*Ex.* Archid. Diph. Piſander.

Timag. 'Twere Impertinence
To wiſh you to be careful of your Honour,
That ever keep in Pay a Guard about you
Of faithful Virtues.—Farewel, Friend! I leave you
To wipe our Kiſſes off; I know that Lovers
Part with more Circumſtance and Ceremony;
Which I give Way to. [*Exit.* Timag.

Leoſt. 'Tis a noble Favour,
For which, I ever owe you.—We're alone:[3]
But how I ſhould begin, or in what Language
Speak the unwilling Word of parting from you,
I'm yet to learn.

Cleora. And ſtill continue ignorant;
For I muſt be moſt cruel to myſelf,
If I ſhould teach you.

Leoſt. Yet it muſt be ſpoken,
Or you will chide my Slackneſs: You have fir'd me
With th' Heat of noble Action to deſerve you;
And the leaſt Spark of Honour, that took Life
From your ſweet Breath, ſtill fann'd by it, and cheriſh'd,
Muſt mount up in a glorious Flame, or I
Am much unworthy.

Cleora. May it yet burn here,
And, as a Sea-mark, ſerve to guide true Lovers

[3] ——— *We're alone,*
But how I ſhould begin, &c.

This Interview between *Leoſthenes* and *Cleora* has ſomething in it very tender and uncommon, and has a ſtrong Influence on the reſt of the Tale.

(Toſs'd

(Toſs'd on the Ocean of luxurious Wiſhes)
Safe from the Rocks of Luſt into the Harbour
Of pure Affection? riſing up an Example,
Which After-Times ſhall witneſs to our Glory,
Firſt took from us Beginning.
Leoſt. 'Tis a Happineſs,
My Duty to my Country, and mine Honour
Cannot conſent to; beſides, add to theſe,
It was your Pleaſure, fortify'd by Perſuaſion,
And Strength of Reaſon, for the general Good,
That I ſhould go.
Cleora. Alas! I then was witty
To plead againſt myſelf, and mine Eye, fix'd
Upon the Hill of Honour, ne'er deſcended
To look into the Vale of certain Dangers,
Through which you were to cut your Paſſage to it.
Leoſt. I'll ſtay at Home, then.
Cleora. No, that muſt not be;
For ſo, to ſerve my own Ends, and to gain
A petty Wreath myſelf, I rob you of
A certain Triumph, which muſt fall upon you.
Or Virtue's turn'd a Hand-maid to blind Fortune:
How is my Soul divided! to confirm you,
In the Opinion of the World, moſt worthy
To be belov'd (with me you're at the Height,
And can advance no farther) I muſt ſend you
To court the Goddeſs of ſtern War, who, if
She ſee you with my Eyes, will ne'er return you,
But grow enamour'd of you.
Leoſt. Sweet, take Comfort!
And what I offer you, you muſt vouchſafe me,
Or I am wretched: All the Dangers, that
I can encounter in the War, are Trifles;
My Enemies abroad to be contemn'd;
The dreadful Foes, that have the Pow'r to hurt me,
I leave at home with you.
Cleora. With me?
Leoſt. Nay, in you,
In every Part about you, they are arm'd
To fight againſt me.

Cleora.

Cleora. Where?

Leoſt. There's no Perfection
That you are Miſtreſs of, but muſters up
A Legion againſt me, and all ſworn
To my Deſtruction.

Cleora. This is ſtrange!

Leoſt. But true, Sweet:
Exceſs of Love can work ſuch Miracles.
Upon this Ivory Forehead are intrench'd
Ten thouſand Rivals, and theſe Suns command
Supplies from all the World, on pain to forfeit
Their comfortable Beams; theſe Ruby Lips,
A rich Exchequer to aſſure their Pay;
This Hand, *Sibylla*'s golden Bough to guard them
Through Hell, and Horror, to the *Elyzian* Springs;
Which who'll not venture for? and, ſhould I name
Such as the Virtues of your Mind invite,
Their Numbers would be infinite.

Cleora. Can you think
I may be tempted?

Leoſt. You were never prov'd.
For me, I have convers'd with you no farther
Than would become a Brother. I ne'er tun'd
Looſe Notes to your chaſte Ears; or brought rich Pre-
For my Artillery, to batter down [ſents
The Fortreſs of your Honour; nor endeavour'd
To make your Blood run high at ſolemn Feaſts
With Viands, that provoke (the ſpeeding Philtres):
I work'd no Bawds to tempt you; never practis'd
The cunning and corrupting Arts they ſtudy,
That wander in the wild Maze of Deſire;
Honeſt Simplicity and Truth were all
The Agents I employ'd; and when I came
To ſee you, it was with that Reverence
As I beheld the Altars of the Gods;
And Love, that came along with me, was taught
To leave his Arrows, and his Torch behind,
Quench'd in my Fear to give Offence.

Cleora. And 'twas

That

That Modeſty that took me, and preſerves me,
Like a freſh Roſe, in mine own natural Sweetneſs;
Which, ſully'd with the Touch of impure Hands,
Loſe both Scent and Beauty.
Leoſt. But, *Cleora*,
When I am abſent, as I muſt go from you,
(Such is the Cruelty of my Fate) and leave you,
Unguarded, to the violent Aſſaults
Of looſe Temptations; when the Memory
Of my ſo many Years of Love, and Service,
Is loſt in other Objects; when you are courted
By ſuch as keep a Catalogue of their Conqueſts
Won upon credulous Virgins; when nor Father
Is here to awe you, Brother to adviſe you,
Nor your poor Servant by, to keep ſuch off,
By Luſt inſtructed how to undermine,
And blow your Chaſtity up; when your weak Senſes,
At once aſſaulted, ſhall conſpire againſt you,
And play the Traitors to your Soul, your Virtue;
How can you ſtand? 'Faith, though you fall, and I
The Judge, before whom you then ſtood accus'd,
I ſhould acquit you.
Cleora. Will you then confirm
That Love and Jealouſy, tho' of different Natures,
Muſt of Neceſſity be Twins; the Younger
Created only to defeat the Elder,
And ſpoil him of his Birth-right? 'tis not well.
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not;
Nor with one Syllable, or Tear, expreſs
How deeply I am wounded with the Arrows
Of your Diſtruſt: But, when that you ſhall hear,
At your Return, how I have borne myſelf,
And what an auſtere Penance I take on me,
To ſatisfy your Doubts: When like a Veſtal
I ſhew you, to your Shame, the Fire ſtill burning,
Committed to my Charge by true Affection,
The People joining with you in the Wonder:
When, by the glorious Splendor of my Suff'rings,
The prying Eyes of Jealouſy are ſtruck blind,

The

The Monſter too that feeds on Fears, ev'n ſtarv'd
For Want of ſeeming Matter to accuſe me,
Expect, *Leoſthenes*, a ſharp Reproof
From my juſt Anger.
Leoſt. What will you do?
Cleora. Obey me,
Or from this Minute you're a Stranger to me;
And do't without Reply.—All-ſeeing Sun,
Thou Witneſs of my Innocence, thus I cloſe
Mine Eyes againſt thy comfortable Light,
'Till the Return of this diſtruſtful Man.
[*He binds her Eyes.*
Now bind them ſure;—nay, do't: If uncompell'd
I looſe this Knot, untill the Hands that made it
Be pleas'd t' untie it, may conſuming Plagues
Fall heavy on me: Pray you, guide me to your Lips.
This Kiſs, when you come back, ſhall be a Virgin
To bid you welcome.—Nay, I have not done yet:
I will continue dumb; and, you once gone,
No Accent ſhall come from me: Now to my Chamber,
My Tomb, if you miſcarry: There I'll ſpend
My Hours in ſilent Mourning, and thus much
Shall be reported of me to my Glory,
And you confeſs it, whether I live or die,
My Chaſtity triumphs o'er your Jealouſy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Aſotus *driving in* Gracculo.

Aſot. You Slave! you Dog! down, Curr.
Grac. Hold, good young Maſter,
For Pity's Sake!
Aſot. Now am I in my Kingdom.
Who ſays I am not valiant?—I begin
To frown again: Quake, Villain.
Grac. So I do, Sir;
Your Looks are Agues to me.
Aſot. Are they ſo, Sir?
'Slight, if I had them at this Bay, that flout me,

And ſay I look like a Sheep, and an Aſs, I'd make 'em
Feel, that I am a Lion.
Grac. Do not roar, Sir,
As you're a valiant Beaſt — But do you know
Why you uſe me thus?
Aſot. I'll beat thee a little more,
Then ſtudy for a Reaſon.——O! I have it:
One brake a Jeſt on me, and then I ſwore,
Becauſe I durſt not ſtrike him, when I came home
That I would break thy Head.
Grac. Pox on his Mirth;
I'm ſure I mourn for't. [*Aſide.*
Aſot. Remember too, I charge you,
To teach my Horſe good Manners; for this Morning
As I rode to take the Air, th' untutor'd Jade
Threw me, and kick'd me.
Grac. I thank him for't. [*Aſide.*
Aſot. What's that?
Grac. I ſay, Sir, I'll teach him to hold his Heels,
If you will hold your Fingers.
Aſot. I'll think upon't.
Grac. I am bruis'd to Jelly.—Better be a Dog,
Than Slave to a Fool or Coward. [*Aſide.*
Aſot. Here's my Mother.

Enter Coriſca *and* Zanthia.

She is chaſtiſing too.—How brave we live,
That have our Slaves to beat, to keep us in Breath,
When we want Exerciſe!
Coriſ. Careleſs Harlotry, [*Striking her.*
Look to't, if a Curl fall, or Wind or Sun
Take my Complexion off, I will not leave
One Hair upon thine Head.
Grac. Here's a ſecond Show
Of the Family of Pride.
Coriſ. Fie on theſe Wars!
I'm ſtarv'd for want of Action, not a Gameſter left
To keep a Woman play: If this World laſt
A little longer with us, Ladies muſt ſtudy

Some

Some new-found Myſtery to cool one another,
We ſhall burn to Cinders elſe. I have heard there have been
Such Arts in a long Vacation; would they were
Reveal'd to me! They've made my Doctor too
Phyſician to the Army, he was us'd
To ſerve the Turn at a Pinch; but I am now
Quite unprovided.

Aſot. My Mother-in-Law is ſure
At her Devotion. [*Aſide.*

Coriſ. There are none but our Slaves left;
Nor are they to be truſted.—Some great Women,
Which I could name, in a Dearth of Viſitants,
Rather than be idle, have been glad to play
At ſmall Game; but I am ſo ſqueaſy-ſtomach'd,
And from my Youth have been ſo us'd to Dainties,
I cannot taſte ſuch groſs Meat. Some that are hungry
Draw on their Shoemakers, and take a Fall
From ſuch as mend Mats in their Galleries;
Or when a Taylor ſettles a Petticoat on,
Take Meaſure of his Bodkin.—Fie upon't,
'Tis baſe; for my Part, I could rather lie with
A Gallant's Breeches, and conceive upon 'em,
Than ſtoop ſo low,

Aſot. Fair Madam, and my Mother ——

Coriſ. Leave the laſt out, it ſmells rank of the Country, [not
And ſhews coarſe Breeding; your true Courtier knows
His Niece, or Siſter, from another Woman,
If ſhe be apt and cunning.—I could tempt now
This Fool; but he will be ſo long a working:
Then he's my Huſband's Son.—The fitter to
Supply his Wants, I have the Way already.
I'll try if it will take.——When were you with
Your Miſtreſs, fair *Cleora?*

Aſot. Two Days ſithence,
But ſhe's ſo coy, forſooth, that ere I can
Speak a pen'd Speech I've bought and ſtudy'd for her,
Her Women calls her away.

Coriſ. Here's a dull Thing!
But better taught, I hope.—Send off your Man.
Aſot. Sirrah, be gone.
Grac. This is the firſt good Turn
She ever did me. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit* Gracculo.
Coriſ. We'll have a Scene of Mirth;
I muſt not have you ſham'd for want of Practice.
I ſtand here for *Cleora*; and, do you hear, Minion?
(That you may tell her what her Woman ſhould do)
Repeat the Leſſon over that I taught you
When my young Lord came to viſit me; if you miſs
In a Syllable or Poſture ———
Zant. I am perfect.
Aſot. Would I were ſo: I fear I ſhall be out.
Coriſ. If you are, I'll help you in.—Thus I walk muſing:
You are to enter, and, as you paſs by,
Salute my Woman:—Be but bold enough,
You'll ſpeed, I warrant you: Begin.
Aſot. Have at it ——
'Save thee, Sweetheart.—A Kiſs.
Zant. *Venus* forbid, Sir,
I ſhould preſume to taſte your Honour's Lips
Before my Lady.
Coriſ. This is well on both Parts.
Aſot. How does thy Lady?
Zant. Happy in your Lordſhip,
As often as ſhe thinks on you.
Coriſ. Very good;
This Wench will learn in Time.
Aſot. Does ſhe think of me?
Zant. O, Sir! and ſpeaks the beſt of you; admires
Your Wit, your Cloaths, Diſcourſe; and ſwears, but that
You are not forward enough for a Lord, you were
The moſt compleat and abſolute Man.—I'll ſhew
Your Lordſhip a Secret.
Aſot. Not of thine own?
Zant. O! no, Sir;
'Tis of my Lady:—But, upon your Honour,

You

You muſt conceal it.

Aſot. By all Means.

Zant. Sometimes
I lie with my Lady, as the laſt Night I did;
She could not ſay her Pray'rs, for thinking of you:
Nay, ſhe talk'd of you in her Sleep, and ſigh'd out
O ſweet *Aſotus!* ſure thou art ſo backward
That I muſt raviſh thee; and in that Fervour
She took me in her Arms, threw me upon her,
Kiſs'd me, and hugg'd, and then wak'd, and wept
——Becauſe 'twas but a Dream.

Coriſ. This will bring him on,
Or he's a Block.—A good Girl!

Aſot. I am mad,
'Till I am at it.

Zant. Be not put off, Sir,
With, Away, I dare not; Fie, you are immodeſt;
My Brother's up; my Father will hear.—Shoot home,
You cannot miſs the Mark. [Sir,

Aſot. There's for thy Counſel. [*Gives her Money.*
This is the faireſt Interlude; if it prove earneſt,
I ſhall wiſh I were a Player.

Coriſ. Now my Turn comes.——
I am exceeding ſick, pray you ſend my Page
For young *Aſotus*; I cannot live without him;
Pray him to viſit me; yet, when he's preſent,
I muſt be ſtrange to him.

Aſot. Not ſo; you're caught:
Lo, whom you wiſh, behold *Aſotus* here!

Coriſ. You wait well, Minion; ſhortly I ſhall not ſpeak
My Thoughts in my private Chamber, but they muſt
Lie open to Diſcovery.

Aſot. 'Slid, ſhe's angry.

Zant. No, no, Sir, ſhe but ſeems ſo.—To her again.

Aſot. Lady, I would deſcend to kiſs your Hand,
But that 'tis glov'd, and Civit makes me ſick;
And to preſume to taſte your Lips not ſafe,
Your Woman by.

Coriſ. I hope ſhe's no Obſerver
Of whom I grace. [Zant. *looks on a Book.*
Aſot. She's at her Book, O rare! [*Kiſſes her.*
Coriſ. A Kiſs for Entertainment is ſufficient:
Too much of one Diſh cloys me.
Aſot. I would ſerve in
The ſecond Courſe; but ſtill I fear your Woman.
Coriſ. You're very cauteous. [Zant. *ſeems to ſleep.*
Aſot. 'Slight ſhe's aſleep!
'Tis Pity theſe Inſtructions are not printed;
They would ſell well to Chamber-Maids.—'Tis no Time now
To play with my good Fortune, and your Favour,
Yet to be taken, as they ſay — a Scout,
To give the Signal when the Enemy comes,
[*Exit* Zanthia.
Were now worth Gold.—She's gone to watch.——
A Waiter ſo train'd up were worth a Million
To a wanton City-Madam.
Coriſ. You're grown conceited.
Aſot. You teach me.—Lady, now — your Cabinet.
Coriſ. You ſpeak as it were yours.
Aſot. When we are there,
I'll ſhew you my beſt Evidence.
Coriſ. Hold! you forget;
I only play *Cleora*'s Part.
Aſot. No Matter;
Now we've begun, let's end the Act.
Coriſ. Forbear, Sir!
Your Father's Wife?
Aſot. Why, being Heir, I am bound,
Since he can make no Satisfaction to you,
To ſee his Debts paid.

Enter Zanthia *running.*

Zant. Madam, my Lord.——
Coriſ. Fall off;
I muſt trifle with the Time too! Hell confound it!

Aſot.

Aſot. Plague on his toothleſs Chaps! he cannot do't
Himſelf, yet hinders ſuch as have good Stomachs.

Enter Cleon.

Cleon. Where are you, Wife? I fain would go Abroad;
But cannot find my Slaves, that bear my Litter.
I'm tir'd:—Your Shoulder, Son;—nay, Sweet, thy Hand too;
A Turn or two in the Garden, and then to Supper,
And ſo to Bed.
Aſot. Never to riſe, I hope, more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Piſander, Poliphron, *bringing forth a Table.*

Piſan. 'Twill take, I warrant thee.
Polip. You may do your Pleaſure:
But, in my Judgment, better to make Uſe of
The preſent Opportunity.
Piſan. No more.
Polip. I'm ſilenc'd.
Piſan. More Wine; pry'thee drink hard, Friend,
And when we're hot, whatever I propound,

Enter Cimbrio, Gracculo, *and other Slaves.*

Second with Vehemency.—Men of your Words, all welcome!
Slaves uſe no Ceremony; ſit down, here's a Health.
Polip. Let it run round, fill every Man his Glaſs.
Grac. We look for no Waiters; this is Wine.
Piſan. The better,
Strong, luſty Wine: Drink deep, this Juice will make us
As free as our Lords, [*Drinks.*
Grac. But, if they find we taſte it,
We are all damn'd to the Quarry, during Life,
Without Hope of Redemption.
Piſan. Piſh! for that
We'll talk anon: Another Rouze, we loſe Time; [*Drinks.*
When our low Blood's wound up a little higher,

I'll offer my Deſign;—nay, we are cold yet,
Theſe Glaſſes contain nothing;—do me right
[*Takes the Bottle.*
As e'er you hope for Liberty. 'Tis done bravely;
How do you feel yourſelves now?
Cimb. I begin
To have ſtrange Conundrums in my Head.
Grac. And I,
To loath baſe Water: I would be hang'd in Peace now,
For one Month of ſuch Holidays.
Piſan. An Age, Boys,
And yet defy the Whip, if you are Men,
Or dare believe, you've Souls.
Cimb. We are no Brokers:
Grac. Nor Whores, whoſe Marks are out of their Mouths:
They hardly can get Salt enough to keep 'em
From ſtinking above Ground.
Piſan. Our Lords are no Gods?
Grac. They are Devils to us, I am ſure.
Piſan. But ſubject to
Cold, Hunger, and Diſeaſes.
Grac. In Abundance:
Your Lord, that feels no Ach in his Chine at Twenty,
Forfeits his Privilege; how ſhould their Chirurgion build elſe,
Or ride on their Foot-cloaths?
Piſan. Equal Nature faſhion'd us
All in one Mold: The Bear ſerves not the Bear,
Nor the Wolf the Wolf; 'twas odds of Strength in Tyrants,
That pluck'd the firſt Link from the golden Chain
With which that Thing of Things bound in the World.
Why then, ſince we are taught, by their Examples,
To love our Liberty, if not command,
Should the Strong ſerve the Weak, the fair deform'd ones?
Or ſuch as know the Cauſe of Things, pay Tribute
To ignorant Fools? All's but the outward Gloſs
And politic Form, that does diſtinguiſh us.

Cymbrio,

Cymbrio, thou art a ſtrong Man; if, in Place
Of carrying Burthens, thou hadſt been train'd up
In martial Diſcipline, thou might'ſt have prov'd
A General, fit to lead and fight for *Sicily*,
As fortunate as *Timoleon*.
Cymbrio. A little fighting
Will ſerve a General's Turn.
Piſan. Thou, *Gracculo*,
Haſt Fluency of Language, quick Conceit;
And I think, cover'd with a Senator's Robe,
Formally ſet on the Bench, thou wouldſt appear
As brave a Senator——
Grac. Would I had Lands,
Or Money to buy a Place; and if I did not
Sleep on the Bench, with the drowſieſt of 'em,
Play with my Chain.
Look on my Watch, when my Guts chim'd Twelve, and wear
A State Beard, with my Barber's Help; rank with 'em
In their moſt choice peculiar Gifts; degrade me
And put me to drink Water again, which (now
I've taſted Wine) were Poiſon.
Piſan. 'Tis ſpoke nobly,
And like a Gown-man:—None of theſe, I think too,
But would prove good Burghers.
Grac. Hum! the Fools are modeſt:
I know their Inſides.—Here's an ill-fac'd Fellow
(But that will not be ſeen in a dark Shop,)
If he did not, in a Month, learn to out-ſwear,
In the ſelling of his Wares, the cunningeſt Tradeſman
In *Syracuſa*, I've no Skill.—Here's another,
Obſerve but what a cous'ning Look he has,
(Hold up thy Head Man) if for drawing Gallants
Into Mortgages for Commodities, cheating Heirs
With your new counterfeit Gold Thread, and gumm'd Velvets
He does not tranſcend all that went before him,
Call in his Patent. Paſs the reſt; they'll all make
Sufficient *Becos*, and with their Brow-antlers

Bear

Bear up the Cap of Maintenance.
Piſan. Is't not pity, then,
Men of ſuch eminent Virtues ſhould be Slaves?
Cimb. Our Fortune!
Piſan. 'Tis your Folly: Daring Men
Command, and make their Fates.—Say, at this Inſtant,
I mark'd you out a Way to Liberty;
Poſſeſs'd you of thoſe Bleſſings our proud Lords
So long have ſurfeited in; and, what is ſweeteſt,
Arm you with Pow'r, by ſtrong Hand to avenge
Your Stripes, your unregarded Toil, the Pride,
The Inſolence of ſuch as tread upon
Your Patient Sufferings; fill your famiſh'd Mouths,
With the Fat and Plenty of the Land; redeem you
From the dark Vale of Servitude, and ſeat you
Upon a Hill of Happineſs: What would you do
To purchaſe this, and more?
Grac. Do any Thing:
To burn a Church or two, and dance by the Light on't
Were but a May-game.
Poliph. I have a Father living;
But, if the cutting of his Throat could work this,
He ſhould excuſe me.
Cimb. I would cut mine own,
Rather than miſs it, ſo I might but have
A Taſte on't e'er I die.
Piſan. Be reſolute Men,
You ſhall run no ſuch Hazard; nor groan under
The Burthen of ſuch crying Sins.
Cimb. The Means?
Grac. I feel a Woman's Longing.
Polip. Don't torment us
With Expectation.
Piſ. Thus then: Our proud Maſters,
And all the able Freemen of the City
Are gone unto the Wars—
Poliph. Obſerve but that.
Piſan. Old Men, and ſuch as can make no Reſiſtance,
Are only left at Home.

Grac.

Grac. And the proud young Fool
My Maſter—If this take, I'll hamper him.

Piſan. Their Arſenal, their Treaſure's in our Power,
If we have Hearts to ſeize 'em. If our Lords fall
In the preſent Action, the whole Country's ours.
Say they return victorious, we have Means
To keep the Town againſt them; at the worſt
To make our own Conditions. Now, if you dare
Fall on their Daughters and their Wives, break up
Their Iron Cheſts, banquet on their rich Beds,
And carve yourſelves of all Delights and Pleaſures
You have been barr'd from, with one Voice cry with me,
Liberty, Liberty!

All. Liberty, Liberty!

Piſan. Go then, and take Poſſeſſion: Uſe all Freedom;
But ſhed no Blood.—So, this is well begun;
But not to be commended till't be done.

[*Exeunt all, crying Liberty.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Piſander, Timandra.

Piſan. WHY, think you that I plot againſt myſelf?
Fear nothing; you are ſafe: Theſe thick-ſkin'd Slaves,
I uſe as Inſtruments to ſerve my Ends,
Pierce not my deep Deſigns; nor ſhall they dare
To lift an Arm againſt you.

Timand. With your Will:
But turbulent Spirits, rais'd beyond themſelves
With Eaſe are not ſo ſoon laid: They oft prove
Dangerous to him that call'd them up.

Piſan. 'Tis true,
In what is raſhly undertook. Long ſince

I have conſider'd ſeriouſly their Natures,
Proceeded with mature Advice, and know
I hold their Will and Faculties in more Awe
Than I can do my own. Now, for their Licence,
And Riot in the City, I can make
A juſt Defence, and Uſe: It may appear too
A politic Prevention of ſuch Ills
As might with greater Violence and Danger
Hereafter be attempted; though ſome ſmart for't
It matters not:—However, I'm reſolv'd;
And ſleep you with Security. Holds *Cleora*
Conſtant to her raſh Vow?

Timand. Beyond Belief;
To me, that ſee her hourly, it ſeems a Fable.
By Signs I gueſs at her Commands, and ſerve 'em
With Silence; ſuch her Pleaſure is made known
By holding her fair Hand thus. She eats little,
Sleeps leſs, as I imagine: Once a Day
I lead her to this Gallery, where ſhe walks
Some half a dozen Turns, and, having offer'd
To her abſent Saint a Sacrifice of Sighs,
She points back to her Priſon.

Piſan. Guide her hither,
And make her underſtand the Slaves Revolt;
And with your utmoſt Eloquence enlarge
Their Inſolence, and Rapes done in the City.
Forget not too, I am their chief, and tell her
You ſtrongly think my extreme Dotage on her,
As I am *Marullo*, caus'd this ſudden Uproar,
To make Way to enjoy her.

Timand. Punctually
I will diſcharge my Part. [*Exit* Timandra.

Enter Poliphron.

Poliph. O, Sir, I ſought you:
You've miſs'd the Sport. Hell, I think's broke looſe,
There's ſuch Variety of all Diſorders,
As Leaping, Shouting, Drinking, Dancing, Whoring,
Among the Slaves; anſwer'd with Crying, Howling,

By the Citizens and their Wives; ſuch a Confuſion,
(In a Word, not to tire you) as I think
The like was never read of.
Piſan. I ſhare in
The Pleaſure, though I'm abſent. This is ſome
Revenge for my Diſgrace.
Poliph. But, Sir, I fear,
If your Authority reſtrain them not,
They'll fire the City, or kill one another,
They are ſo apt to Outrage; neither know I
Whether you wiſh it, and came therefore to
Acquaint you with ſo much.
Piſan. I will among 'em;
But muſt not long be abſent.
Poliph. At your Pleaſure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cleora, Timandra, *a Chair, a Shout within.*

Timand. They're at our Gates, my Heart! affrights and Horrors
Increaſe each Minute: No Way left to ſave us,
No flattering Hope to comfort us, or Means
By Miracle to redeem us from baſe Luſt,
And lawleſs Rapine? Are theſe Gods, yet ſuffer
Such innocent Sweetneſs to be made the Spoil
Of brutiſh Appetite? Or, ſince they decree
To ruin Nature's Maſter-piece (of which
They have not left one Pattern) muſt they chooſe,
To ſet their Tyranny off, Slaves to pollute
The Spring of Chaſtity, and Poiſon it
With their moſt loath'd Embraces? And of thoſe
He that ſhould offer up his Life to guard it?
Marullo, curs'd *Marullo*, your own Bondman,
Purchas'd to ſerve you, and fed by your Favours.
[*Cleora ſtarts.*
Nay, ſtart not: It is he; he, the grand Captain
Of theſe libidinous Beaſts, that have not left
One cruel Act undone, that barbarous Conqueſt

Yet

Yet ever practis'd in a captive City.
He, doting on your Beauty, and to have Fellows
In his foul Sin, hath rais'd theſe mutinous Slaves,
Who have begun the Game by violent Rapes,
Upon the Wives and Daughters of their Lords:
And he, to quench the Fire of his baſe Luſt,
By Force comes to enjoy you:—Do not wring
[Cleora *wrings her Hands.*
Your innocent Hands, 'tis bootleſs; uſe the Means
That may preſerve you. 'Tis no Crime to break
A Vow when you are forc'd to it; ſhew your Face,
And with the Majeſty of commanding Beauty
Strike dead his looſe Affections: If that fail,
Give Liberty to your Tongue, and uſe Entreaties;
There cannot be a Breaſt of Fleſh and Blood,
Or Heart ſo made of Flint, but muſt receive
Impreſſion from your Words; or Eyes ſo ſtern,
But from the clear Reflection of your Tears
Muſt melt, and bear them Company; will you not
Do theſe good Offices to yourſelf? Poor I, then,
Can only weep your Fortune:—Here he comes.

Enter Piſander *ſpeaking at the Door.*

Piſand. He that advances
A Foot beyond this, comes upon my Sword.
You have had your Ways, diſturb not mine.
Timand. Speak gently,
Her Fears may kill her, elſe.
Piſand. Now, Love inſpire me!
Still ſhall this Canopy of envious Night
Obſcure my Suns of Comfort? And thoſe Dainties
Of pureſt White and Red, which I take in at
My greedy Eyes, deny'd my famiſh'd Senſes?
The Organs of your Hearing are yet open.
And you infringe no Vow, though you vouchſafe
To give them Warrant to convey unto
Your underſtanding Parts, the Story of
A tortur'd and deſpairing Lover, whom
Not Fortune but Affection marks your Slave:
[Cleora *ſhakes.*

Shake

Shake not, beſt Lady! for believ't, you are
As far from Danger as I am from force.
All Violence I'll offer, tends no farther
Then to relate my Sufferings, which I dare not
Preſume to do, till by ſome gracious Sign
You ſhew you're pleas'd to hear me.
Timand. If you are,
Hold forth your Right-hand.
[Cleora *holds forth her Right-hand.*
Piſan. So, 'tis done; and I
With my glad Lips ſeal humbly on your Foot,
My Soul's Thanks for the Favour: I forbear
To tell you who I am, what Wealth, what Honours
I made Exchange of to become your Servant:
And, though I knew worthy *Leoſthenes*
(For ſure he muſt be worthy, for whoſe Love
You have endur'd ſo much) to be my Rival;
When Rage and Jealouſy counſell'd me to kill him,
(Which then I could have done with much more Eaſe,
Than now, in Fear to grieve you, I dare ſpeak it)
Love, ſeconded with Duty boldly told me,
The Man I hated, fair *Cleora* favour'd:
And that was his Protection. [Cleora *bows.*
Timand. See, ſhe bows
Her Head in Sign of Thankfulneſs.
Piſan. He remov'd,
By th' Occaſion of the War (my Fires increaſing
By being clos'd and ſtopp'd up) frantic Affection
Prompted me to do ſomething in his Abſence
That might deliver you into my Power,
Which you ſee is effected; and even now,
When my rebellious Paſſions chide my Dulneſs,
And tell me how much I abuſe my Fortunes;
Now 'tis in my Power to bear you hence, [Cleora *ſtarts.*
Or take my Wiſhes here, (nay, fear not, Madam,
True Love's a Servant, brutiſh Luſt a Tyrant)
I dare not touch thoſe Viands, that ne'er taſte well,
But when they're freely offer'd: Only thus much,
Be pleas'd I may ſpeak in my own dear Cauſe,

And

And think it worthy your Conſideration,
I have lov'd truly, (cannot ſay deſerv'd;
Since Duty muſt not take the Name of Merit)
That I ſo far prize your Content, before
All Bleſſings that my Hope can faſhion to me,
That willingly I entertain Deſpair,
And for your Sake embrace it. For I know,
This Opportunity loſt, by no Endeavour
The like can be recover'd. To conclude,
Forget not, that I loſe myſelf, to ſave you.
For what can I expect, but Death and Torture,
The War being ended? And, what is a Taſk
Would trouble *Hercules* to undertake,
I do deny you to myſelf, to give you
A pure unſpotted Preſent to my Rival.
I've ſaid: If it diſtaſte not, beſt of Virgins,
Reward my Temperance with ſome lawful Favour,
Though you contemn my Perſon.

[Cleora *kneels, then pulls off her Glove, and offers her Hand to* Piſander.

Timand. See, ſhe kneels,
And ſeems to call upon the Gods to pay
The Debt ſhe owes your Vertue: To perform which,
As a ſure Pledge of Friendſhip, ſhe vouchſafes you
Her Right-hand.

Piſan. I am paid for all my Sufferings.
Now, when you pleaſe, paſs to your private Chamber
My Love, and Duty, faithful Guards, ſhall keep you

[*Makes a low Courteſey, as ſhe goes off.*

From all Diſturbance; and when you are ſated
With thinking of *Leoſthenes*, as a Fee
Due to my Service, ſpare one Sigh for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Gracculo *leading* Aſotus *in an Ape's Habit, with a Chain about his Neck.* Zanthia *in* Coriſca's *Cloaths, ſhe bearing up her Train.*

Grac. Come on, Sir.

Aſot. Oh!

Grac. Do you grumble? You were ever
A brainleſs Aſs; but, if this hold, I'll teach you
To come aloft, and do Tricks like an Ape.
Your Morning's Leſſon! if you miſs—

Aſot. O no, Sir! [Aſotus *makes Mouths.*

Grac. What for the *Carthaginians?*—A good Beaſt.
What for ourſelf, your Lord?—Exceeding well. [*Dances.*
There's your Reward. Not kiſs your Paw? So, ſo, ſo.

Zant. Was ever Lady the firſt Day of her Honour
So waited on by a wrinkled Crone? She looks now,
Without her Painting, Curling, and Perfumes,
Like the laſt Day of *January*; and ſtinks worſe
Than a hot Brach in the Dog Days. Farther off!
So—ſtand there like an Image;—if you ſtir,
'Till with a quarter of a Look I call you,
You know what follows.

Coriſ. Oh, what am I fall'n to!
But 'tis a Puniſhment for my Luſt and Pride,
Juſtly return'd upon me.

Grac. How do'ſt thou like
Thy Ladyſhip, *Zanthia?*

Zant. Very well; and bear it
With as much State as your Lordſhip.

Grac. Give me thy Hand:
Let us like conq'ring *Romans* walk in Triumph,
Our Captives following: Then mount our Tribunals,
And make the Slaves our Footſtools.

Zant. Fine, by *Jove!*—
Are your Hands clean, Minion?

Coriſ. Yes, forſooth.

Zant. Fall off then—

So, now come on; and, having made your three Duties,
—Down, I ſay, (are you ſtiff in the Hams?) now kneel,
And tie our Shoe. Now kiſs it, and be happy.

Grac. This is State, indeed.

Zant. It is ſuch as ſhe taught me;
A tickling Itch of Greatneſs, your proud Ladies
Expect from their poor Waiters: We have chang'd Parts;
She does what ſhe forc'd me to do in her Reign,
And I muſt practiſe it in mine.

Grac. 'Tis Juſtice:
O! here come more.

Enter Cimbrio, Cleon, Poliphron, Olympia.

Cimb. Diſcover to a Drachma,
Or I will famiſh thee.

Cleon. O! I'm pin'd already.

Cimb. Hunger ſhall force thee to cut off the Brawns
From thy Arms and Thighs, then broil them on the Coals
For Carbonadoes.

Poliph. Spare the old Jade, he's foundred.

Grac. Cut his Throat, then,
And hang him out for a Scare-crow.

Poliph. You have all your Wiſhes
In your Revenge, and I have mine. You ſee
I uſe no Tyranny: When I was her Slave,
She kept me as a Sinner to lie at her Back
In froſty Nights, and fed me high with Dainties
Which ſtill ſhe had in her Belly again e're Morning;
And in Requital of thoſe Courteſies,
Having made one another free, we are married,
And, if you wiſh us Joy, join with us in
A Dance at our Wedding.

Grac. Agreed; for I have thought of
A moſt triumphant one, which ſhall expreſs,
We are Lords, and theſe our Slaves.

Poliph. But we ſhall want
A Woman.

Grac. No, here's *Jane of Apes* ſhall ſerve;——
Carry your Body ſwimming: Where's the Muſic?

Poliph.

Poliph. I have plac'd it in yon Window.

[*The Dance at the End.*

Grac. Begin then ſprightly.

Enter Piſander *unſeen.*

Poliph. Well done on all Sides. I have prepar'd a Banquet;
Let's drink and cool us.

Grac. A good Motion.

Cimb. Wait here:——
You have been tired with Feaſting, learn to faſt now.

Grac. I'll have an Apple for *Jack*, and may be ſome Scraps
May fall to your Share.

[*Exeunt* Gracculo, Zanthia, Cimbrio, Poliphron, Olympia.

Corif. Whom can we accuſe
But ourſelves for what we ſuffer? Thou art juſt,
Thou all-creating Power! [4] and Miſery
Inſtructs me now, that Yeſterday acknowledg'd
No Deity beyond my Luſt and Pride.
There is a Heaven above us, that looks down
With Eyes of Juſtice, upon ſuch as number
Thoſe Bleſſings freely given, in the Accompt
Of their poor Merits: Elſe it could not be.
Now, miſerable I, to pleaſe whoſe Pallat
The Elements were ranſack'd, yet complain'd
Of Nature, as not liberal enough

[4] ——— *Thou art juſt*
Thou all-creating Power, &c.

This and the following Reflections are very beautiful and juſt: *Shakeſpear* in King *Lear* has one on the Juſtice of Providence which I ſhall here ſet down.

That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: Heavens deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt dieted Man,
That ſlaves your Ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he does not feel, feel your Power quickly;
So Diſtribution ſhould undo Exceſs,
And each Man have enough.

Act 4. Scene 1.

In her Proviſion of Rarities
To ſooth my Taſte, and pamper my proud Fleſh:
Now wiſh in vain for Bread.
Cleon. Yes, I do wiſh too
For what I fed my Dogs with.
Coriſ. I, that forgot
I was made of Fleſh and Blood, and thought the Silks
Spun by the diligent Worm, out of their Intrails,
Too coarſe to clothe me, and the ſofteſt Down
Too hard to ſleep on; that diſdain'd to look
On Virtue being in Rags: that ſtopp'd my Noſe
At thoſe that did not uſe adulterate Arts
To better Nature; that from thoſe, that ſerv'd me,
Expected Adoration, am made juſtly
The Scorn of my own Bondwoman.
Aſot. I am puniſh'd,
For ſeeking to cuckold mine own natural Father.
Had I been gelded then, or us'd myſelf
Like a Man, I had not been transform'd, and forc'd
To play an o'er-grown Ape.
Cleon. I know I cannot
Laſt long, that's all my Comfort: Come, I forgive both
It is in vain to be angry; let us, therefore,
Lament together like Friends.
Piſan. What a true Mirrour
Were this ſad Spectacle for ſecure Greatneſs!
Here they, that never ſee themſelves, but in
The Glaſs of ſervile Flattery, might behold
The weak Foundation upon which they build
That truſt in human Frailty. Happy are thoſe,
That knowing in their Births, they are ſubject to
Uncertain Change, are ſtill prepar'd, and arm'd
For either Fortune! a rare Principle,
And with much Labour, learn'd in Wiſdom's School!
For as theſe Bondmen by their Actions ſhew,
That their Proſperity like too large a Sail
For their ſmall Bark of Judgment, ſinks them with
Afore-right Gale of Liberty, e're they reach
The Port they long to touch at: So theſe Wretches,

Swoln

Swoln with the falſe Opinion of their Worth,
And proud of Bleſſings left them, not acquir'd;
That did believe they could with Giant Arms
Fathom the Earth, and were above their Fates,
Thoſe borrow'd Helps that did ſupport them vaniſh'd,
Fall of themſelves, and by unmanly ſuff'ring,
Betray their proper Weakneſs and make known
Their boaſted Greatneſs was lent, not their own.

Cleon. O for ſome Meat: They ſit long.

Coriſ. We forgot,
When we drew out intemperate Feaſts till Midnight:
Their Hunger was not thought on, nor their Watchings;
Nor did we hold ourſelves ſerv'd to the Height,
But when we did exact, and force their Duties
Beyond their Strength and Power.

Aſot. We pay for't now:
I now could be content to have my Head
Broke with a Rib of Beef, or, for a Coffin,
Be bury'd in the Dripping-pan.

Enter Poliphron, Cimbrio, Gracculo, Zanthia, Olympia, *drunk and quarrelling.*

Cimb. Do not hold me:
Not kiſs the Bride?

Poliph. No, Sir.

Cimb. She's common Good,
And ſo we'll uſe her.

Grac. We'll have nothing private.

Olymp. Hold:—

Zant. Here, *Marullo.*—

Olymp. He's your Chief.

Cimb. We are Equals,
I will know no Obedience.

Grac. Nor Superior.—
Nay, if you are Lion-drunk, I will make one;
For lightly ever he that parts the Fray,
Goes away with the Blows.

Piſan. Art thou mad too?
No more, as you reſpect me.

Poliph. I obey, Sir,
Piſan. Quarrel among yourſelves?
Cimb. Yes, in our Wine, Sir,
And for our Wenches.
Grac. How could we be Lords, elſe?
Piſan. Take heed; I've News will cool this Heat, and make you
Remember what you were.
Cimb. How?
Piſan. Send off theſe,
And then I'll tell you. [Zanthia *beating* Coriſca.
Olymp. This is Tyranny,
Now ſhe offends not.
Zant. 'Tis for Exerciſe,
And to help Digeſtion: What is ſhe good for, elſe?
To me it was her Language.
Piſan. Lead her off;
And take heed, Madam Minx, the Wheel may turn.
Go to your Meat, and Reſt, and from this Hour
Remember, He that is a Lord to Day,
May be a Slave To-morrow.
Cleon. Good Morality!
[*Exeunt* Cleon, Aſotus, Zanthia, Olympia, Coriſca.
Cimb. But what would you impart?
Piſan. What muſt invite you
To ſtand upon your Guard, and leave your Feaſting;
Or but imagine, what it is to be
Moſt miſerable, and reſt aſſur'd you are ſo.
Our Maſters are victorious.
All. How!
Piſan. Within
A Day's March of the City, fleſh'd with Spoil,
And proud of Conqueſt; the *Armado* ſunk;
The *Carthaginian* Admiral, Hand to Hand,
Slain by *Leoſthenes*.
Cimb. I feel the Whip
Upon my Back already.
Grac. Every Man
Seek a convenient Tree, and hang himſelf.

Poliph.

Poliph. Better die once, than live an Age, to ſuffer
New Tortures every Hour.
Cimb. Say, we ſubmit,
And yield us to their Mercy.
Piſan. Can you flatter
Yourſelves with ſuch falſe Hopes? Or dare you think
That your imperious Lords, that never fail'd
To puniſh with Severity petty Slips
In your Neglect of Labour, may be won
To pardon thoſe licentious Outrages,
Which noble Enemies forbear to practiſe
Upon the conquer'd? What have you omitted,
That may call on their juſt Revenge with Horror
And ſtudied Cruelty? We have gone too far
To think now of retiring; in our Courage,
And During, lies our Safety; if you are not
Slaves in your abject Minds, as in your Fortunes,
Since to die is the worſt, better expoſe
Our naked Breaſts to their keen Swords, and ſell
Our Lives with the moſt Advantage, then to truſt
In a foreſtall'd Remiſſion, or yield up
Our Bodies to the Furnace of their Fury,
Thrice heated with Revenge.
Grac. You led us on.
Cimb. And 'tis but Juſtice, you ſhould bring us off.
Grac. And we expect it.
Piſan. Hear then, and obey me;
And I will either ſave you, or fall with you.
Man the Walls ſtrongly, and make good the Ports;
Boldly deny their Entrance, and rip up
Your Grievances, and what compell'd you to
This deſperate Courſe: If they diſdain to hear
Of Compoſition, we have in our Powers
Their aged Fathers, Children, and their Wives,
Who, to preſerve themſelves, muſt willingly
Make Interceſſion for us. 'Tis not Time now
To talk, but do. A glorious End, or Freedom,
Is now propos'd us; ſtand reſolv'd for either,
And like good Fellows, live, or die together. [*Ex.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Leoſthenes, Timagoras.

Timag. I am ſo far from Envy, I am proud
You have outſtripp'd me in the Race of Honour.
Oh! 'twas a glorious Day, and bravely won!
Your bold Performance gave ſuch Luſtre to
Timoleon's wiſe Directions, as the Army
Reſts doubtful, to whom they ſtand moſt engag'd
For their ſo great Succeſs.

Leoſt. The Gods firſt honour'd,
The Glory be the General's; 'tis far from me
To be his Rival.

Timag. You abuſe your Fortune,
To entertain her Choice, and gracious Favours,
With a contracted Brow; plum'd Victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful Look,
Equally diſtant from proud Inſolence,
And baſe Dejection.

Leoſt. O *Timagoras!*
You only are acquainted with the Cauſe,
That loads my ſad Heart with a Hill of Lead;
Whoſe pond'rous Weight, neither my new-got Honour,
Aſſiſted by the general Applauſe
The Soldiers crown it with, nor all War's glories
Can leſſen or remove: And, would you pleaſe,
With fit Conſideration, to remember,
How much I wrong'd *Cleora*'s Innocence
With my raſh Doubts; and what a grievous Penance
She did impoſe upon her tender Sweetneſs,
To pluck away the Vulture Jealouſy
That fed upon my Liver, you cannot blame me,
But call it a fit Juſtice on myſelf,
Though I reſolve to be a Stranger to
The Thought of Mirth or Pleaſure.

Timag. You have redeem'd
The Forfeit of your Fault, with ſuch a Ranſom
Of honourable Action, as my Siſter

Muſt

Muſt of Neceſſity confeſs her Sufferings
Weigh'd down by your fair Merits; and, when ſhe views you,
Like a triumphant Conqueror, carried through
The Streets of *Syracuſa*, the glad People
Preſſing to meet you, and the Senators
Contending who ſhall heap moſt Honours on you;
The Oxen crown'd with Garlands led before you
Appointed for the Sacrifice; and the Altars
Smoaking with thankful Incenſe to the Gods:
The Soldiers chaunting loud Hymns to your Praiſe;
The Windows fill'd with Matrons, and with Virgins,
Throwing upon your Head, as you paſs by,
The choiceſt Flowers, and ſilently invoking
The Queen of Love, with their particular Vows,
To be thought worthy of you; can *Cleora*,
(Though, in the Glaſs of Self-love, ſhe behold
Her beſt Deſerts) but with all Joy acknowledge,
What ſhe endur'd was but a noble Trial
You made of her Affection? And her Anger,
Riſing from your too am'rous Ears, ſoon drench'd
In *Lethe*, and forgotten.

Leoſt. If thoſe Glories
You ſo ſet forth were mine, they might plead for me:
But I can lay no Claim to the leaſt Honour,
Which you with foul Injuſtice raviſh from her.
Her Beauty in me wrought a Miracle,
Taught me to aim at Things beyond my Power,
Which her Perfections purchas'd, and gave to me
From her free Bounties; ſhe inſpir'd me with
That Valour which I dare not call mine own;
And, from the fair Reflexion of her Mind,
My Soul receiv'd the ſparkling Beams of Courage.
She, from the Magazine of her proper Goodneſs,
Stock'd me with virtuous Purpoſes; ſent me forth
To trade for Honour; and, ſhe being the Owner
Of the Bark of my Adventures, I muſt yield her
A juſt Accompt of all, as 'fits a Factor:
And, howſoever others think me happy,

And cry aloud, I've made a proſp'rous Voyage,
One Frown of her Diſlike, at my Return,
(Which, as a Puniſhment for my Fault, I look for)
Strikes dead all Comfort.
Timag. Tuſh! theſe Fears are needleſs,
She cannot, muſt not, ſhall not be ſo cruel.
A free Confeſſion of a Fault wins Pardon,
But, being ſeconded by Deſert, commands it.
The General is your own, and ſure, my Father
Repents his Harſhneſs: For myſelf, I am
Ever your Creature;—one Day ſhall be happy
In your triumph and your Marriage.
Leoſt. May it prove ſo,
With her Conſent and Pardon.
Timag. Ever touching
On that harſh String? She is your own, and you
Without Diſturbance ſeize on what's your due. [*Ex.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Piſander, Timandra.

Piſan. SHE has her Health, then?
Timand. Yes, Sir, and as often
As I ſpeak of you, lends attentive Ear
To all that I deliver; nor ſeems tir'd,
Though I dwell long on the Relation of
Your Suff'rings for her, heaping Praiſe on Praiſe
On your unequal'd Temperance, and Command,
You hold o'er your Affections.
Piſan. To my Wiſh:
Have you acquainted her with the Defeat
Of the *Carthaginians*, and with what Honours
Leoſthenes comes crown'd home with?
Timand. With all Care.

Piſan.

Piſan. And how does ſhe receive it?
Timand. As I gueſs,
With a ſeeming kind of Joy; but yet appears not
Tranſported, or proud of his happy Fortune.
But when I tell her of the certain Ruin
You muſt encounter with at their Arrival
In *Syracuſa*, and that Death with Torments
Muſt fall upon you, which you yet repent not,
Eſteeming it a glorious Martyrdom,
And a Reward of pure, unſpotted Love,
Preſerv'd in the white Robe of Innocence:
Though ſhe were in your Pow'r; and, ſtill ſpurr'd on
By inſolent Luſt, you rather choſe to ſuffer
The Fruit untaſted, for whoſe glad Poſſeſſion
You have call'd on the Fury of your Lord,
Than that ſhe ſhould be griev'd, or tainted in
Her Reputation.
Piſan. Doth it work Compunction?
Pity's ſhe my Misfortune?
Timand. She expreſs'd
All Signs of Sorrow, which, her Vow obſerv'd,
Could witneſs a griev'd Heart. At the firſt Hearing
She fell upon her Face, rent her fair Hair,
Her Hands held up to Heav'n and vented Sighs,
In which ſhe ſilently ſeem'd to complain
Of Heav'n's Injuſtice.
Piſan. 'Tis enough. Wait carefully,
And, upon all watch'd Occaſions, continue
Speech, and Diſcourſe of me: 'Tis Time muſt work her.
Timand. I'll not be wanting; but ſtill ſtrive to ſerve you. [*Exit* Timand.

Enter Poliphron.

Piſan. Now, *Poliphron*, the News?
Poliph. The conquering Army
Is within Ken.
Piſan. How brook the Slaves the Object?
Poliph. Cheerfully yet; they do refuſe no Labour,
And ſeem to ſcoff at Danger: 'Tis your Preſence

That

That muſt confirm them; with a full Conſent
You're choſen to relate the Tyranny
Of our proud Maſters; and what you ſubſcribe to,
They gladly will allow of, or hold out
To the laſt Man.
Piſan. I'll inſtantly among them:
If we prove conſtant to ourſelves, good Fortune
Will not, I hope, forſake us.
Poliph. 'Tis our beſt Refuge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, Diphilus, Leoſthenes, Timagoras, *and others.*

Timol. Thus far we are return'd victorious; crown'd
With Wreaths triumphant (Famine, Blood and Dearth,
Baniſh'd your peaceful Confines) and bring home
Security and Peace. 'Tis, therefore, fit
That ſuch as boldly ſtood the Shock of War,
And with the dear Expence of Sweat and Blood
Have purchas'd Honour, ſhould with Pleaſure reap
The Harveſt of their Toil; and we ſtand bound
Out of the firſt File of the beſt Deſervers,
(Though all muſt be conſider'd to their Merits)
To think of you, *Leoſthenes*, that ſtand,
And worthily, moſt dear in our Eſteem,
For your heroic Valour.
Archid. When I look on
(The Labour of ſo many Men, and Ages)
This well-built City, not long ſince deſign'd
To Spoil and Rapine, by the Favour of
The Gods, and you their Miniſters, preſerv'd,
I cannot, in my Height of Joy, but offer
Theſe Tears for a glad Sacrifice.
Diph. Sleep the Citizens?
Or are they overwhelm'd with the Exceſs
Of Comfort that flows to them?
Leoſt. We receive
A ſilent Entertainment.

Timag.

Timag. I long ſince
Expected that the Virgins and the Matrons,
The old Men ſtriving with their Age, the Prieſts,
Carrying the Images of their Gods before 'em,
Should have met us with Proceſſion.—Ha! the Gates
Are ſhut againſt us!

Archid. And upon the Walls
Arm'd Men ſeem to defy us!

Enter above Piſander, Poliph. Cimbrio, Gracculo, *&c.*

Diph. I ſhould know
Theſe Faces.—They are our Slaves.

Timag. The Myſtery, Raſcals!
Open the Ports, and play not with an Anger
That will conſume you.

Timol. This is above Wonder!

Archid. Our Bondmen ſtand againſt us?

Grac. Some ſuch Things
We were in Man's Remembrance.—The Slaves are turn'd
Lords of the Town, or ſo.—Nay, be not angry:
Perhaps, on good Terms, giving Security,
You will be quiet Men; we may allow you
Some Lodgings in our Garrets, or Out-houſes:
Your great Looks cannot carry it.

Cimb. The Truth is,
We've been bold with your Wives, toy'd with your Daughters——

Leoſt. O my prophetic Soul!

Grac. Rifled your Cheſts.
Been buſy with your Wardrobes.

Timag. Can we endure this?

Leoſt. O! my *Cleora!*

Grac. A Caudle for the Gentleman,
He'll die o' th' Pip elſe.

Timag. Scorn'd too? Are you turn'd Stone?
Hold Parley with our Bondmen? Force our Entrance,
Then, Villains, expect——

Timol.

Timol. Hold! you wear Men's Shapes,
And if, like Men, you've Reaſon, ſhew a Cauſe
That leads you to this deſperate Courſe, which muſt end
In your Deſtruction.

Grac. That, as pleaſe the Fates;
But we vouchſafe.—Speak, Captain.

Timag. Hell and Furies!

Archid. Bay'd by our own Curs?

Cimb. Take heed you be not worry'd.

Poliph. We are ſharp ſet.

Cimb. And ſudden.

Piſand. Briefly thus then,
Since I muſt ſpeak for all.—Your Tyranny
Drew us from our Obedience. Happy thoſe Times
When Lords were ſtyl'd Fathers of Families,
And not imperious Maſters! when they number'd
Their Servants almoſt equal with their Sons,
Or one Degree beneath them; when their Labours
Were cheriſh'd, and rewarded, and a Period
Set to their Sufferings; when they did not preſs
Their Duties, or their Wills, beyond the Power
And Strength of their Performance; all Things order
With ſuch Decorum as wiſe Law-makers,
From each well-govern'd private Houſe deriv'd
The perfect Model of a Common-wealth.
Humanity then lodg'd i' th Hearts of Men,
And thankful Maſters carefully provided
For Creatures wanting Reaſon. The noble Horſe,
That in his fiery Youth from his wide Noſtrils
Neigh'd Courage to his Rider, and broke through
Gròves of oppoſed Pikes, bearing his Lord
Safe to triumphant Victory, old or wounded,
Was ſet at Liberty, and freed from Service.
The *Athenian* Mules, that from the Quarry drew
Marble, hew'd for the Temples of the Gods,
The great Work ended, were diſmiſs'd, and fed
At the publick Coſt; nay, faithful Dogs have found

Their

Their Sepulchres; but Man, to Man more cruel,[5]
Appoints no End to th' Suff'rings of his Slave;
Since Pride ſtep'd in and Riot, and o'erturn'd
This goodly Frame of Concord, teaching Maſters
To glory in the Abuſe of ſuch as are
Brought under their Command; who, grown unuſeful,
Are leſs eſteem'd than Beaſts.—This you have practis'd,
Practis'd on us with Rigour; this hath forc'd us
To ſhake our heavy Yokes off; and, if Redreſs
Of theſe juſt Grievances be not granted us,
We'll right ourſelves, and by ſtrong Hand defend
What we are now poſſeſs'd of.

Grac. And not leave
One Houſe unfir'd.

Cimb. Or Throat uncut, of thoſe
We have in our Power.

Poliph. Nor will we fall alone;
You ſhall buy us dearly.

Timag. O the Gods!
Unheard of Inſolence!

Timol. What are your Demands?

Piſan. A general Pardon, firſt, for all Offences
Committed in your Abſence: Liberty
To all ſuch as deſire to make Return
Into their Countries; and to thoſe that ſtay
A Competence of Land freely allotted
To each Man's proper Uſe; no Lord acknowledged.
Laſtly, with your Conſent, to chooſe them Wives
Out of your Families.

Timag. Let the City ſink firſt.

Leoſt. And Ruin ſeize on all, e'er we ſubſcribe
To ſuch Conditions.

Archid. *Carthage*, though victorious,
Could not have forc'd more from us.

[5] ——— *But Man, to Man more cruel,*
Appoints no End, &c.

Man, who is born for Liberty, can never reconcile himſelf to Servitude: The moſt gentle Slavery exaſperates, and provokes him to rebel.

Leoſt.

Leoſt. Scale the Wall!
Capitulate after.

Timol. He that wins the Top firſt,
Shall wear a Mural Wreath. [*Exeunt.*

Piſan. Each to his Place. [*Flouriſh and Arms.*
Or Death or Victory.—Charge them home, and fear not.

Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, *and Senators.*

Timol. We wrong ourſelves, and we are juſtly puniſh'd,
To deal with Bondmen, as if we encounter'd
An equal Enemy.

Archid. They fight like Devils;
And run upon our Swords, as if their Breaſts
Were Proof beyond their Armour.

Enter Leoſthenes *and* Timagoras.

Timag. Make a firm Stand.——
The Slaves not ſatisfy'd, they've beat us off;
Prepare to ſally forth.

Timol. They are wild Beaſts,
And to be tam'd by Policy.—Each Man take
A tough Whip in his Hand, ſuch as you us'd
To puniſh them with as Maſters: In your Looks
Carry Severity and Awe; 'twill fright them
More than your Weapons: Salvage Lions fly from
The Sight of Fire; and theſe that have forgot
That Duty you ne'er taught them with your Swords,
When, unexpected, they behold thoſe Terrors
Advanc'd aloft, that they were made to ſhake at,
'Twill force them to remember what they are,
And ſtoop to due Obedience.

Enter Cimbrio, Gracculo, *and other Slaves.*

Archid. Here they come.

Cimb. Leave not a Man alive: A Wound is but a Flea-biting,
To what we ſuffer'd being Slaves.

Grac. O, my Heart!

Cimbrio,

Cimbrio, what do we ſee? The Whip! our Maſters! [6]

Timag. Dare you rebel, Slaves?

[*Senators ſhake their Whips, and they throw away their Weapons, and run off.*

Cimb. Mercy! Mercy! where
Shall we hide us from their Fury?

Grat. Fly! they follow.
Oh! we ſhall be tormented.

Timol. Enter with them;
But yet forbear to kill 'em. Still remember
They are Part of your Wealth; and, being diſarm'd,
There is no Danger.

Archid. Let us firſt deliver
Such as they have in Fetters, and at Leiſure
Determine of their Puniſhment.

Leoſt. Friend, to you
I leave the Diſpoſition of what's mine:
I cannot think I am ſafe without your Siſter.
She's only worth my Thought; and, 'till I ſee
What ſhe has ſuffer'd, I am on the Rack,
And Furies my Tormentors. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Piſander, Timandra.

Piſan. I know I am purſu'd; nor would I fly,
Although the Ports were open, and a Convoy
Ready to bring me off.—The Baſeneſs of
Theſe Villains, from the Pride of all my Hopes,
Have thrown me to the bottomleſs Abyſs
Of Horror and Deſpair. Had they ſtood firm,
I could have bought *Cleora*'s free Conſent
With the Safety of her Father's Life, and Brother's;
And forc'd *Leoſthenes* to quit his Claim,
And kneel a Suitor to me.

[6] ——— *The Whip! Our Maſters!*

This reducing the Slaves by the Sight of the Whip, is taken from the Story of the *Scythian* Slaves.

Timand. You muſt not think
What might have been, but what muſt now be practis'd,
And ſuddenly reſolve.

Piſand. All my poor Fortunes
Are at the Stake, and I muſt run the Hazard.
Unſeen, convey me to *Cleora*'s Chamber;
For, in her Sight, if it were poſſible,
I would be apprehended.—Do not enquire
The Reaſon why, but help me.

Timand. Make haſte.—One knocks. [*Exit* Piſander.

Enter Leoſthenes.

Jove turn all to the beſt,—You are welcome, Sir.

Leoſt. Thou giv'ſt it in a heavy Tone.

Timand. Alas! Sir,
We have ſo long fed on the Bread of Sorrow,
Drinking the bitter Water of Afflictions,
Made loathſome too by our continued Fears,
Comfort's a Stranger to us.

Leoſt. Fears? Your Suff'rings,
For which I am ſo overgone with Grief,
I dare not aſk without compaſſionate Tears,
The Villain's Name that robb'd thee of thy Honour,
For being train'd up in Chaſtity's cold School,
And taught by ſuch a Miſtreſs as *Cleora*,
'Twere impious in me, to think *Timandra*
Fell with her own Conſent.

Timand. How mean you? Fell, Sir?
I underſtand you not.

Leoſt. I would thou did'ſt not,
Or that I could not read upon thy Face,
In bluſhing Characters, the Story of
Libidinous Rape.—Confeſs it, for you ſtand not
Accountable for a Sin, againſt whoſe Strength
Your o'rematch'd Innocence could make no Reſiſtance:
Under which Odds, I know *Cleora* fell too,
Heav'n's Help in vain invok'd;—the amazed Sun
Hiding his Face behind a Maſk of Clouds,
Not daring to look on it.—In her Sufferings

All

All Sorrow's comprehended.—What *Timandra*,
Or the City has endur'd, her Loſs conſider'd,
Deſerves not to be nam'd.

Timand. Pray you, do not bring, Sir,
In the Chimeras of your jealous Fears,
New Monſters to affright us.

Leoſt. O *Timandra*,
That I had Faith enough but to believe thee!
I ſhould receive it with a Joy beyond
Aſſurance of *Elyſian* Shades hereafter,
Or all the Bleſſings in this Life a Mother
Could wiſh her Children crown'd with.—But I muſt not
Credit Impoſſibilities; yet I ſtrive
To find out that, whoſe Knowledge is a Curſe,
And Ignorance a Bleſſing.—Come, diſcover
What Kind of Look he had, that forc'd thy Lady,
(Thy Raviſher I will enquire at Leiſure)
That when hereafter I behold a Stranger
But near him in Aſpect, I may conclude
(Tho' Men and Angels ſhould proclaim him honeſt)
He is a hell-bred Villain.

Timand. You're unworthy
To know ſhe is preſerv'd, preſerv'd untainted.
Sorrow (but ill beſtow'd) hath only made
A Rape upon her Comforts in your Abſence.
[*Exit, and returns with* Cleora. *
Come forth, dear Madam.

Leoſt. Ha! [*Kneels.*

Timand. Nay, ſhe deſerves
The bending of your Heart, that, to content you,
Has kept a Vow, the Breach of which a Veſtal
(Though the infringing it had call'd upon her
A living Funeral) muſt of Force have ſhrunk at.
No Danger could compel her to diſpenſe with
Her cruel Penance; though hot Luſt came arm'd

* A Gentleman, diſtinguiſhed not more for his Learning than his fine Genius, obſerved, that this Scene between *Leoſthenes* and *Cleora* was one of the beſt that he ever read.

To ſeize upon her; when one Look, or Accent,
Might have redeem'd her.
Leoſt. Might? O do not ſhew me
A Beam of Comfort, and ſtraight take it from me.
—The Means by which was freed?—Speak, O! ſpeak quickly!
Each Minute of Delay's an Age of Torment:
O! ſpeak, *Timandra!*
Timand. Free her from her Oath,
Herſelf can beſt deliver it. [*Takes off the Scarf.*
Leoſt. O bleſt Office!
Never did Galley-Slave ſhake off his Chains,
Or look'd on his Redemption from the Oar,
With ſuch true Feeling of Delight, as now
I find myſelf poſſeſs'd of.—Now I behold
True Light indeed: For, ſince theſe faireſt Stars
(Cover'd with Clouds of your determinate Will)
Deny'd their Influence to my Optick Senſe,
The Splendor of the Sun appear'd to me
But as ſome little Glimpſe of his bright Beams
Convey'd into a Dungeon, to remember
The dark Inhabitants there, how much they wanted.
Open theſe long-ſhut Lips, and ſtrike mine Ears
With Muſick more harmonious than the Spheres
Yield in their heav'nly Motions: And, if ever
A true Submiſſion for a Crime acknowledg'd
May find a gracious Hearing, teach your Tongue
In the firſt ſweet articulate Sounds it utters,
To ſign my wiſh'd-for Pardon.
Cleora. I forgive you.
Leoſt. How greedily I receive this! Stay, beſt Lady,
And let me by Degrees aſcend the Height
Of human Happineſs! All at once deliver'd,
The Torrent of my Joys will overwhelm me;——
So, now a little more; and pray excuſe me,
If like a wanton Epicure I deſire
The pleaſant Taſte theſe Cates of Comfort yield me,
Should not too ſoon be ſwallow'd. Have you not
(By your unſpotted Truth, I do conjure you

To anſwer truly) ſuffer'd in your Honour
(By Force, I mean, for in your Will I free you)
Since I left *Syracuſa?*

Cleora. I reſtore
This Kiſs, (ſo help me Goodneſs!) which I borrow'd
When I laſt ſaw you.

Leoſt. Miracle of Virtue!
One Pauſe more, I beſeech you:—I am like
A Man whoſe vital Spirits conſum'd, and waſted
With a long and tedious Fever, unto whom
Too much of a ſtrong Cordial at once taken,
Brings Death, and not reſtores him. Yet I cannot
Fix here; but muſt enquire the Man, to whom
I ſtand indebted for a Benefit,
Which to requite at full, though in this Hand
I graſp'd all Scepters the World's Empire bows to,
Would leave me a poor Bankrupt—Name him, Lady,
If of a mean Eſtate, I'll gladly part with
My utmoſt Fortunes to him—but, if Noble,
In thankful Duty ſtudy how to ſerve him;
Or, if of higher Rank, erect him Altars,
And as a God adore him.

Cleora. If that Goodneſs,
And noble Temperance, the Queen of Virtues,
Bridling rebellious Paſſions (to whoſe Sway,
Such as have conquer'd Nations have liv'd Slaves)
Did ever wing great Minds to fly to Heaven;
He that preſerv'd mine Honour, may hope boldly
To fill a Seat among the Gods, and ſhake off
Our frail Corruption.

Leoſt. Forward.

Cleora. Or if ever
The Powers above did maſk in human Shapes,
To teach Mortality, not by cold Precepts
Forgot as ſoon as told, but by Examples
To imitate their Pureneſs, and draw near
To their celeſtial Natures—I believe
He's more than Man.

Leoſt. You do deſcribe a Wonder.

Cleora. Which will increaſe, when you ſhall underſtand
He was a Lover.

Leoſt. Not yours, Lady?

Cleora. Yes;
Lov'd me, *Leoſthenes*; nay more, ſo doted,
(If e'er Affections ſcorning groſs Deſires
May without Wrong be ſtyl'd ſo) that he durſt not
With an immodeſt Syllable, or Look,
In Fear it might take from me, whom he made
The Object of his better Part, diſcover
I was the Saint he ſu'd too.

Leoſt. A rare Tempter!

Cleora. I cannot ſpeak it to the Worth: All Praiſe
I can beſtow upon it, will appear
Envious Detraction. Not to rack you further,
Yet make the Miracle full; though, of all Men,
He hated you, *Leoſthenes*, as his Rival;
So high yet prized he my Content, that, knowing
You were a Man I favour'd, he diſdain'd not
Againſt himſelf to ſerve you.

Leoſt. You conceal ſtill
The Owner of theſe Excellencies.

Cleora. 'Tis *Marullo*,
My Father's Bondman.

Leoſt. Ha, ha, ha!

Cleora. Why do you laugh?

Leoſt. To hear the lab'ring Mountain of your Praiſe
Deliver'd of a Mouſe.

Cleora. The Man deſerves not
This Scorn, I can aſſure you.

Leoſt. Do you call,
What was his Duty, Merit?

Cleora. Yes, and place it
As high in my Eſteem, as all the Honours
Deſcended from your Anceſtors, or the Glory,
Which you may call your own, got in this Action,
In which, I muſt confeſs, you have done nobly,
And I could add as I deſir'd;—but that

I fear, 'twould make you proud.

Leoſt. Why, Lady, can you
Be won to give Allowance, that your Slave
Should dare to love you?

Cleora. The immortal Gods [7]
Accept the meaneſt Altars, that are rais'd
By pure Devotions; and ſometimes prefer
An Ounce of Frankincenſe, Honey, or Milk,
Before whole *Hecatombs*, or *Sabæan* Gums
Offer'd in Oſtentation.—Are you ſick [*Aſide.*
Of your old Diſeaſe? I'll fit you.

Leoſt. You ſeem mov'd.

Cleora. Zealous, I grant, in the Defence of Virtue.
Why, good *Leoſthenes*, though I endur'd,
A Penance for your Sake, above Example,
I have not ſo far ſold myſelf, I take it,
To be at your Devotion, but I may
Cheriſh Deſert in others, where I find it.
How would you tyrannize, if you ſtood poſſeſs'd of
That, which is only yours in Expectation,
That now preſcribe ſuch hard Conditions to me?

Leoſt. One Kiſs, and I am ſilenc'd.

Cleora. I vouchſafe it;
Yet, I muſt tell you, 'tis a Favour, that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,
Durſt not preſume to aſk: No; when the City
Bow'd humbly to licentious Rapes and Luſt.
And when I was, of Men and Gods forſaken,
Deliver'd to his Power, he did not preſs me
To grace him with one Look or Syllable,
Or urg'd the Diſpenſation of an Oath
Made for your Satisfaction—The poor Wretch
Having related only his own Suff'rings,

[7] *The immortal Gods*
Accept the meaneſt Altars, &c.

Milton's Invocation on the opening of *Paradiſe Loſt* is not unlike this.

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that doſt prefer
Before all Temples th' upright Heart and pure.

And kiſs'd my Hand, which I could not deny him,
Defending me from others, never ſince
Solicited my Favours.
Leoſt. Pray you, end;
The Story does not pleaſe me,
Cleora. Well, take heed
Of Doubts, and Fears;—for know, *Leoſthenes*,
A greater Injury cannot be offer'd
To innocent Chaſtity, than unjuſt Suſpicion.
I love *Marullo*'s fair Mind, not his Perſon;
Let that ſecure you. And I here command you,
If I have any Power in you, to ſtand
Between him and all Puniſhment, and oppoſe
His Temperance to his Folly; if you fail——
No more; I will not threaten. [*Exit.*
Leoſt. What a Bridge
Of Glaſs I walk upon, over a River
Of certain Ruin! Mine own weighty Fears
Cracking what ſhould ſupport me:—And thoſe Helps,
Which Confidence yields to others, are from me
Raviſh'd by Doubts, and wilful Jealouſy. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Timagoras, Cleon, Aſotus, Coriſca, Olympia.

Cleon. But are you ſure we're ſafe?
Timag. You need not fear:
They are all under Guard; their Fangs par'd off:
The Wounds, their Inſolence gave you, to be cur'd
With the Balm of your Revenge.
Aſot. And ſhall I be
The Thing I was born, my Lord?
Timag. The ſame wiſe Thing——
'Slight, what a Beaſt they have made thee! *Africk* never
Produc'd the like.
Aſot. I think ſo.—Nor the Land
Where Apes, and Monkeys, grow, like Crabs and Walnuts
On the ſame Tree. Not all the Catalogue

Of

Of Conjurers, or wiſe Women, bound together
Could have ſo ſoon transform'd me, as my Raſcal
Did with his Whip; Not in Outſide only,
But in my own Belief, I thought myſelf
As perfect a Baboon——
Timag. An Aſs thou wert ever.
Aſot. And would have given one Leg, with all my Heart,
For good Security to have been a Man
After three Lives, or one and twenty Years,
Though I had dy'd on Crutches.
Cleon. Never Varlets
So triumph'd o'er an old fat Man—I was famiſh'd.
Timag. Indeed you are fall'n away.
Aſot. Three Years of Feeding
On Culliſes and Jelly, though his Cooks
Lard all he eats with Marrow, or his Doctors
Pour in his Mouth Reſtoratives as he ſleeps,
Will not recover him.
Timag. But your Ladyſhip looks
Sad on the Matter, as if ſhe had miſs'd
Your ten-crown Amber-Poſſets, good to ſmooth
The *Cutis*,* as you call it, and prepare you
Active, and high for an Afternoon's Encounter
With a rough Gameſter, on your Couch. Fie on't,
You are grown thrifty; ſmell like other Women,
The College of Phyſicians have not ſate,
As they were us'd, in Council how to fill
The Crannies in your Cheeks or raiſe a Rampire
With Mummy, Ceruſes, or Infants Fat,
To keep off Age, and Time.
Coriſ. Pray you, forbear;
I am an alter'd Woman.
Timag. So it ſeems;—
A Part of your Honour's Ruff ſtands out of Rank too.
Coriſ. No matter; I have other Thoughts.
Timag. O ſtrange!
Not ten Days ſince it would have vex'd you more,
Then th' Loſs of your good Name; Pity, this Cure
For

* Relating to the Skin.

For your proud Itch came no ſooner!—Marry, *Olympia*
Seems to bear up ſtill.
Olymp. I complain not, Sir!
I have borne my Fortune patiently.
Timag. Thou wer't ever
An excellent Bearer; ſo is all your Tribe,
If you may chooſe your Carriage:—How now, Friend,
Looks our *Cleora* lovely?

Enter Leoſthenes, *and* Diphilus, *with a Guard.*

Leoſt. In my Thoughts, Sir.
Timag. But why this Guard?
Diph. It is *Timoleon*'s Pleaſure;
The Slaves have been examin'd, and confeſs,
Their Riot took Beginning from your Houſe:
And the firſt Mover of them to Rebellion,
Your Slave *Marullo.*
Leoſt. Ha! I more than fear——
Timag. They may ſearch boldly.

Enter Timandra.

Timand. You are unmanner'd Grooms
To pry into my Lady's private Lodgings;
There's no *Marullo*'s there.

Enter Diphilus *with* Piſander.

Timag. Now I ſuſpect too;——
Where found you him?
Diph. Cloſe hid in your Siſter's Chamber.
Timag. Is that the Villain's Sanctuary?
Leoſt. This confirms
All ſhe deliver'd, falſe.
Timag. But that I ſcorn
To ruſt my Sword in thy ſlaviſh Blood,
Thou now wert dead.
Piſan. He's more a Slave, than Fortune,
Or Miſery can make me, that inſults
Upon unweapon'd Innocence.
Timag. Prate you, Dog?

Piſan.

Piſan. Curs ſnap at Lions in the Toil, whoſe Looks
Frighted them, being free.
Timag. As a wild Beaſt,
Drive him before you.
Piſan. O divine *Cleora!*
Leoſt. Dar'ſt thou preſume to name her?
Piſan. Yes, and love her:
And may ſay, have deſerv'd her.
Timag. Stop his Mouth:
Load him with Irons too. [*Exit Guard with* Piſan.
Cleon. I am deadly ſick
To look on him.
Aſot. If he get looſe, I know it,
I caper, like an Ape again—I feel
The Whip already.
Timand. This goes to my Lady. [*Aſide.*
Timag. Come, cheer you, Sir; we'll urge his Puniſhment
To the full Satisfaction of your Anger.
Leoſt. He is not worth my Thoughts.—No Corner left,
In all the ſpacious Rooms of my vex'd Heart,
But is fill'd with *Cleora:* And the Rape
She has done upon her Honour, with my Wrong,
The heavy Burthen of my Sorrow's Song. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Archidamus, Cleora.

Archid. THOU art thine own Diſpoſer.—Were his Honours
And Glories centupled, (as I muſt confeſs,
Leoſthenes is moſt worthy) yet I will not,
However I may counſel, force Affection.
Cleora. It needs not, Sir; I prize him to his Worth,
Nay,

Nay, love him truly; yet would not live ſlav'd
To his jealous Humours: Since, by the Hopes of Heaven,
As I am free from Violence, in a Thought
I am not guilty.
Archid. 'Tis believ'd, *Cleora*;
And much the rather, (our great Gods be prais'd for't)
In that I find, beyond my Hopes, no Sign
Of Riot in my Houſe, but all Things order'd,
As if I had been preſent,
Cleora. May that move you
To pity poor *Marullo.*
Archid. 'Tis my Purpoſe
To do him all the Good I can, *Cleora:*
But this Offence being againſt the State,
Muſt have a public Trial.—In the mean Time
Be careful of your ſelf, and ſtand engag'd
No further to *Leoſthenes*, then you may
Come off with honour: For, being once his Wife,
You are no more your own, nor mine, but muſt
Reſolve to ſerve, and ſuffer his Commands,
And not diſpute 'em—E're it be too late,
Conſider it duly. I muſt to the Senate. [*Exit* Archid.
Cleora. I'm much diſtracted; in *Leoſthenes*
I can find nothing juſtly to accuſe,
But this Exceſs of Love, which I have ſtudied
To cure with more than common Means; yet ſtill
It grows upon him. And if I may call
My Suff'rings Merit, I ſtand bound to think on
Marullo's Dangers—though I ſave his Life,
His Love is unrewarded,—I confeſs,
Both have deſerv'd me; yet of Force I muſt be
Unjuſt to one—Such is my Deſtiny.

Enter Timandra.

How now? Whence flow theſe Tears?
Timand. I have met, Madam,
An Object of ſuch Cruelty, as would force
A Savage to Compaſſion.

Cleora.

Cleora. Speak—What is it?

Timand. Men pity Beasts of Rapine, if o'er-match'd
Though baited for their Pleasure:—But these Monsters,
Upon a Man that can make no Resistance,
Are senseless in their Tyranny.—Let it be granted,
Marullo is a Slave; he's still a Man;——
A Capital Offender; yet in Justice
Not to be tortur'd, till the Judge pronounce
His Punishment.

Cleora. Where is he?

Timand. Drag'd to Prison
With more than barb'rous Violence, spurn'd and spit on
By the insulting Officers, his Hands
Pinion'd behind his Back; loaden with Fetters;
Yet, with a Saint-like Patience, he still offers
His Face to their rude Buffets.

Cleora. O my griev'd Soul!
By whose Command?

Timand. It seems, my Lord your Brother,
For he's a Looker on:—And it takes from
Honour'd *Leosthenes* to suffer it,
For his Respect to you, whose Name, in vain,
The griev'd Wretch loudly calls on.

Cleora. By *Diana*,
'Tis base in both, and to their Teeth I'll tell 'em
That I am wrong'd in't. [*As going forth.*

Timand. What will you do?

Cleora. In Person
Visit, and comfort him.

Timand. That will bring Fuel
To the jealous Fires, which burn too hot already
In Lord *Leosthenes*.

Cleora. Let them consume him;——
I am Mistress of myself.—Where Cruelty reigns,
There dwells nor Love, nor Honour. [*Exit* Cleora.

Timand. So, it works.
Though hitherto I've run a desp'rate Course
To serve my Brother's Purposes, now 'tis fit

Enter

Enter Leoſthenes *and* Timagoras.

I ſtudy mine own Ends. They come.—Aſſiſt me
In theſe my Undertakings, Love's great Patron,
As my Intents are honeſt.

Leoſt. 'Tis my Fault.
Diſtruſt of others Springs, *Timagoras*,
From Diffidence in ourſelves. But I will ſtrive,
With the Aſſurance of my Worth and Merits,
To kill this Monſter, Jealouſy.

Timag. 'Tis a Gueſt
In Wiſdom never to be entertain'd
On trivial Probabilities; but when
He does appear in pregnant Proofs, not faſhion'd
By idle Doubts and Fears, to be receiv'd,
They make their own Horns, that are too ſecure,
As well as ſuch as give them Growth, and Being
From meer Imagination. Though I prize
Cleora's Honour equal with mine own;
And know what large Additions of Power
This Match brings to our Family, I prefer
Our Friendſhip, and your Peace of Mind ſo far
Above my own Reſpects, or hers, that if
She hold not her true Value in the Teſt,
'Tis far from my Ambition for her Cure,
That you ſhould wound yourſelf.

Timand. This argues for me. [*Aſide.*

Timag. Why ſhe ſhould be ſo paſſionate for a Bondman,
Falls not in Compaſs of my Underſtanding,
But for ſome nearer Intereſt; or he raiſe
This Mutiny, if he lov'd her (as, you ſay,
She does confeſs, he did) but to enjoy,
By fair or foul Play, what he ventur'd for,
To me's a Riddle.

Leoſt. 'Pray you, no more; already
I have anſwer'd that Objection in my ſtrong
Aſſurance of her Virtue.

Timag. 'Tis unfit, then,
That I ſhould preſs it farther.

Timand.

Timand. Now I muſt

[Timandra *ſteps out diſtractedly.*

Make in, or all is loſt.

Timag. What would *Timandra?*

Leoſt. How wild ſhe looks!—How is it with thy Lady?

Timag. Collect thyſelf, and ſpeak.

Timand. As you are noble,
Have Pity, or love Pity. Oh!——

Leoſt. Take Breath.

Timag. Out with it boldly.

Timan. Oh! the beſt of Ladies,
I fear, is gone for ever.

Leoſt. Who, *Cleora?*——

Timag. Deliver, how.—'Sdeath, be a Man, Sir! ſpeak.

Timand. Take it then, in as many Sighs as Words:
My Lady——

Timag. What of her?

Timand. No ſooner heard
Marullo was impriſon'd, but ſhe fell
Into a deadly Swoon.

Timag. But ſhe recover'd?
Say ſo, or he will ſink too: Hold, Sir! fie,
This is unmanly.

Timand. Brought again to Life,
But with much Labour, ſhe awhile ſtood ſilent,
Yet in that Interim vented Sighs, as if
They labour'd from the Priſon of her Fleſh,
To give her griev'd Soul Freedom. On the ſudden
Tranſported on the Wings of Rage and Sorrow,
She flew out of the Houſe, and, unattended,
Enter'd the common Priſon.

Leoſt. This confirms
What but before I fear'd.

Timand. There you may find her;
And, if you love her as a Siſter——

Timag. Damn her!

Timand. Or you reſpect her Safety, as a Lover
Procure *Marullo*'s Liberty.

Timag.

Timag. Impudence
Beyond Expreſſion!
Leoſt. Shall I be a Bawd
To her Luſt, and my Diſhonour?
Timand. She'll run mad, elſe,
Or do ſome violent Act upon herſelf.
My Lord, her Father, ſenſible of her Suff'rings;
Labours to gain his Freedom:
Leoſt. O, the Devil!
Has ſhe bewitch'd him too?
Timag. I'll hear no more:
Come, Sir, we'll follow her; and, if no Perſuaſion
Can make her take again her natural Form,
Which by Luſt's powerful Spell ſhe has caſt off,
This Sword ſhall diſinchant her,
Leoſt. O my Heart Strings!
[*Exeunt* Leoſthenes *and* Timagoras.
Timand. I knew, 'twould take. Pardon me, fair *Cleora*,
Though I appear a Traytreſs; which thou wilt do
In pity of my Woes, when I make known
My lawful Claim, and only ſeek mine own. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Priſon.*

Enter Cleora, *Jaylor, and* Piſander.

Cleora. There's for your Privacy.—Stay, unbind his Hands.
Jaylor. I dare not, Madam.
Cleora. I will buy thy Danger,
Take more Gold.—Do not trouble me with Thanks;
I do ſuppoſe it done. [*Exit Jaylor.*
Piſan. My better Angel
Aſſumes this Shape to comfort me, and wiſely;
Since from the Choice of all celeſtial Figures,
He could not take a viſible Form ſo full
Of glorious Sweetneſs. [*Kneels.*
Cleora. Riſe—I am Fleſh and Blood,
And do partake thy Tortures.
Piſan. Can it be?

That

That Charity ſhould perſuade you to deſcend
So far from your own Height, as to vouchſafe
To look upon my Suff'rings? How I bleſs
My Fetters now, and ſtand engag'd to Fortune
For my Captivity—no, my Freedom rather!
For who dares think that Place a Priſon, which
You ſanctify with your Preſence? Or believe,
Sorrow has Power to uſe her Sting on him,
That is in your Compaſſion arm'd, and made
Impregnable? Though Tyranny raiſe at once
All Engines to aſſault him.

Cleora. Indeed Virtue,
With which you have made evident Proofs, that you
Are ſtrongly fortified, can't fall, though ſhaken
With the Shock of fierce Temptations; but ſtill triumphs
In Spight of Oppoſition. For myſelf,
I may endeavour to confirm your Goodneſs,
(A ſure Retreat, which never will deceive you)
And with unfeigned Tears expreſs my Sorrow
For what I cannot help—— [*Weeps.*

Piſan. Do you weep for me?
O! ſave that precious Balm for noble uſes!
I am unworthy of the ſmalleſt Drop,
Which, in your Prodigality of Pity,
You throw away on me. Ten of theſe Pearls
Were a large Ranſom to redeem a Kingdom
From a conſuming Plague, or ſtop Heav'n's Vengeance,
Call'd down by crying Sins, though at that Inſtant
In dreadful Flaſhes falling on the Roofs
Of bold Blaſphemers. I am juſtly puniſh'd
For my Intent of Violence to ſuch Pureneſs;
And all the Torments Fleſh is ſenſible of
A ſoft and gentle Penance.

Cleora. Which is ended
In this your free Confeſſion.

Enter Leoſthenes *and* Timagoras *unſeen.*

Leoſt. What an Object
Have I encounter'd?

Timag. I am blaſted too!
Yet hear a little further.

Piſan. Could I expire now,
Theſe white and innocent Hands cloſing my Eyes thus,
'Twere not to die, but in a heav'nly Dream
To be tranſported, without the Help of *Charon*,
To the *Elyzian* Shades.—You make me bold;
And, but to wiſh ſuch Happineſs, I fear,
May give Offence.

Cleora. No, for, believ't, *Marullo*,
You've won ſo much upon me, that I know not
That Happineſs in my Gift, but you may challenge.

Leoſt. Are you yet ſatisfied?

Cleora. Nor can you wiſh
But what my Vows will ſecond, though it were
Your Freedom firſt, and then in me full Power
To make a ſecond Tender of myſelf,
And you receive the Preſent. By this Kiſs
(From me a Virgin Bounty) I will practiſe
All Arts for your Deliverance; and that purchas'd
In what concerns your farther Aims, I ſpeak it,
Do not deſpair, but hope.

Timag. To have the Hangman,
When he is married to the Croſs, in Scorn
To ſay, Gods give you Joy.

Leoſt. But look on me, [*To* Cleora.
And be not too indulgent to your Folly;
And then (but that Grief ſtops my Speech) imagine,
What Language I ſhould uſe.

Cleora. Againſt thyſelf.——
Thy Malice cannot reach me.

Timag. How?

Cleora. No, Brother!
Though you join in the Dialogue t' accuſe me,
What I have done, I'll juſtify; and theſe Favours,
Which you preſume will taint me in my Honour:
Though Jealouſy uſe all her Eyes to ſpy out
One Stain in my Behaviour, or Envy
As many Tongues to wound it, ſhall appear

My

My beſt Perfections. For, to the World,
I can in my Defence alledge ſuch Reaſons,
As my Accuſers ſhall ſtand dumb to hear 'em;
When in his Fetters this Man's Worth and Virtues,
But truly told, ſhall ſhame your boaſted Glories,
Which Fortune claims a Share in.

Timag. The baſe Villain
Shall never live to bear it.

[*Offers to ſtab* Piſander, Cleora *interpoſes.*

Cleora. Murther! help!
Through me you ſhall paſs to him.

Enter Archidamus, Diphilus, *and Officers.*

Archid. What's the Matter?
On whom is your Sword drawn? Are you a Judge?
Or elſe ambitious of the Hangman's Office
Before it be deſign'd you? You are bold too!
Unhand my Daughter.

Leoſt. She's my Valour's Prize.

Archid. With her Conſent, not otherwiſe. You may urge
Your Title in the Court; if it prove good,
Poſſeſs her freely: Guard him ſafely off too.

Timag. You'll hear me, Sir?

Archid. If you have aught to ſay,
Deliver it in public; all ſhall find
A juſt Judge of *Timoleon.*

Diphil. You muſt
Of Force now uſe your Patience.

[*Exeunt* Archidamus, Diphilus, *and Guards.*

Timag. Vengeance rather!
Whirlwinds of Rage poſſeſs me! you are wrong'd
Beyond a Stoicks Suff'rance; yet you ſtand,
As you were rooted.

Leoſt. I feel ſomething here,
That boldly tells me, all the Love and Service,
I pay *Cleora*, is another's Due,
And therefore cannot proſper.

Timag. Melancholy!
Which now you muſt not yield to.
Leoſt. 'Tis apparent.
In Fact your Siſter's innocent, however
Chang'd by her violent Will.
Timag. If you believe ſo,
Follow the Chace ſtill; and in open Court
Plead your own Intereſt: We ſhall find the Judge
Our Friend, I fear not.
Leoſt. Something I ſhall ſay,
But what ——
Timag. Collect yourſelf, as we walk thither.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *

The Court of Juſtice.

Enter Timoleon, Archidamus, Cleora, *Officers.*

Timol. 'Tis wond'rous ſtrange! nor can it fall within
The Reach of my Belief, a Slave ſhould be
The Owner of a Temperance which this Age
Can hardly parallel in free-born Lords,
Or Kings, proud of their Purple.
Archid. 'Tis moſt true;
And, though at firſt it did appear a Fable,
All Circumſtances meet to give it Credit;
Which works ſo on me, that I am compell'd
To be a Suiter, not to be deny'd,
He may have equal Hearing.
Cleora. Sir, you grac'd me
With the Title of your Miſtreſs; but my Fortune
Is ſo far diſtant from Command, that I
Lay by the Power you gave me, and plead humbly
For the Preſerver of my Fame and Honour.
And pray you, Sir, in Charity believe,
That, ſince I had Ability of Speech,
My Tongue hath ſo much been inur'd to Truth,
I know not how to lye.

* This laſt Scene is one of the beſt concerted, and the moſt ſurprizing Cataſtrophe, that ever I met with in any Play whatever.

Timol.

Timol. I'll rather doubt
The Oracles of the Gods, than queſtion what
Your Innocence delivers; and, as far
As Juſtice with mine Honour can give Way,
He ſhall have Favour. Bring him in, unbound:
[*Exeunt Officers.*
And 'though *Leoſthenes* may challenge from me,
For his late worthy Service, Credit to
All Things he can allege in his own Cauſe,
Marullo (ſo, I think, you call his Name)
Shall find I do reſerve one Ear for him,

Enter Cleon, Aſotus, Diphilus, Olympia, Coriſca.

To let in Mercy: Sit, and take your Places:
The Right of this fair Virgin firſt determin'd,
Your Bondmen ſhall be cenſur'd.
Cleon. With all Rigour
We do expect.——
Coriſ. Temper'd, I ſay, with Mercy.

Enter at one Door Leoſthenes *and* Timagoras; *at the other, Officers with* Piſander *and* Timandra.

Timol. Your Hand, *Leoſthenes:* I cannot doubt
You that have been victorious in the War,
Should in a Combat, fought with Words, come off
But with aſſured Triumph.
Leoſt. My Deſerts, Sir,
(If without Arrogance I may ſtile them ſuch)
Arm me from Doubt and Fear.
Timol. 'Tis nobly ſpoken!
Nor be thou daunted (howſoe'er thy Fortune
Has mark'd thee out a Slave) to ſpeak thy Merits:
For Virtue, though in Rags, may challenge more
Than Vice ſet off with all the Trim of Greatneſs.
Piſan. I'd rather fall under ſo juſt a Judge,
Than be acquitted by a Man corrupt
And partial in his Cenſure.
Archid. Note his Language!
It reliſhes of better Breeding than

His preſent State dares promiſe.
Timol. I obſerve it.———
Place the fair Lady in the Midſt, that both,
Looking with covetous Eyes upon the Prize
They are to plead for, may, from the fair Object,
Teach *Hermes* Eloquence,
Leoſt. Am I fall'n ſo low?
My Birth, my Honour, and, what's deareſt to me,
My Love, and Witneſs of my Love, my Service,
So under-valu'd, that I muſt contend
With one, where my Exceſs of Glory muſt
Make his O'erthrow a Conqueſt? Shall my Fulneſs
Supply Defects in ſuch a Thing, that never
Knew any thing but Want and Emptineſs?
Give him a Name, and keep it ſuch from this
Unequal Competition. If my Pride,
Or any bold Aſſurance of my Worth,
Has pluck'd this Mountain of Diſgrace upon me,
I'm juſtly puniſh'd, and ſubmit; but if
I have been modeſt, and eſteem'd myſelf
More injur'd in the Tribute of the Praiſe,
Which no Deſert of mine priz'd by Self-Love
Ever exacted; may this Cauſe, and Minute
For ever be forgotten. I dwell long
Upon mine Anger, and now turn to you,
Ungrateful Fair One; and, ſince you are ſuch,
'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myſelf,
And what I have deſerv'd.
Cleora. Neglect, and Scorn
From me, for this proud Vaunt.
Leoſt. You nouriſh, Lady,
Your own Diſhonour in this harſh Reply,
And almoſt prove what ſome hold of your Sex,
You're all made up of Paſſion: For, if Reaſon
Or Judgment could find Entertainment with you,
Or that you would diſtinguiſh of the Objects
You look on in a true Glaſs; not ſeduc'd
By the falſe Light of your too violent Will,
I ſhould not need to plead for that, which you

With Joy ſhould offer.—Is my high Birth a Blemiſh?
Or does my Wealth, which all the vain Expence
Of Women cannot waſte, breed Loathing in you?
The Honours I can call mine own, thought Scandals?
Am I deform'd, or for my Father's Sins
Mulcted by Nature? If you interpret theſe
As Crimes, 'tis fit I ſhould yield up myſelf
Moſt miſerably guilty: But, perhaps,
(Which yet I would not credit) you have ſeen
This Gallant pitch the Bar, or bear a Burthen
Would crack the Shoulders of a weaker Bondman;
Or any other boiſt'rous Exerciſe,
Aſſuring a ſtrong Back to ſatisfy
Your looſe Deſires, inſatiate as the Grave.

Cleora. You are foul-mouth'd.

Archid. Ill-manner'd too.

Leoſt. I ſpeak
In the way of Suppoſition, and intreat you,
With all the Fervour of a conſtant Lover,
That you would free yourſelf from theſe Aſperſions,
Or any Imputation black-tongu'd Slander
Could throw on your unſpotted Virgin Whiteneſs;
To which there is no eaſier Way, than by
Vouchſafing him your Favour; him, to whom
Next to the General, and to the Gods,
The Country owes her Safety.

Timag. Are you ſtupid?
'Sight, leap into his Arms, and there aſk Pardon—
Oh! you expect your Slave's Reply; no Doubt
We ſhall have a fine Oration; I will teach
My Spaniel to howl in ſweeter Language,
And keep a better Method.

Archid. You forget
The Dignity of the Place.

Diph. Silence!

Timol. Speak boldly.

Piſan. 'Tis your Authority gives me a Tongue,
I ſhould be dumb elſe; and I am ſecure,
I cannot clothe my Thoughts, and juſt Defence

In ſuch an abject Phraſe, but 'twill appear
Equal, if not above my low Condition,
I need no bombaſt Language, ſtoln from ſuch
As make Nobility from prodigious Terms
The Hearers underſtand not; I bring with me
No Wealth to boaſt of, neither can I number
Uncertain Fortune's Favours with my Merits;
I dare not force Affection, or preſume
To cenſure her Diſcretion, that looks on me
As a weak Man, and not her Fancy's Idol.
How I have lov'd, and how much I have ſuffer'd,
And with what Pleaſure undergone the Burthen
Of my ambitious Hopes (in aiming at
The glad Poſſeſſion of a Happineſs,
The Abſtract of all Goodneſs in Mankind
Can at no Part deſerve) with my Confeſſion
Of mine own Wants, is all that can plead for me.
But if that pure Deſires, not blended with
Foul Thoughts, that like a River keeps his Courſe,
Retaining ſtill the Clearneſs of the Spring
From whence it took Beginning, may be thought
Worthy Acceptance; then I dare riſe up
And tell this gay Man to his Teeth, I never
Durſt doubt her Conſtancy, that like a Rock
Beats off Temptations, as that mocks the Fury
Of the proud Waves; nor from my jealous Fears
Queſtion that Goodneſs, to which, as an Altar
Of all Perfection, he that truly loves
Should rather bring a Sacrifice of Service,
Than raze it with the Engines of Suſpicion;
Of which, when he can waſh an *Æthiope* white,
Leoſthenes may hope to free himſelf;
But, till then, never.

Timag. Bold, preſumptuous Villain!

Piſan. I will go farther, and make good upon him
I' th' Pride of all his Honours, Birth, and Fortunes,
He's more unworthy than myſelf.

Leoſt. Thou lyeſt,

Timag.

Timag. Confute him with a Whip, and, the Doubt
Puniſh him with a Halter. [decided,

Piſan. O the Gods!
My Ribs, though made of Braſs, cannot contain
My Heart, ſwoln big with Rage—The Lye! A Whip!
[*Plucks off his Diſguiſe.*
Let Fury, then, diſperſe theſe Clouds, in which
I long have maſk'd, diſguis'd; that, when they know
Whom they have injur'd, they may faint with Horror
Of my Revenge, which, wretched Men! expect,
As ſure as Fate, to ſuffer!

Leoſt. Ha! *Piſander?*

Timag. 'Tis the bold *Theban!*

Aſot. There's no Hope for me, then!
I thought I ſhould have put in for a Share,
And borne *Cleora* from them both:—But now
This Stranger looks ſo terrible, that I dare not
So much as look on her.

Piſan. Now, as myſelf,
Thy Equal, at thy beſt, *Leoſthenes.*——
For you, *Timagoras*, praiſe Heav'n, you were born
Cleora's Brother, 'tis your ſafeſt Armour.——
But I loſe Time.—The baſe Lie caſt upon me,
I thus return. Thou art a perjur'd Man,
Falſe and perfidious, and haſt made a Tender
Of Love and Service to this Lady, when
Thy Soul (if thou haſt any) can bear Witneſs,
That thou wert not thine own.—For Proof of this
Look better on this Virgin, and conſider,
This *Perſian* Shape laid by, and ſhe appearing
In a *Greekiſh* Dreſs, ſuch as when firſt you ſaw her,
If ſhe reſemble not *Piſander*'s Siſter,
One, call'd *Statilia?*

Leoſt. 'Tis the ſame! my Guilt
So chokes my Spirits, I cannot deny
My Falſhood, nor excuſe it.

Piſan. This is ſhe,
To whom thou wert contracted: This the Lady,
That when thou wert my Priſoner fairly taken

In

In the *Spartan* War, that beg'd thy Liberty,
And with it gave herſelf to thee, ungrateful!
Timand. No more, Sir, I entreat you: I perceive
True Sorrow in his Looks, and a Conſent
To make me Reparation in mine Honour;
And then I am moſt happy.
Piſan. The Wrong done her
Drew me from *Thebes* with a full Intent to kill thee:
But this fair Object, met me in my Fury
And quite diſarm'd me—Being deny'd to have her
By you, my Lord *Archidamus*, and not able
To live far from her, Love (the Miſtreſs of
All quaint Devices, prompted me to treat
With a Friend of mine, who as a Pirate ſold me
For a Slave to you, my Lord, and gave my Siſter
As a Preſent to *Cleora*.
Timol. Strange *Meanders!*
Piſan. There how I bare myſelf needs no Relation.
But, if ſo far deſcending from the Height
Of my then flouriſhing Fortunes, to the loweſt
Condition of a Man, to have Means only
To feed my Eye with the Sight of what I honour'd;
The Dangers too I underwent; the Suff'ring;
The Clearneſs of my Intereſt may deſerve
A noble Recompence in your lawful Favour——
Now 'tis apparent that *Leoſthenes*
Can claim no Intereſt in you, you may pleaſe
To think upon my Service.
Cleora. Sir, my Want
Of Power to ſatisfy ſo great a Debt,
Makes me accuſe my Fortune; but if that
Out of the Bounty of your Mind, you think,
A free Surrender of myſelf full Payment,
I gladly tender it.
Archid. With my Conſent too,
All Injuries forgotten.
Timag. I will ſtudy
In my future Service to deſerve your Favour
And good Opinion.

Leoſt. Thus I gladly ſee
This Advocate to plead for me. [*Kiſſing* Statilia.
Piſan. You will find me
An eaſy Judge when I have yielded Reaſons
Of your Bondmens falling off from their Obedience,
Then after, as you pleaſe, determine of me.
I found their Natures apt to mutiny
From your too cruel Uſage; and made Trial
How far they might be wrought on; to inſtruct you
To look with more Prevention, and Care
To what they may hereafter undertake
Upon the like Occaſions—The Hurt's little
They have committed, nor was ever Cure,
But with ſome Pain, effected, I confeſs,
In Hope to force a Grant of fair *Cleora*
I urg'd them to defend the Town againſt you;
Nor had the Terror of your Whips, but that
I was preparing for Defence elſewhere,
So ſoon got Entrance;—In this I am guilty:
Now, as you pleaſe, your cenſure.
Timol. Bring them in;
And, though you've given me Power, I do intreat
Such as have undergone their Inſolence,
It may not be offenſive, though I ſtudy
Pity more than Revenge.
Corif. 'Twill beſt become you.
Cleon. I muſt conſent.
Aſot. For me, I'll find a Time
To be reveng'd hereafter.

Enter Gracculo, Cimbrio, Poliphron, Zanthia, *and the other Slaves, with Halters about their Necks.*

Grac. Give me Leave;
I'll ſpeak for all.
Timol. What can'ſt thou ſay, to hinder
The Courſe of Juſtice?
Grac. Nothing.—You may ſee
We are prepar'd for hanging, and confeſs
We have deſerv'd it. Our moſt humble Suit is

We may not twice be executed.

Timol. 'Twice? How mean'ſt thou?

Grac. At the Gallows firſt, and after in a Ballad
Sung to ſome villainous Tune. There are Ten-groat Rhimers
About the Town grown fat on theſe Occaſions.——
Let but a Chapel fall, or a Street be fir'd,
A fooliſh Lover hang himſelf for pure Love,
Or any ſuch like Accident, and before
They are cold in their Graves, ſome damn'd Ditty's made
Which makes their Ghoſts walk.—Let the State take Order
For the Redreſs of this Abuſe, recording
'Twas done by my Advice, and for my Part
I'll cut as clean a Caper from the Ladder,
As ever merry *Greek* did.

Timol. Yet I think
You would ſhew more Activity to delight
Your Maſter for a Pardon.

Grac. O! I would dance [*Capers.*
As I were all Air, and Fire.

Timol. And ever be
Obedient and humble?

Grac. As his Spaniel,
Though he kick'd me for Exerciſe;—and the like
I promiſe for all the reſt.

Timol. Riſe then, you have it.

All Slaves. Timoleon! Timoleon!

Timol. Ceaſe theſe Clamours.——
And now, the War being ended to our Wiſhes,
And ſuch as went the Pilgrimage of Love,
Happy in full Fruition of their Hopes,
'Tis lawful, Thanks paid to the Powers divine,
To drown our Cares in honeſt Mirth, and Wine.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
ROMAN ACTOR.
A
TRAGEDY.

As it hath divers Times been, with good Allowance Acted, at the private Play-houſe in the *Black Friers*, by the King's Majeſty's Servants. 1629.

WRITTEN

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

TRAGEDY

OF

CORIOLANUS.

TO

My much Honoured, and moſt True Friends,

Sir PHILIP KNYVET, Knt. and Bart.

AND TO

Sir THOMAS JEAY, Knight.

AND

THOMAS BELLINGHAM, of *Newtimber* in *Suſſex*, Eſquire.

HOW much I acknowledge myſelf bound for your ſo many, and extraordinary Favours confered upon me, as far as it is in my Power Poſterity ſhall take Notice, I were moſt unworthy of ſuch noble Friends, if I ſhould not with all Thankfulneſs, profeſs, and own them. In the Compoſition of this Tragedy you were my only Supporters, and it being now by your principal Encouragement to be turned into the World, it cannot walk ſafer, than under your Protection. It hath been happy in the Suffrage of ſome learned and judicious Gentlemen when it was preſented, nor ſhall they find Cauſe, I hope, in the Peruſal, to repent them of their good Opinion of it. If the Gravity and Height of the Subject diſtaſte ſuch as are only affected with Jiggs and Ribaldry, (as I preſume it will) their Condemnation of me and my Poem, can no way offend me: My Reaſon teaching me, ſuch malicious, and ignorant Detractors deſerve rather Contempt than Satisfaction. I ever held it the moſt perfect Birth of my Minerva; *and therefore in Juſtice offer it to thoſe that have beſt deſerved of me, who, I hope, in their courteous Acceptance will render it worth their receiving, and ever, in their gentle Conſtruction of my Imperfections, believe they may at their Pleaſure diſpoſe of him, who is wholly, and ſincerely*

Devoted to their Service,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

Dramatis Personæ.	*Original Actors.*
Domitianus Cæsar.	JOHN LOWIN.
Paris, the Tragedian.	JOSEPH TAYLOR.
Partbenius, a Free-man of *Cæsar*'s.	RICHARD SHARPE.
Ælius Lamia, and *Stephanos.*	THOMAS POLLARD.
Junius Rusticus.	ROBERT BENFIELD.
Aretinus Clemens, *Cæsar*'s Spy.	EYLLARDT SWANSTONE.
Æsopus, a Player.	RICHARD ROBINSON.
Philargus, a rich Miser.	ANTHONY SMITH.
Palphurius Sura, a Senator.	WILLIAM PATTRICKE.
Fulcinius, a Senator.	
Latinus, a Player.	CURTISE GREVILL.
Three Tribunes.	
Two Lictors.	GEORGE VERNON. JAMES HORNE.
Domitia, the Wife of *Ælius Lamia.*	JOHN TOMPSON.
Domitilla, Cousin-german to *Cæsar.*	JOHN HUNNIEMAN.
Julia, *Titus*'s Daughter.	WILLIAM TRIGGE.
Cænis, *Vespatian*'s Concubine.	ALEXANDER GOUGH.

THE

THE ROMAN ACTOR.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The* Roman *Theatre.*

Enter Paris, Latinus, Æsopus.

Æsopus.

WHAT do we act to-day?

Latinus. Agave's Phrensy,
With *Pentheus'* bloody End.

Paris. It skills not What;
The Times are dull, and all that we receive

* The Plot of this Tragedy is taken from the Life of *Domitianus*, Emperor of *Rome*: *Massinger* seems to have copied it from *Suetonius*, and to have been very strict to History: The Tale itself is of too great a Length to transcribe; therefore I shall refer the curious Reader to the Original.

Most of the old *English* Plays, both Tragedies and Comedies, are historical; not confined to any Unity of Time, Place, or Action: But a Series of Adventures told dramatically, and filled with every Incident that was contained in the Story.—Most of them are almost a Transcript of the History or Novel which first gave the Hint to the Poet, begins with the same Circumstances, are composed of the same Characters, abounds with as great a Numder of Episodes, and have as many different Catastrophes to conclude the Whole:—Hence it happens, that they are more fruitful of extraordinary Events, and are enriched with a greater Variety of common-place Reflections than perhaps our more regular Plays will allow of, though they are not so simple in Design, or so agreeable to the Laws of Poetry.—— Of this Kind is the *Roman Actor*, *The Bondman*, and most of *Massinger's*.

Will hardly ſatisfy the Day's Expence.
The *Greeks* (to whom we owe the firſt Invention
Both of the buſkin'd Scene and humble Sock)
That reign in ev'ry Noble Family
Declaim againſt us: And our Amphitheatre,
Great *Pompey*'s Work, that hath giv'n full Delight
Both to the Eye, and Ear of fifty thouſand
Spectators in one Day, as if it were
Some unknown Deſart, or great *Rome* unpeopl'd,
Is quite forſaken.
Latin. Pleaſures of worſe Natures
Are gladly entertain'd, and they that ſhun us,
Practiſe, in private Sports the *Stews* would bluſh at.
A Litter born by eight *Liburnian* Slaves,
To buy Diſeaſes from a glorious Strumpet,
The moſt cenſorious of our *Roman* Gentry,
Nay, of the guarded Robe the Senators,
Eſteem an eaſy Purchaſe.
Paris. Yet grudge us
(That with Delight join Profit, and endeavour
To build their Minds up fair, and on the Stage
Decipher to the Life what Honours wait
On good and glorious Actions, and the Shame
That treads upon the Heels of Vice) the Salary
Of ſix *Seſtertii.*
Æſop. For the Profit, *Paris*,
And mercenary Gain, they're Things beneath us;
Since, while you hold your Grace, and Power with *Cæſar*,
We, from your Bounty, find a large Supply,
Nor can one Thought of Want ever approach us.
Paris. Our Aim is Glory, and to leave our Names
To After Time.
Latin. And, would they give us Leave,
There ends all our Ambition.
Æſop. We've Enemies,
And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
The Conſul *Aretinus* (*Cæſar*'s Spy)
Said at his Table, e'er a Month expir'd
(For

(For being gall'd in our laſt Comedy)
He'd ſilence us for ever.
Paris. I expect
No Favour from him; my ſtrong Aventine is
That great *Domitian*, whom we oft have chear'd
In his moſt ſullen Moods will once return,
Who can repair, with Eaſe, the Conſul's Ruins.
Latin. 'Tis frequent in the City, he hath ſubdued,
The *Catti* and the *Daci*, and, e're long,
The ſecond Time will enter *Rome* in triumph.

Enter two Lictors.

Paris. *Jove* haſten it, with us. I now believe
The Conſul's Threats, *Æſopus*.
1. *Lict.* You're ſummon'd
T'appear to Day in Senate.
2. *Lict.* And there to anſwer
What ſhall be urg'd againſt you.
Paris. We obey you.
Nay, droop not, Fellows; Innocence ſhould be bold.
We that have perſonated in the Scene
The ancient Heroes, and the Falls of Princes
With loud Applauſe, being to act ourſelves,
Muſt do it with undaunted Confidence.
What e'er our Sentence be, think 'tis in Sport.
And, though condemn'd, lets hear it without Sorrow,
As if we were to live again Tomorrow.
1. *Lict.* 'Tis ſpoken like yourſelf.

Enter Ælius, Lamia, Junius Ruſticus, Palphurius, Sura.

Lamia. Whither goes *Paris?*
1. *Lict.* He's cited to the Senate.
Latin. I am glad the State is
So free from Matters of more Weight and Trouble
That it has vacant Time to look on us.
Paris. That reverend Place, in which th' Affairs of Kings,
And Provinces were determin'd, to deſcend
To th' Cenſure of a bitter Word, or Jeſt,

Drop'd from a Poet's Pen! Peace to your Lordſhips,
We are glad that you are ſafe.
[*Exeunt Lictors*, Paris, Latinus, Æſopus.
Lamia. What Times are theſe?
To what is *Rome* fall'n! may we, being alone,
Speak our Thoughts freely of the Prince, and State,
And not fear the Informer.
Ruſt. Noble *Lamia*,
So dangerous the Age is, and ſuch bad Acts
Are practis'd ev'ry where, we hardly ſleep
Nay, cannot dream, with Safety. All our Actions
Are call'd in Queſtion; to be nobly born
Is now a Crime; and to deſerve too well
Held capital Treaſon. Sons accuſe their Fathers,
Fathers their Sons; and, but to win a Smile
From one in Grace at Court: our chaſteſt Matrons
Make ſhipwreck of their Honours. To be virtuous
Is to be guilty. They are only ſafe
That know to ſooth the Prince's Appetite,
And ſerve his Luſts.
Sura. 'Tis true; and 'tis my Wonder
That two Sons of ſo different a Nature,
Should ſpring from good *Veſpatian*. We had a *Titus*,
Styl'd juſtly the Delight of all Mankind,
Who did eſteem that Day loſt in his Life
In which ſome one or other taſted not
Of his magnificent Bounties: One that had
A ready Tear when he was forc'd to ſign
The Death of an Offender: And ſo far
From Pride, that he diſdain'd not the Converſe
Ev'n of the pooreſt *Roman*.
Lamia. Yet his Brother
Domitian, that now ſways the Power of Things,
Is ſo inclin'd to Blood, that no Day paſſes
In which ſome are not faſten'd to the Hook,
Or thrown from the *Tarpeian* Rock. His Freemen
Scorn the Nobility, and he himſelf,
As if he were not made of Fleſh and Blood,
Forgets he is a Man.

Ruſt.

Ruſt. In his young Years
He ſhew'd what he would be when grown to Ripeneſs:
His greateſt Pleaſure was, being a Child,
With a ſharp-pointed Bodkin to kill Flies,
Whoſe Rooms now Men ſupply. For his Eſcape
In the *Vitellian* War he rais'd a Temple
To *Jupiter*, and proudly plac'd his Figure
In the Boſom of the God. And in his Edicts
He does not bluſh, or ſtart, to ſtile himſelf
(As if the Name of Emperor were baſe)
Great Lord, and God *Domitian*.

Sura. I have Letters
He's on his Way to *Rome*, and purpoſes
To enter with all Glory. The flatt'ring Senate
Decrees him Divine Honours, and to croſs it
Were Death with ſtudied Torments:—For my Part,
I will obey the Time, it is in vain
To ſtrive againſt the Torrent.

Ruſt. Let's to the *Curia*,
And, though unwillingly, give our Suffrages
Before we are compell'd.

Lamia. And, ſince we cannot
With Safety uſe the active, lets make Uſe of
The paſſive Fortitude, with this Aſſurance
That the State, ſick in him, the Gods to Friend,
Though at the worſt, will now begin to mend. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

A Chamber.

Enter Domitia *and* Parthenius.

Domitia. To me this Reverence?

Parthen. I pay it, Lady,
As a Debt due to her that's *Cæſar*'s Miſtreſs:
For, underſtand with Joy, he that commands
All that the Sun gives Warmth to, is your Servant.
Be not amaz'd, but fit you to your Fortunes.
Think upon State, and Greatneſs, and the Honours

That wait upon *Auguſta*, for that Name
E're long comes to you.—Still you doubt your Vaſſal;]
But, when you've read this Letter, writ and ſign'd
With his Imperial Hand, you will be freed
From Fear and Jealouſy; and, I beſeech you,
When all the Beauties of the Earth bow to you,
And Senators ſhall take it for an Honour,
As I do now, to kiſs theſe happy Feet;
When ev'ry Smile you give is a Preferment,
And you diſpoſe of Provinces to your Creatures,
—Think on *Parthenius*.

Domitia. Riſe.—I am tranſported,
And hardly dare believe what is aſſur'd here.
The Means, my good *Parthenius*, that wrought *Cæſar*
(Our God on Earth) to caſt an Eye of Favour
Upon his humble Handmaid?

Parthen. What, but your Beauty?
When Nature fram'd you for her Maſter-piece,
As the pure Abſtract of all rare in Woman,
She had no other Ends but to deſign you
To the moſt eminent Place. I will not ſay
(For it would ſmell of Arrogance to inſinuate
The Service I have done you) with what Zeal
I oft have made Relation of your Virtues,
Or how I've ſung your Goodneſs, or how *Cæſar*
Was fir'd with the Relation of your Story:
I am rewarded in the Act, and happy
In that my Project proſper'd.

Domitia. You are modeſt,
And, were it in my Power, I would be thankful.
If that, when I was Miſtreſs of myſelf,
And in my Way of Youth, pure, and untainted,
The Emperor had vouchſaf'd to ſeek my Favours,
I had with Joy given up my Virgin Fort,
At the firſt Summons, to his ſoft Embraces:
But I am now another's, not mine own.
You know I have a Huſband; for my Honour
I would not be his Strumpet—and how Law

Can

Can be dispens'd with to become his Wife,
To me's a Riddle.

Parthen. I can soon resolve it:
When Power puts in his Plea, the Laws are silenc'd.
The World confesses one *Rome*, and one *Cæsar*,
And, as his Rule is infinite, his Pleasures
Are unconfin'd; this Syllable, his *Will*,
Stands for a thousand Reasons.

Domitia. But with Safety,
Suppose I should consent, how can I do it?
My Husband is a Senator, of a Temper
Not to be jested with.

Enter Lamia.

Parthen. As if he durst
Be *Cæsar*'s Rival.—Here he comes; with Ease
I will remove this Scruple,

Lamia. How! so private?
My own House made a Brothel? Sir, how durst you,
Though guarded with your Power in Court, and Greatness,
Hold Conference with my Wife?—As for you, Minion,
I shall hereafter treat.

Parthen. You're rude and saucy.
Nor know to whom you speak.

Lamia. This is fine, i'faith!
Is she not my Wife?

Parthen. Your Wife? But touch her, that Respect forgotten
That's due to her whom mightiest *Cæsar* favours,
And think what 'tis to die.—Not to lose Time,
She's *Cæsar*'s Choice: It is sufficient Honour
You were his Taster in this heav'nly Nectar;
But now must quit the Office.

Lamia. This is rare!
Cannot a Man be Master of his Wife
Because she's young, and fair, without a Patent?
I in my own House am an Emperor,
And will defend what's mine,—where are my Knaves?

If ſuch an Inſolence eſcape unpuniſh'd——

Parthen. In yourſelf *Lamia*, *Cæſar* hath forgot
To uſe his Power, and I his Inſtrument,
In whom, though abſent, his Authority ſpeaks,
Have loſt my Faculties. [*Stamps.*

Enter a Centurion with Soldiers.

Lamia. The Guard! why, am I
Deſign'd for Death?

Domitia. As you deſire my Favour,
Take not ſo rough a Courſe.

Parthen. All your Deſires
Are abſolute Commands. Yet, give me Leave
To put the Will of *Cæſar* into Act.
Here's a Bill of Divorce between your Lordſhip
And this great Lady: If you refuſe to ſign it,
And ſo as if you did it uncompell'd,
Won to't by Reaſons that concern yourſelf,
Her Honour too untainted; here are Clerks,
Shall in your beſt Blood write it new, till Torture
Compel you to perform it.

Lamia. Is this legal?
New Works that dare not do unlawful Things,
Yet bare them out are Conſtables, not Kings.

Parthen. Will you diſpute?

Lamia. I know not what to urge
Againſt myſelf, but too much Dotage on her
Love and Obſervance.

Parthen. Set it under your Hand
That you are impotent, and cannot pay
The Duties of a Huſband; or, that you are mad
(Rather than want juſt Cauſe, we'll make you ſo).
Diſpatch, you know the Danger elſe; and deliver it;
Nay, on your Knee. Madam, you now are free,
And Miſtreſs of yourſelf.

Lamia. Can you, *Domitia*,
Conſent to this?

Domitia. 'Twould argue a baſe Mind
To live a Servant, when I may command.

I now am *Cæſar*'s,—and yet, in Reſpect
I once was yours, when you come to the Palace,
(Provided you deſerve it in your Service)
You ſhall find me your good Miſtreſs. Wait me, *Parthenius*,
And now farewell, poor *Lamia*. [*Exeunt all but* Lamia.
Lamia. To the Gods
I bend my Knees, (for Tyranny hath baniſh'd
Juſtice from Men) and as they would deſerve
Their Altars, and our Vows, humbly invoke 'em
That this my raviſh'd Wife may prove as fatal
To proud *Domitian*, and her Embraces
Afford him in the End as little Joy,
As wanton *Helen* brought to him of *Troy*. [*Exit*.

SCENE III.

The Senate.

Enter Lictors, Aretinus, Fulcinius, Ruſticus, Sura, Paris, Latinus, Æſopus.

Aret. Fathers Conſcript! may this our Meeting be
Happy to *Cæſar* and the Common Wealth.
Lict. Silence!
Aret. The Purpoſe of this frequent Senate
Is, firſt, to give Thanks to the Gods of *Rome*,
That, for the Propagation of the Empire,
Vouchſafe us one to govern it, like themſelves,
In Height of Courage, Depth of Underſtanding,
And all thoſe Virtues, and remarkable Graces,
Which make a Prince moſt eminent; our *Domitian*
Tranſcends the ancient *Romans*. I can never
Bring his Praiſe to a Period. What good Man
That is a Friend to Truth, dares make it doubtful,
That he hath *Fabius*' Staidneſs, and the Courage
Of bold *Marcellus*, to whom *Hanibal* gave
The Stile of *Target and the Sword of Rome*.
But he has more, and every Touch more *Roman*;
As *Pompey*'s Dignity, *Auguſtus*' State,

Antony's

Antony's Bounty, and great *Julius*' Fortune,
With *Cato*'s Reſolution.—I am loſt
In th' Ocean of his Virtues. In a Word,
All Excellencies of good Men meet in him,
But no Part of their Vices.

Ruſt. This is no Flattery! [*Aſide.*

Sur. Take heed, you'll be obſerv'd. [*Aſide.*

Aret. 'Tis then moſt fit
That we (as to the Father of our Country,
Like thankful Sons, ſtand bound to pay true Service
For all thoſe Bleſſings that he ſhow'rs upon us)
Should not connive, and ſee his Government,
Deprav'd and ſcandaliz'd by meaner Men,
That to his Favour and Indulgence owe
Themſelves and Being.

Paris. Now he points at us.

Aret. Cite *Paris* the Tragedian.

Paris. Here.

Aret. Stand forth.
In thee, as being the Chief of thy Profeſſion,
I do accuſe the Quality of Treaſon,
As Libellers againſt the State and *Cæſar*.

Paris. Meer Accuſations are not Proofs, my Lord;
In what are we Delinquents?

Aret. You are they
That ſearch into the Secrets of the Time,
And, under feign'd Names, on the Stage, preſent
Actions not to be touch'd at; and traduce
Perſons of Rank and Quality of both Sexes,
And with ſatyrical and bitter Jeſts
Make ev'n the Senators ridiculous
To the Plebeians.

Paris. If I free not myſelf,
(And, in myſelf, the reſt of my Profeſſion)
From theſe falſe Imputations, and prove
That they make that a Libel which the Poet
Writ for a Comedy, ſo acted too,
It is but Juſtice that we undergo
The heavieſt Cenſure.

Aret.

Aret. Are you on the Stage,
You talk so boldly?

Paris. The whole World being one,[1]
This Place is not exempted; and I am
So confident in the Justice of our Cause,
That I could wish *Cæsar*, in whose great Name
All Kings are comprehended, sat as Judge,
To hear our Plea, and then determine of us.
If, to express a Man sold to his Lusts,
Wasting the Treasure of his Time and Fortunes
In wanton Dalliance, and to what sad End
A Wretch that's so given over does arrive at,
Deterring careless Youth, by his Example,
From such licentious Courses; laying open
The Snares of Bawds, and the consuming Arts
Of prodigal Strumpets, can deserve Reproof,
Why are not all your golden Principles,
Writ down by grave Philosophers to instruct us
To chuse fair Virtue for our Guide, not Pleasure,
Condemn'd unto the Fire?

Sura. There's Spirit in this!

Paris. Or if desire of Honour was the Base
On which the Building of the *Roman* Empire
Was rais'd up to this Height; if, to inflame
The Noble Youth with an ambitious Heat
T' indure the Frosts of Danger, nay of Death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal Wreath
By glorious Undertakings, may deserve
Reward, or Favour, from the Common-wealth,
Actors may put in for as large a Share
As all the Sects of the Philosophers;
They which could Precepts (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver, what an honourable Thing
The active Virtue is. But does that Fire

[1] *The whole World being one*
This Place is not exempted, &c.

This and the succeeding Speeches of *Paris* are a fine Piece of Oratory, an excellent Defence for the Stage, and wrote with great Spirit and Energy,

The

The Blood, or ſwell the Veins with Emulation
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is preſented on our Theatres?
Let a good Actor in a lofty Scene
Shew great *Alcides* honour'd in the Sweat
Of his twelve Labours; or a bold *Camillus*
Forbidding *Rome* to be redeem'd with Gold
From the inſulting *Gaul*'s; or *Scipio*
After his Victories impoſing Tribute
On conquer'd *Carthage*. If done to the Life,
As if they ſaw their Dangers, and their Glories,
And did partake with them in their Rewards,
All that have any Spark of Roman in them
The ſlothful Arts laid by, contend to be
Like thoſe they ſee preſented.
Ruſt. He has put
The Conſuls to their Whiſper.
Paris. But 'tis urg'd
That we corrupt Youth, and traduce Superiors:
When do we bring a Vice upon the Stage,
That does go off unpuniſh'd? Do we teach,
By the Succeſs of wicked Undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden Steps?
We ſhew no Arts of *Lydian* Pandariſm,
Corinthian Poiſons, *Perſian* Flatteries,
But mulcted ſo in the Concluſion, that
Ev'n thoſe Spectators, that were ſo inclin'd,
Go home chang'd Men. And, for traducing ſuch
That are above us, publiſhing to the World
Their ſecret Crimes, we are as innocent
As ſuch as are born dumb. When we preſent
An Heir, that does not conſpire againſt the Life
Of his dear Parent, numb'ring every Hour
He lives, as tedious to him, if there be
Among the Auditors one whoſe Conſcience tells him,
He is of the ſame Mould—we cannot help it.
Or, bringing on the Stage a looſe Adultereſs,
That does maintain the riotous Expence
Of him that feeds her greedy Luſt, yet ſuffers

The lawful Pledges of a former Bed
To ſtarve the while for Hunger; if a Matron,
However great in Fortune, Birth, or Titles,
Guilty of ſuch a foul unnatural Sin,
Cry out, 'tis writ for me—we cannot help it:
Or, when a covetous Man's expreſs'd, whoſe Wealth
Arithmetick cannot number, and whoſe Lordſhips
A Falcon in one Day cannot fly over;
Yet he ſo ſordid in his Mind, ſo griping,
As not to afford himſelf the Neceſſaries
To maintain Life; if a Patrician,
(Though honour'd with a Conſulſhip) find himſelf
Touch'd to the quick in this—we cannot help it:
Or, when we ſhow a Judge that is corrupt,
And will give up his Sentence, as he favous
The Perſon, not the Cauſe, ſaving the Guilty,
If of his Faction, and as oft condemning
The innocent out of particular Spleen;
If any in this reverend Aſſembly,
Nay, ev'n yourſelf, my Lord, that are the Image
Of abſent *Cæſar*, feel ſomething in your Boſom
That puts you in Remembrance of Things paſt,
Or Things intended—'tis not in us to help it.
—I've ſaid, my Lord; and now, as you find Cauſe,
Or cenſure us, or free us with Applauſe.

Lat. Well pleaded, on my Life; I never ſaw him
Act an Orator's Part before.

Æſop. We might have given
Ten double Fees to *Regulus*, and yet
Our Cauſe deliver'd worſe. [*A Shout within.*

Enter Parthenius.

Aret. What Shout is that?

Parthen. *Cæſar*, our Lord, married to Conqueſt, is
Return'd in Triumph.

Fulcin. Let's all haſte to meet him.

Aret. Break up the Court; we will reſerve to him
The Cenſure of this Cauſe.

All. Long Life to *Cæſar!* [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Capitol.

Enter Julia, Cænis, Domitilla, Domitia.

Cænis. Stand back—the Place is mine.
Julia? Yours? Am I not
Great *Titus'* Daughter, and *Domitian's* Niece
Dares any claim Precedence?
Cænis. I was more,
The Miſtreſs of your Father, and in his Right
Claim Duty from you.
Julia. I confeſs you were uſeful
To pleaſe his Appetite.
Domitia. To end the Controverſy,
For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold
To lead the Way myſelf.
Domitilla. You, Minion!
Domitia. Yes,
And all, ere long ſhall kneel to catch my Favours.
Julia. Whence ſprings this Flood of Greatneſs?
Domitia. You ſhall know
Too ſoon for your Vexation, and perhaps
Repent too late, and pine with Envy, when
You ſee whom *Cæſar* favours.
Julia. Obſerve the Sequel.

Enter at one Door Captains with Laurels, Domitian, *in his Triumphant Chariot,* Parthenius, Paris, Latinus, Æſopus, *met by* Aretinus, Sura, Lamia, Ruſticus; Fulcinius, *and Priſoners led by him.*

Cæſ. As we now touch the height of human Glory,
Riding in Triumph to the Capitol,
Let theſe whom this victorious Arm hath made
The Scorn of Fortune, and the Slaves of *Rome,*
Taſte the Extremes of Miſery. Bear them off
To the common Priſons, and there let them prove
How ſharp our Axes are.

Ruſt.

Ruſt. A bloody Entrance! [*Aſide.*

Cæſ. To tell you, you are happy in your Prince
Were to diſtruſt your Love, or my Deſert;
And either were diſtaſteful. Or to boaſt
How much, not by my Deputies, but myſelf,
I have enlarg'd the Empire; or what Horrors
The Soldier in our Conduct hath broke through,
Would better ſuit the Mouth of *Plautus' Braggart*,
Than the adored Monarch of the World.

Sura. This is no Boaſt. [*Aſide.*

Cæſ. When I but name the *Daci*,
And grey-ey'd *Germans*, whom I have ſubdu'd,
The Ghoſt of *Julius* will look pale with Envy,
And great *Veſpaſian*'s, and *Titus'* Triumph,
(Truth muſt take Place of Father and of Brother:)
Will be no more remember'd. I'm above
All Honours you can give me; and the Stile
Of Lord, and God, which thankful Subjects give me
(Not my Ambition) is deſerv'd,

Aret. At all Parts
Celeſtial Sacrifice is fit for *Cæſar*,
In our Acknowledgments.

Cæſ. Thanks *Aretinus*;
Still hold our Favour. Now, the God of War,
And Famine, Blood, and Death, *Bellona*'s Pages,
Baniſh'd from *Rome* to *Thrace* in our good Fortune,
With Juſtice he may taſte the Fruits of Peace,
Whoſe Sword hath plough'd the Ground, and reap'd the Harveſt
Of your Proſperity. Nor can I think
That there is one among you ſo ungrateful,
Or ſuch an Enemy, to thriving Virtue,
That can eſteem the Jewel he holds deareſt
Too good for *Cæſar*'s Uſe.

Sura. All we poſſeſs.—

Lamia. Our Liberties.—

Fulcin. Our Children.—

Parthen. Wealth.—

Aret. And Throats
Fall willingly beneath his Feet.

Ruſt.

Ruſt. Baſe Flattery! [*Aſide.*
What *Roman* could endure this?

Cæſ. This calls on
My Love to all, which ſpreads itſelf among you,
The Beauties of the Time. Receive the Honour
To kiſs the Hand which, rear'd up thus, holds Thunder;
To you 'tis an Aſſurance of a Calm.
Julia my Niece, and *Cænis* the Delight
Of old *Veſpatian! Domitilla* too
A Princeſs of our Blood!

Ruſt. 'Tis ſtrange his Pride
Affords no greater Courteſy to Ladies
Of ſuch high Birth and Rank.

Sura. Your Wife's forgotten.

Lamia. No, ſhe will be remember'd, fear it not;
She will be grac'd and greas'd.

Cæſ. But, when I look on
Divine *Domitia*, methinks we ſhould meet
(The leſſer Gods applauding the Encounter)
As *Jupiter*, the Giants lying dead
On the *Phlegræan* Plain, embrac'd his *Juno*.
Lamia, 'tis your Honour that ſhe's mine.

Lamia. You are too great to be gainſaid.

Cæſ. Let all
That fear our Frown, or do affect our Favour,
Without examining the Reaſon why,
Salute her (by this Kiſs I make it good)
With the Title of *Auguſta*.

Domitia. Still your Servant.

All. Long live *Auguſta*, great *Domitian*'s Empreſs!

Cæſ. Paris, my Hand.

Paris. The Gods ſtill honour *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. The Wars are ended, and, our Arms laid by,
We are for ſoft Delights. Command the Poets
To uſe their choiceſt and moſt rare Invention,
To entertain the Time, and be you careful
To give it Action; we'll provide the People
Pleaſures of all Kinds. My *Domitia* think not

I flatter, though thus fond. On to the Capitol,
'Tis Death to him that wears a ſullen Brow.
This 'tis to be a Monarch, when alone
He can command all, but is aw'd by none. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene a Chamber.

Enter Philargus, Parthenius.

Philar. MY Son to tutor me!—Know your Obedience,
And queſtion not my Will.
Parthen. Sir, were I one,
Whom Want compell'd to wiſh a full Poſſeſſion
Of what is yours; or had I ever number'd
Your Years, or thought you liv'd too long, with Reaſon
You then might nouriſh ill Opinions of me:
Or did the Suit that I prefer to you
Concern myſelf, and aim'd not at your Good,
You might deny, and I ſit down with Patience,
And after never preſs you.
Philar. I' th' Name of *Pluto*
What would'ſt thou have me do?
Parthen. Right to yourſelf;
Or ſuffer me to do it. Can you imagine
This naſty Hat, this tatter'd Cloak, rent Shoe,
This ſordid Linnen can become the Maſter
Of your fair Fortunes? Whoſe ſuperfluous Means
(Though I were burthenſome) could cloth you in
The coſtlieſt *Perſian* Silks, ſtudded with Jewels,
The Spoils of Provinces, and every Day
Freſh Change of *Tyrian* Purple.

Philar. Out upon thee!
My Moneys in my Coffers melt to hear thee.
Purple! hence Prodigal! ſhall I make my Mercer
Or Taylor my Heir, or ſee my Jeweller purchaſe?
No, I hate Pride.

Parthen. Yet Decency would do well.
Though for your Outſide you will not be alter'd,
Let me prevail ſo far yet, as to win you
Not to deny your Belly Nouriſhment;
Neither to think you've feaſted when 'tis cram'd
With mouldy Barley-bread, Onions, and Leeks,
And, the Drink of Bondmen, Water.

Philar. Would'ſt thou have me
Be an *Apicius*, or a *Lucullus*,
And riot out my 'State in curious Sauces?
Wiſe Nature with a little is contented; [z]
And, following her, my Guide, I cannot err.

Parthen. But you deſtroy her in your want of Care
(I bluſh to ſee, and ſpeak it) to maintain her
In perfect Health and Vigour, when you ſuffer
(Frighted with the Charge of Phyſick) Rheums, Catarrhs,
The Scurf, Ach in your Bones, to grow upon you,
And haſten on your Fate with too much ſparing;
When a cheap Purge, a Vomit and good Diet
May lengthen it, give me but Leave to ſend
The Emperor's Doctor to you.

Philar. I'll be borne firſt
Half rotten to the Fire that muſt conſume me,
His Pills, his Cordials, his Electuaries,
His Syrups, Julips, Bezoar Stone, nor his
Imagin'd Unicorn's Horn comes in my Belly;
My Mouth ſhall be a Draught firſt, 'tis reſolv'd.

[z] *Wiſe Nature with a little is contented.*

There are many Sentiments in ſeveral of the Poets ſimilar to this; *Shakeſpear* in his King *Lear* has the following.

O, reaſon not the Need: Our baſeſt Beggars
Are in the pooreſt Things ſuperfluous;
Allow not Nature more than Nature needs,
Man's Life is cheap as Beaſts. Act II.

No;

No; I'll not leſſen my dear golden Heap,
Which, every Hour increaſing does renew
My Youth, and Vigour; but, if leſſen'd, then—
Then my poor Heart-ſtrings crack. Let me enjoy it,
And brood o'er't while I live, it being my Life,
My Soul, my All. But when I turn to Duſt,
And part from what is more eſteem'd by me
Than all the Gods *Rome*'s thouſand Altars ſmoke to,
Inherit thou my Adoration of it,
And, like me, ſerve my Idol. [*Exit* Philargus.

Parthen. What a ſtrange Torture
Is Avarice to itſelf! what Man that looks on
Such a penurious Spectacle but muſt
Know what the Fable meant of *Tantalus*,
Or th' Aſs whoſe Back is crack'd with curious Viands
Yet feeds on Thiſtles. Some Courſe I muſt take,
To make my Father know what Cruelty
He uſes on himſelf.

Enter Paris.

Paris. Sir, with your Pardon,
I make bold to enquire the Emp'ror's Pleaſure,
For, being by him commanded to attend,
Your Favour may inſtruct us what's his Will
Shall be this Night preſented?

Parthen. My lov'd *Paris*,
Without my Interceſſion you well know
You may make your own Approaches, ſince his Ear
To you is ever open.

Paris. I acknowledge
His Clemency to my Weakneſs, and, if ever
I do abuſe it, Lightning ſtrike me dead.
The Grace he pleaſes to confer upon me
(Without Boaſt I may ſay ſo much) was never
Imploy'd to wrong the Innocent, or to incenſe
His Fury.

Parthen. 'Tis confeſs'd, many Men owe you
For Provinces they ne'er hop'd for; and their Lives

Forfeited to his Anger—you being abſent,
I could ſay more.

Paris. You ſtill are my good Patron;
And, lay it in my Fortune to deſerve it,
You ſhould perceive the pooreſt of your Clients
To his beſt Abilities thankful.

Parthen. I believe ſo.
Met you my Father?

Paris. Yes, Sir; with much Grief,
To ſee him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himſelf?

Parthen. O *Paris*, 'tis a Weight
Sits heavy here, and could this Right-hand's Loſs
Remove it, it ſhould off; but he is deaf
To all Perſuaſion.

Paris. Sir, with your Pardon,
I'll offer my Advice: I once obſerv'd [3]
In a Tragedy of ours, in which a Murther
Was acted to the Life, a guilty Hearer,
Forc'd by the Terror of a wounded Conſcience,
To make Diſcovery of that, which Torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an Impoſſibility, but that
Your Father, looking on a covetous Man
Preſented on the Stage, as in a Mirror,
May ſee his own Deformity, and loath it.
Now, could you but perſuade the Emperor
To ſee a Comedy we have, that's ſtil'd
The Cure of Avarice, and to command

[3] ——— *I once obſerv'd*
In a Tragedy of ours, &c.

In *Hamlet* there is a Paſſage like his, which *Maſſinger* ſeems to have copied.

I've heard, that guilty Creatures, at a Play
Have by the very Cunning of the Scene
Been ſtruck ſo to the Soul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murder, though it have no Tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous Organ.

Act II. the laſt Scene

You

Your Father to be a Spectator of it,
He ſhall be ſo anatomiz'd in the Scene,
And ſee himſelf ſo perſonated; the Baſeneſs
Of a ſelf-torturing miſerable Wretch
Truly deſcrib'd, that I much hope the Object
Will work Compunction in him.

Parthen. There's your Fee,
I ne'er bought better Counſel. Be you in readineſs
I will effect the reſt.

Paris. Sir, when you pleaſe,
We'll be prepar'd to enter.—Sir, the Emperor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Cæſar, Aretinus, *Guard.*

Cæſ. Repine at us?

Aret. 'Tis more, or my Informers,
That keep ſtrict Watch upon him, are deceiv'd
In their Intelligence; there is a Liſt
Of Malecontents, as *Junius Ruſticus*,
Palphurius Sura, and this *Ælius Lamia*,
That murmur at your Triumphs as meer Pageants;
And at their Midnight Meetings tax your Juſtice
(For ſo I ſtyle what they call Tyranny)
For *Pætus Thraſea*'s Death, as if in him
Virtue herſelf were murther'd; nor forget they
Agricola, who, for his Service done
In the reducing *Britany* to Obedience,
They dare affirm to be remov'd with Poiſon;
And he compell'd to write you a Coheir
With his Daughter, that his Teſtament might ſtand,
Which elſe you had made void. Then your much Love
To *Julia* your Niece, cenſur'd as Inceſt,
And done in Scorn of *Titus* your dead Brother:
But the Divorce *Lamia* was forc'd to ſign
To her, you honour with *Auguſta*'s Title,
Being only nam'd, they do conclude there was
A *Lucrece* once, a *Collatine*, and a *Brutus*;
But nothing *Roman* left now, but, in you,
The Luſt of *Tarquin*.

Cæſ. Yes, his Fire, and Scorn
Of ſuch as think that our unlimited Power
Can be confin'd. Dares *Lamia* pretend
An Intereſt to that which I call mine?
Or but remember, ſhe was ever his
That's now in our Poſſeſſion?—Fetch him hither.
[*The Guards go off.*
I'll give him Cauſe to wiſh he rather had
Forgot his own Name, than e'er mention'd hers.
Shall we be circumſcrib'd? Let ſuch as cannot
By Force make good their Actions, though wicked,
Conceal, excuſe, or qualify their Crimes:
What our Deſires grant Leave, and Privilege to,
Though contradicting all Divine Decrees,
Or Laws confirm'd by *Romulus*, and *Numa*,
Shall be held ſacred.

Aret. You ſhould, elſe, take from
The Dignity of *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. Am I Maſter
Of two and thirty Legions, that awe
All Nations of the triumphed World,
Yet tremble at our Frown, yield an Accompt
Of what's our Pleaſure to a private Man?
Rome periſh firſt, and *Atlas'* Shoulders ſhrink;
Heav'ns Fabrick fall; the Sun, the Moon, the Stars
Loſing their Light, and comfortable Heat,
Ere I confeſs, that any Fault of mine
May be diſputed.

Aret. So you preſerve your Power,
As you ſhould equal, and omnipotent here,
With *Jupiter*'s above.

Enter Parthenius.

[*He kneels and whiſpers to* Cæſar.

Cæſ. Thy Suit is granted
Whate'er it be, *Parthenius*, for thy Service
Done to *Auguſta*. Only ſo? A Trifle:
Command him hither. If the Comedy fail
To cure him, I will miniſter ſomething to him

That

That ſhall inſtruct him to forget his Gold,
And think upon himſelf.
Parthen. May it ſucceed well,
Since my Intents are pious. [*Exit.* Parthenius.
Cæſ. We are reſolv'd
What Courſe to take; and therefore, *Aretinus*,
Inquire no further. Go you to my Empreſs,
And ſay, I do entreat (for ſhe rules him
Whom all Men elſe obey) ſhe would vouchſafe
The Muſick of her Voice, at yonder Window,
When I advance my Hand, thus. I will blend
[*Exit* Aretinus.
My Cruelty with ſome Scorn, or elſe 'tis loſt.
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling
With greater Violence, and Hate clothed in Smiles,
Strikes, and with Horror, dead the Wretch that comes not
Prepar'd to meet it.

Enter Lamia *with the Guard.*

Our good *Lamia*, welcome.
So much we owe you for a Benefit
With Willingneſs on your Part confer'd upon us,
That 'tis our Study, we that would not live
Engag'd to any for a Courteſy,
How to return it.
Lamia. 'Tis beneath your Fate
To be oblig'd, that in your own Hand graſp
The Means to be magnificent.
Cæſ. Well put off;
But yet it muſt not do: The Empire, *Lamia*,
Divided equally can hold no Weight,
If ballanc'd with your Gift in fair *Domitia*.
You that could part with all Delights at once,
The Magazine of rich Pleaſures being contain'd
In her Perfections, uncompell'd deliver'd,
As a Preſent fit for *Cæſar*. In your Eyes
With Tears of Joy, not Sorrow, 'tis confirm'd
You glory in your Act.

Lamia. Derided too!
Sir, this is more.——

Cæſ. More than I can requite;
It is acknowledg'd, *Lamia.* There's no Drop [4]
Of melting Nectar I taſte from her Lip,
But yields a Touch of Immortality
To th' bleſt Receiver; every Grace and Feature,
Priz'd to the Worth bought at an eaſy Rate,
If purchas'd for a Conſulſhip. Her Diſcourſe
So raviſhing, and her Action ſo attractive,
That I would part with all my other Senſes
Provided I might ever ſee, and hear her.
The Pleaſures of her Bed I dare not truſt
The Winds or Air with; for that would draw down,
In Envy of my Happineſs, a War
From all the Gods upon me.

Lamia. Your Compaſſion
To me in your forbearing to inſult
On my Calamity, which you make your Sport,
Would more appeaſe thoſe Gods you have provok'd
Than all the blaſphemous Compariſons,
You ſing unto her Praiſe.

Cæſ. I ſing her Praiſe?
'Tis far from my Ambition to hope it.
It being a Debt ſhe only can lay down,
And no Tongue elſe diſcharge.

[*Muſick above, and a Song.*

Hark, I think, prompted
With my Conſent that you once more ſhould heard her,
She does begin.—An univerſal Silence
Dwell on this Place: 'Tis Death with lingring Torments

[4] ——— *There's no Drop*
Of melting Nectar, &c.

Shakeſpear makes *Anthony*, ſpeaking of *Cleopatra*, ſay,

Age cannot wither her, nor Cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite Variety: Other Women cloy,
The Appetites they feed, but ſhe makes hungry
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies.

But *Maſſinger* here much exceeds *Shakeſpear*.

To

To all that dare disturb her. Who can hear this
And falls not down and worship? In my fancy
Apollo being Judge on *Latinos* Hill,
Fair hair'd *Calliope* on her Ivory Lute
(But something short of this) sung *Ceres'* Praises
And griesly *Pluto's* Rape on *Proserpine.*
The Motion of the Spheres are out of Time
Her musical Notes but heard. Say, *Lamia*, say,—
Is not her Voice angelical?

Lamia. To your Ear:
But I, alas! am silent.

Cæs. Be so ever,
That without Admiration can'st hear her.
Malice to my Felicity strikes thee dumb,
And, in thy Hope, or Wish, to repossess
What I love more than Empire, I pronounce thee
Guilty of Treason.—Off with this Head. Do you stare?
By her that is my Patroness, *Minerva*,
(Whose Statue I adore, of all the Gods)
If he but live to make Reply, thy Life
Shall answer it.

[*The Guards lead off* Lamia, *stopping his Mouth.*

My Fears of him are freed now;
And he that liv'd, to upbraid me with my Wrong
For an Offence he never could imagine,
In Wantonness remov'd. Descend, my dearest.
Plurality of Husbands shall no more
Breed Doubts or Jealousies in you. 'Tis dispatch'd,
And with as little Trouble here, as if
I had kill'd a Fly.

Enter Domitia, *usher'd in by* Aretinus, *her Train with all State born up by* Julia, Cænis, *and* Domitilla.

Now you appear, and in
That Glory you deserve, and these, that stoop
To do you Service, in the Act much honour'd.
Julia forget that *Titus* was thy Father;
Cænis and *Domitilla* ne'er remember
Sabinus, or *Vespatian.* To be Slaves

To

To her, is more true Liberty then to live
Parthian or *Aſian* Queens. As leſſer Stars,
That wait on *Phœbe* in her full of Brightneſs,
Compar'd to her you are. Thus I ſeat you
By *Cæſar*'s Side, commanding theſe, that once
Were the adored Glories of the Time,
To witneſs to the World they are your Vaſſals
At your Feet to attend you.
Domitia. 'Tis your Pleaſure,
And not my Pride: And yet, when I conſider
That I am yours, all Duties they can pay
I do receive as Circumſtances due
To her you pleaſe to honour.

Enter Parthenius *with* Philargus.

Parthen. *Cæſar*'s Will
Commands you hither, nor muſt you gain-ſay it.
Philar. Loſe Time to ſee an Interlude? Muſt I pay too
For my Vexation?
Parthen. Not in the Court,
It is the Emperor's Charge.
Philar. I ſhall endure
My Torment, then, the better.
Cæſ. Can it be
This ſordid Thing, *Parthenius*, is thy Father?
No Actor can expreſs him. I had held
The Fiction for impoſſible in the Scene,
Had I not ſeen the Subſtance. Sirrah, ſit ſtill,
And give Attention; if you but nod,
You ſleep for ever. Let them ſpare the Prologue,
And all the Ceremonies proper to ourſelf
And come to the laſt Act—there, where the Cure
By the Doctor is made perfect. The ſwift Minutes
Seem Years to me, *Domitia*, that divorce thee
From my Embraces. My Deſires encreaſing
As they are ſatisfied, all Pleaſures elſe
Are tedious as dull Sorrows. Kiſs me, again:
If I now wanted Heat of Youth, theſe Fires

In

In *Priam*'s Veins would thaw his frozen Blood,
Enabling him to get a ſecond *Hector*
For the Defence of *Troy*.

Domitia. You are wanton!—
Pray you forbear. Let me ſee the Play.

Cæſ. Begin there.

Enter Paris *like a Doctor of Phyſick*, Æſopus, Latinus *brought forth aſleep in a Chair, a Key in his Mouth.*

Æſop. O Maſter Doctor, he is paſt Recovery;
A Lethargy hath ſeiz'd him: And, however
His Sleep reſemble Death, his watchful Care
To guard that Treaſure he dares make no Uſe of,
Works ſtrongly in his Soul.

Paris. What's that he holds
So faſt between his Teeth?

Æſop. The Key that opens
His Iron Cheſts cram'd with accurſed Gold,
Ruſty with long Impriſonment. There's no Duty
In me his Son, nor Confidence in Friends,
That can perſuade him to deliver up
That to the Truſt of any.

Philar. He is the wiſer:
We were faſhion'd in one Mould.

Æſop. He eats with it;
And, when Devotion calls him to the Temple
Of *Mammon*, whom of all the Gods he kneels to,
That held thus ſtill, his Oriſons are paid;
Nor will he, though the Wealth of *Rome* were pawn'd
For the reſtoring of it, for one ſhort Hour
Be won to part with it.

Philar. Still, ſtill myſelf:
And if, like me, he lov'd his Gold, no Pawn
Is good Security.

Paris. I'll try if I can force it.——
It will not be. His avaritious Mind
(Like Men in Rivers drown'd) makes him gripe faſt,
To his laſt Gaſp, what he in Life held deareſt,
And, if that it were poſſible in Nature,

Would

Would carry it with him to the other World.
Philar. As I would do, to Hell rather than leave it.
Æſop. Is he not dead?
Paris. Long ſince, to all good Actions,
Or to himſelf, or others, for which wiſe Men
Deſire to live. You may with Safety pinch him,
Or under his Nails ſtick Needles, yet he ſtirs not;
Anxious Fear to loſe what his Soul dotes on,
Renders his Fleſh inſenſible. We muſt uſe
Some Means to rouze the ſleeping Faculties
Of his Mind, there lies the Lethargy. Take a Trumpet
And blow it into his Ears, 'tis to no Purpoſe;
The roaring Noiſe of Thunder cannot wake him:
—And yet deſpair not; I have one Trick left.
Æſop. What is it?
Paris. I will cauſe a fearful Dream
To ſteal into his Fancy, and diſturb it
With th' Horror it brings with it, and ſo free
His Body's Organs.
Domitia. 'Tis a cunning Fellow;
If he were a Doctor as the Play ſays,
He ſhould be ſworn my Servant, govern my Slumbers,
And miniſter to me waking.
Paris. If this fail, [*A Cheſt brought in.*
I'll give him o'er. So with all Violence
Rend ope this Iron Cheſt; for here his Life lies
Bound up in Fetters, and in the Defence
Of what he values higher, 'twill return
And fill each Vein and Artery—Louder yet.
'Tis open, and already he begins
To ſtir, mark with what Trouble.
[Latinus *ſtretches himſelf.*
Philar. As you are *Cæſar*,
Defend this honeſt thrifty Man;—they're Thieves,
And come to rob him.
Parthen. Peace! the Emperor frowns.
Paris. So, now pour out the Bags upon the Table,
Remove his Jewels, and his Bonds again,
Ring a ſecond golden Peal, his Eyes are open:

He

He ſtares as he had ſeen *Meduſa*'s Head,
And were turn'd Marble.—Once more.
Lat. Murther, Murther,—
They come to murther me. My Son in the Plot?
Thou worſe than Paricide! if it be Death
To ſtrike thy Father's Body, can all Tortures,
The Furies in Hell practiſe, be ſufficient
For thee that doſt aſſaſſinate my Soul?
My Gold! my Bonds! my Jewels! doſt thou envy
My glad Poſſeſſion of them for a Day?
Extinguiſhing the Taper of my Life
Conſum'd unto the Snuff?
Paris. Seem not to mind him.
Lat. Have I, to leave thee rich, deny'd myſelf
The Joys of human Being? Scrap'd and hoarded
A Maſs of Treaſure, which had *Solon* ſeen
The *Lydian Cræſus* had apppear'd to him
Poor as the Beggar *Irus:* And yet I,
Sollicitous to encreaſe it, when my Intrails
Were clamm'd with keeping a perpetual Faſt,
Was deaf to their loud windy Cries, as fearing,
Should I diſburſe one Penny to their Uſe,
My Heir might curſe me: And, to ſave Expence
In outward Ornaments, I did expoſe
My naked Body to the Winter's Cold,
And Summer's ſcorching Heat. Nay, when Diſeaſes
Grew thick upon me, and a little Coſt
Had purchas'd my Recovery, I choſe rather
To have my Aſhes clos'd up in my Urn,
By haſting on my Fate, than to diminiſh
The Gold my Prodigal Son, while I am living,
Careleſsly ſcatters.
Æſop. Would you diſpatch and die once,
Your Ghoſt ſhould feel in Hell, that is my Slave
Which was your Maſter.
Philar. Out upon thee, Varlet!
Paris. And what then follows all your carke, and caring,
And Self-affliction, when your ſtarv'd Trunk is Turn'd

urn'd to forgotten Duſt? This hopeful Youth
U ines upon your Monument, ne'er remembring
How much for him you ſuffer'd; and then tells
To the Companions of his Luſts, and Riots,
The Hell you did endure on Earth, to leave him
Large Means to be an *Epicure*, and to feaſt
His Senſes all at once, a Happineſs
You never granted to yourſelf, your Gold then
(Got with Vexation, and preſerv'd with Trouble)
Maintains the public Stews, Panders, and Ruffians,
That quaff Damnation to your Memory,
For living ſo long here.

Lat. It will be ſo, I ſee it.
O! that I could redeem the Time that's paſt,
I would live, and die like myſelf; and make true Uſe
Of what my Induſtry purchas'd.

Paris. Covetous Men,
Having one Foot in the Grave lament ſo ever:
But, grant that I by Art could yet recover
Your deſperate Sickneſs, lengthen out your Life
A dozen of Years, as I reſtore your Body
To perfect Health, will you with Care endeavour
To rectify your Mind?

Lat. I ſhould ſo live then,
As neither my Heir ſhould have juſt Cauſe to think
I liv'd too long, for being cloſe-handed to him,
Or cruel to myſelf.

Paris. Have your Deſires;
Phœbus aſſiſting me, I will repair
The ruin'd Building of your Health: And think not
You have a Son that hates you; the Truth is,
This Means with his Conſent I practis'd on you
To this good End, it being a Device,
In you to ſhew the *Cure of Avarice.*

[*Exeunt* Paris, Latinus, Æſopus.

Philar. An old Fool, to be gull'd thus! had he died,
As I reſolve to do, not to be alter'd,
It had gone off twanging.

Cæſ.

Cæſ. How approve you Sweeteſt,
Of the Matter, and the Actors?
Domitia. For the Subject,
I like it not; it was filch'd out of *Horace.*
—Nay, I have read the Poets: But the Fellow,
That play'd the Doctor, did it well, by *Venus*;
He had a tunable Tongue and neat Delivery;
And yet, in my Opinion, he would perform
A Lover's Part much better. Pr'thee, *Cæſar*,
For I grow weary, let us ſee To-morrow
Iphis and *Anaxarete.*
Cæſ. Any Thing
For thy Delight, *Domitia.* To your reſt
Till I come to diſquiet you. Wait upon her.
There is a Buſineſs that I muſt diſpatch,
And I will ſtraight be with you.
[*Exeunt* Aretinus, Domitia, Julia, Cænis, Domitilla.
Parthen. Now, my Dread Sir,
Endeavour to prevail.
Cæſ. One Way or other,
We'll cure him, never doubt it. Now, *Philargus*,
Thou wretched Thing, haſt thou ſeen thy ſordid Baſeneſs?
And but obſerv'd what a contemptible Creature
A covetous Miſer is? Doſt thou in thyſelf
Feel true Compunction with a Reſolution
To be a new Man?
Philar. This craz'd Body's *Cæſar*'s;
But for my Mind——
Cæſ. Trifle not with my Anger.
Canſt thou make good Uſe of what was now preſented;
And imitate, in thy ſudden Change of Life,
The miſerable rich Man, that expreſs'd
What thou art to the Life?
Philar. Pray you give me Leave
To die as I have liv'd. I muſt not part with
My Gold; it is my Life.—I am paſt Cure.
Cæſ. No; by *Minerva* thou ſhalt never more
Feel the leaſt Touch of Avarice—Take him hence

And

And hang him inſtantly. If there be Gold in Hell
Enjoy it—thine here and thy Life together
Is forfeited.
Philar. Was I ſent for to this Purpoſe?
Parthen. Mercy for all my Service! *Cæſar*, Mercy!
Cæſ. Should *Jove* plead for him, 'tis reſolv'd he dies,
And he that ſpeaks one Syllable to diſſuade me;
And therefore tempt me not—It is but Juſtice:
Since ſuch, as wilfully, will hourly die,
Muſt tax themſelves, and not my Cruelty.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Garden of the Palace.

Enter Julia, Domitilla, Stephanos.

Julia. NO, *Domitilla*; if you but compare
What I have ſuffer'd with your Injuries,
(Though great ones, I confeſs) they will appear
Like Molehills to *Olympus*.
Domitilla. You are tender
Of your own Wounds, which makes you loſe the Feeling
And Senſe of mine. The Inceſt he committed
With you, and publickly profeſs'd, in Scorn
Of what the World durſt cenſure, may admit
Some weak Defence, as being born headlong to it,
But in a manly Way, to enjoy your Beauties.
Beſides, won by his Perjuries that he would
Salute you with the Title of *Auguſta*,
Your faint Denial ſhow'd a full Conſent,
And grant to his Temptations: But, poor I,
That would not yield, but was with Violence forc'd

To

To ſerve his Luſts, and in a kind *Tiberius*
At *Capræ* never practis'd, have not here
One conſcious Touch to riſe up my Accuſer,
I in my Will being innocent.

Steph. Pardon me,
Great Princeſſes, though I preſume to tell you,
Waſting your Time in childiſh Lamentations,
You do degenerate from the Blood you ſpring from:
For there is ſomething more in *Rome* expected
From *Titus'* Daughter, and his Uncle's Heir,
Than Womaniſh Complaints, after ſuch Wrongs
Which Mercy cannot pardon. But, you'll ſay,
Your Hands are weak, and, ſhould you but attempt
A juſt Revenge on this inhuman Monſter,
This Prodigy of Mankind, bloody *Domitian*
Hath ready Words at his Command, as well
As Iſlands to confine you, to remove
His Doubts, and Fears, did he but entertain
The leaſt Suſpicion you contriv'd or plotted
Againſt his Perſon.

Julia. 'Tis true, *Stephanos*;
The Legions that ſack'd *Jeruſalem*
Under my Father *Titus*, are ſworn his,
And I no more remember'd.

Domitilla. And to loſe
Ourſelves by building on impoſſible Hopes,
Were deſperate Madneſs.

Steph. You conclude too faſt——
One ſingle Arm, whoſe Maſter does contemn
His own Life, holds a full Command o'er his,
'Spite of his Guards. I was your Bondman, Lady,
And you my gracious Patroneſs; my Wealth,
And Liberty your Gift; and, though no Soldier,
To whom or Cuſtom, or Example, makes
Grim Death appear leſs terrible, I dare die
To do you Service in a fair Revenge:
And it will better ſuit your Births and Honours
To fall at once, then to live ever Slaves
To his proud Empreſs, that inſults upon

Your patient Sufferings. Say but you Go on,
And I will reach his Heart, or periſh in
The noble Undertaking.
Domitilla. Your free Offer
Confirms your Thankfulneſs, which I acknowledge
A Satisfaction for a greater Debt
Than what you ſtand engag'd for: but I muſt not
Upon uncertain Grounds hazard ſo grateful,
And good a Servant. The immortal Powers
Protect a Prince, though ſold to impious Acts,
And ſeem to ſlumber 'till his roaring Crimes
Awake their Juſtice: But then, looking down,
And with impartial Eyes, on his Contempt
Of all Religion, and moral Goodneſs,
They in their ſecret Judgments do determine
To leave him to his Wickedneſs, which ſinks him
When he is moſt ſecure.
Julia. His Cruelty
Increaſing daily, of Neceſſity
Muſt render him as odious to his Soldiers,
Familiar Friends, and Freemen, as it hath done
Already to the Senate: Then forſaken
Of his Supporters, and grown terrible
Ev'n to himſelf, and her he now ſo dotes on,
We may put into Act, what now, with Safety,
We cannot whiſper.
Steph. I am ſtill prepar'd
To execute, when you pleaſe to command me:
Since I am confident he deſerves much more
That vindicates his Country from a Tyrant,
Than he that ſaves a Citizen.
Julia. O, here's *Cænis.* [*Enter* Cænis.
Domitilla. Whence come you?
Cænis. From the Empreſs, who ſeems mov'd
In that you wait no better. Her Pride's grown
To ſuch a Height, that ſhe diſdains the Service
Of her own Women; and eſteems herſelf
Neglected, when the Princeſſes of the Blood,
On every coarſe Employment, are not ready
To ſtoop to her Commands. *Domi-*

Domitilla. Where is her Greatneſs?

Cænis. Where you would little think ſhe could deſcend
To grace the Room or Perſons.

Julia. Speak, where is ſhe?

Cænis. Among the Players, where, all State laid by,
She does enquire who acts This Part, who That,
And in what Habits? Blames the Tire-women
For want of curious Dreſſings; and ſo taken
She is with *Paris* the Tragedian's Shape,
That is to act a Lover, I thought once
She would have courted him.

Domitilla. In the mean Time
How ſpends the Emperor his Hours?

Cænis. As ever
He hath done heretofore; in being cruel
To innocent Men, whoſe Virtues he calls Crimes.
And, but this Morning, if't be poſſible,
He hath out-gone himſelf, having condemn'd
At *Aretinus* his Informer's Suit,
Palphurius Sura, and good *Junius Ruſticus*,
Men of the beſt Repute in *Rome* for their
Integrity of Life; no Fault objected,
But that they did lament his cruel Sentence
On *Pætus Thracea* the Philoſopher,
Their Patron and Inſtructor.

Steph. Can *Jove* ſee this
And hold his Thunder!

Domitilla. *Nero* and *Caligula*
Commanded only Miſchiefs; but our *Cæſar*
Delights to ſee 'em.

Julia. What we cannot help,
We may deplore with Silence.

Cænis. We are call'd for
By our proud Miſtreſs.

Domitilla. We a-while muſt ſuffer.

Steph. It is true Fortitude to ſtand firm againſt
All Shocks of Fate, when Cowards faint and die
In Fear to ſuffer more Calamity, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Cæſar, Parthenius.

Cæſ. They are then in Fetters?

Parthen. Yes, Sir. But——

Cæſ. But? What?
I'll have thy Thoughts; deliver them.

Parthen. I ſhall, Sir:
But ſtill ſubmitting to your God-like Pleaſure,
Which cannot be inſtructed?

Cæſ. To the Point.

Parthen. Nor let your ſacred Majeſty believe
Your Vaſſal, that with dry Eyes look'd upon
His Father drag'd to Death by your Command,
Can pity theſe, that durſt preſume to cenſure
What you decreed.

Cæſ. Well: Forward.

Parthen. 'Tis my Zeal
Still to preſerve your Clemency admir'd
Temper'd with Juſtice, that emboldens me
To offer my Advice. Alas! I know, Sir,
Theſe Bookmen, *Ruſticus*, and *Palpburius Sura*,
Deſerve all Tortures. Yet in my Opinion,
They being popular Senators, and cried up
With loud Applauſes of the Multitude,
For fooliſh Honeſty, and beggarly Virtue,
'Twould reliſh more of Policy, to have them
Made away in private, with what exquiſite Torments
You pleaſe, it ſkills not, than to have them drawn
To the Decrees in publick; for 'tis doubted
That the ſad Object may beget Compaſſion
In the giddy Rout, and cauſe ſome ſudden Uproar
That may diſturb you.

Cæſ. Hence, pale-ſpirited Coward!
Can we deſcend ſo far beneath ourſelf,
As, or to court the People's Love, or fear
Their worſt of Hate? Can they, that are as Duſt
Before the Whirlwind of our Will and Power,

Add

Add any Moment to us? Or thou think,
If there are Gods above, or Goddeſſes,
(But wiſe *Minerva*, that's mine own, and ſure)
That they have vacant Hours to take into
Their ſerious Protection, or Care,
This many-headed Monſter? Mankind lives
In few, as potent Monarchs and their Peers;
And all thoſe glorious Conſtellations
That do adorn the Firmament, appointed,
Like Grooms, with their bright Influence to attend
The Actions of Kings, and Emperors,
They being the greater Wheels that move the leſs.
Bring forth thoſe condemn'd Wretches; let me ſee
One Man ſo loſt, as but to pity 'em,
And though there lay a Million of Souls
Impriſon'd in his Fleſh, my Hangmens Hooks
Should rend it off and give 'em Liberty.
—*Cæſar* hath ſaid it. [*Exit* Parthenius.

Enter Parthenius, Aretinus, *and the Guard*; *Executioners dragging in* Junius Ruſticus, *and* Palphurius Sura, *bound Back to Back.*

Aret. 'Tis great *Cæſar*'s Pleaſure,
That with fix'd Eyes you carefully obſerve
The Peoples Looks. Charge upon any Man
That with a Sigh, or Murmur does expreſs
A ſeeming Sorrow for theſe Traytors Deaths,
—You know his Will, perform it.
Cæſ. A good Blood-hound,
And fit for my Employments.
Sur. Give us Leave
To die, fell Tyrant.
Ruſt. For, beyond our Bodies,
Thou haſt no Power.
Cæſ. Yes; I'll afflict your Souls,
And force them groaning to the *Stygian* Lake
Prepar'd for ſuch to howl in, that blaſpheme
The Power of Princes, that are Gods on Earth.

Tremble to think how terrible the Dream is
After this Sleep of Death.

Ruſt. To guilty Men [5]
It may bring Terror; not to us, that know
What 'tis to die, well taught by his Example
For whom we ſuffer. In my Thought I ſee
The Subſtance of that pure untainted Soul,
Of *Thraceas*, our Maſter, made a Star,
That with melodious Harmony invites us
(Leaving this Dunghill *Rome*, made Hell by thee)
To trace his heav'nly Steps, and fill a Sphere
Above yon Chryſtal Canopy.

Cæſ. Do, invoke him
With all the Aids his Sanctity of Life
Have won on the Rewarders of his Virtue;
They ſhall not ſave you.—Dogs, do you grin? torment 'em. [*The Hangmen torment 'em, they ſtill ſmiling.*
So, take a Leaf of *Seneca* now, and prove
If it can render you inſenſible
Of that which but begins here. Now an Oil,
Drawn from the Stoick's frozen Principles,
Predominant o'er Fire, were uſeful for you.—
Again, again.—You trifle.—Not a Groan?——
Is my Rage loſt? What curſed Charms defend 'em!
Search deeper, Villains. Who looks pale, or thinks
That I am cruel?

Aret. Over-merciful.
'Tis all your Weakneſs, Sir.

Parth. I dare not ſhew
A Sign of Sorrow; yet my Sinews ſhrink,
The Spectacle is ſo horrid. [*Aſide.*

[5] —— *To guilty Men*
It may bring Terror, &c.

There are many Paſſages in the Poets ſimilar to this: Mr. *Dryden*, in *Oedipus*, has the following:

Death only can be dreadful to the Bad:
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bugbear dreſs'd
To frighten Children; pull but off his Maſk,
And he'll appear a Friend,

Cæſ.

Cæſ. I was never
O'ercome till now.—For my Sake, roar a little,
And ſhew you are corporeal, and not turn'd
Aërial Spirits.—Will it not do? By *Pallas*,
It is unkindly done to mock his Fury
Whom the World ſtiles Omnipotent. I'm tortur'd
In their Want of feeling Torments. *Marius'* Story,
That does report him to have ſat unmov'd
When cunning Chirurgions ripp'd his Arteries,
And Veins, to cure his Gout, compar'd to this,
Deſerves not to be nam'd.—Are they not dead?
If not, we waſh an *Æthiope*.

Sur. No; we live.

Ruſt. Live to deride thee, our calm Patience treading
Upon the Neck of Tyranny. That ſecurely,
(As 'twere a gentle Slumber) we endure
Thy Hangmens ſtudied Tortures, is a Debt
We owe to grave Philoſophy, that inſtructs us,
The Fleſh is but the Cloathing of the Soul,
Which growing out of Faſhion, though it be
Caſt off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,
Being itſelf Divine, in her beſt Luſtre.
But unto ſuch as thou, that haſt no Hopes
Beyond the preſent, every little Scar;
The Want of Reſt; Exceſs of Heat or Cold
That does inform them only they are mortal,
Pierce through, and through them.

Cæſ. We will hear no more.

Ruſt. This only, and I give thee Warning of it:
Though it is in thy Will to grind this Earth
As ſmall as Atoms, they thrown in the Sea too,
They ſhall ſeem recollected to thy Senſe;
And, when the ſandy Building of thy Greatneſs
Shall with its own Weight totter, look to ſee me,
As I was Yeſterday, in my perfect Shape;
For I'll appear in Horror.

Cæſ. By my ſhaking
I am the Guilty Man, and not the Judge.
Drag from my Sight theſe curſed ominous Wizards,

That as they're now, like to double-fac'd *Janus*
Which Way ſoe'er I look, are Furies to me.
—Away with 'em. Firſt ſhew them Death, then leave
No Memory of their Aſhes, I'll mock Fate.
[*Exeunt Executioners with* Ruſticus *and* Sura, Stephanos *following.*
Shall Words fright him victorious Armies circle?
No, no, the Fever does begin to leave me.

Enter Domitia, Julia, Cænis.

Or, were it deadly, from this living Fountain
I could renew the Vigour of my Youth,
And be a ſecond *Virbius.* O my Glory!
My Life! command my All!
Domitia. As you to me are. [*Embracing and kiſſing mutually,*
I heard you were ſad; I have prepar'd you Sport
Will baniſh Melancholy. Sirrah, *Cæſar,*
(I hug myſelf for't) I have been inſtructing
The Players how to act, and, to cut off
All tedious Impertinency, have contracted
The Tragedy into one continu'd Scene.
I have the Art of't, and am taken more
With my Ability that Way, than all Knowledge
I have, but of thy Love.
Cæſ. Thou'rt ſtill thyſelf,
The ſweeteſt, wittieſt ———
Domitia. When we are a-bed
I'll thank your good Opinion. Thou ſhalt ſee
Such an *Iphis* of thy *Paris*, and, to humble
The Pride of *Domitilla* that neglects me,
(Howe'er ſhe is your Couſin) I have forc'd her
To play the Part of *Anaxarete.*
You're not offended with it?
Cæſ. Any thing,
That does content thee, yields Delight to me:
My Faculties and Powers are thine.
Domitia. I thank you:

Prithee

Prithee let's take our Places. Bid 'em enter
[*After a ſhort Flouriſh, enter* Paris *as* Iphis.
Without more Circumſtance. How do you like
That Shape? Methinks it is moſt ſuitable
To the Aſpect of a deſpairing Lover.
The ſeeming late-fal'n, counterfeited Tears
That hang upon his Cheeks, was my Device.
Cæſ. And all was excellent.
Domitia. Now hear him ſpeak.
Paris. That ſhe is fair (and that an Epithet
Too foul to expreſs her) or deſcended nobly,
Or rich, or fortunate, are certain Truths
In which poor *Iphis* glories. But that theſe
Perfections, in no other Virgin found,
Abus'd, ſhould nouriſh Cruelty, and Pride,
In the divineſt *Anaxarete*,
Is, to my love-ſick languiſhing Soul, a Riddle,
And with more Difficulty to be ſolv'd,
Than that, the Monſter *Sphinx* from the ſteepy Rock
Offer'd to *Oedipus*. Imperious Love,
As at thy ever-flaming Altars *Iphis*,
Thy never-tired Votary, hath preſented
With ſcalding Tears whole Hecatombs of Sighs,
Preferring thy Power, and thy *Paphian* Mother's,
Before the Thunderer's, *Neptune*'s, or *Pluto*'s,
(That after *Saturn* did divide the World,
And had the Sway of Things) yet were compell'd
By thy unevitable Shafts to yield,
And fight under thy Enſigns, be auſpicious
To this laſt Trial of my Sacrifice
Of Love, and Service.
Domitia. Does he not act it rarely?
Obſerve with what a Feeling he delivers
His Oriſons to *Cupid*; I am rap'd with't.
Paris. And from thy never emptied Quiver take
A golden Arrow, to transfix her Heart,
And force her love like me; or cure my Wound
With a leaden one, that may beget in me
Hate and Forgetfulneſs, of what's now my Idol.

But

But I call back my Prayer; I have blaſphem'd
In my raſh Wiſh. 'Tis I that am unworthy;
But ſhe all Merit, and may in Juſtice challenge
From the Aſſurance of her Excellencies,
Not Love, but Adoration. Yet, bear Witneſs,
All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me,
As faithful Advocates to make Interceſſion,
A loyal Heart, with pure and holy Flames,
With the foul Fires of Luſt never polluted.
And, as I touch her Threſhold (which with Tears,
My Limbs benumb'd with Cold, I oft have waſh'd)
With my glad Lips, I kiſs this Earth, grown proud
With frequent Favours from her delicate Feet.

Domitia. By *Cæſar*'s Life he weeps.—And I forbear
Hardly to keep him Company.

Paris. Bleſt Ground, thy Pardon,
If I prophane it with forbidden Steps.
I muſt preſume to knock — and yet attempt it
With ſuch a trembling Reverence, as if
My Hands held up for Expiation
To the incenſed Gods to ſpare a Kingdom.
—Within there, ho! ſomething Divine come forth
To a diſtreſſed Mortal.

Enter Latinus *as a Porter.*

Latin. Ha! Who knocks there?

Domitia. What a churliſh Look this Knave has!

Latin. Is't you, Sirrah?
Are you come to pule and whine?—Avaunt, and quickly;
Dog-whips ſhall drive you hence, elſe.

Domitia. Churliſh Devil!
But that I ſhould diſturb the Scene, as I live
I would tear his Eyes out.

Cæſ. 'Tis in Jeſt, *Domitia.*

Domitia. I do not like ſuch Jeſting: If he were not
A flinty-hearted Slave, he could not uſe
One of his Form ſo harſhly. How the Toad ſwells
At the other's ſweet Humility!

Cæſ. 'Tis his Part:——
Let 'em proceed. *Domitia.*

Domitia. A Rogue's Part will ne'er leave him.
Paris. As you have, gentle Sir, the Happineſs
(When you pleaſe) to behold the Figure of
The Maſter-piece of Nature, limn'd to the Life,
In more than humane *Anaxarete*,
Scorn not your Servant, that with ſuppliant Hands
Takes hold upon your Knees, conjuring you,
As you're a Man, and did not ſuck the Milk
Of Wolves, and Tygers, or a Mother of
A rougher Temper, uſe ſome Means theſe Eyes,
Before they are wept out, may ſee your Lady.
Will you be gracious, Sir?
Latin. Though I loſe my Place for't,
I can hold out no longer,
Domitia. Now he melts;
There is ſome little Hope he may die honeſt.

Enter Domitilla *for* Anaxarete.

Latin. Madam!
Domitilla. Who calls? What Object have we here?
Domitia. Your Couſin keeps her proud State ſtill, I think
I have fitted her for a Part.
Domitilla. Did I not charge thee
I ne'er might ſee this Thing more?
Paris. I am, indeed,
What Thing you pleaſe; a Worm that you may tread on:
Lower I cannot fall to ſhew my Duty,
Till your Diſdain hath digg'd a Grave to cover
This Body with forgotten Duſt; and, when
I know your Sentence (cruel'ſt of Women)
I'll, by a willing Death, remove the Object
That is an Eyeſore to you.
Domitilla. Wretch, thou dar'ſt not;
That were the laſt, and greateſt Service to me
Thy doting Love could boaſt of. What dull Fool
But thou, could nouriſh any flatt'ring Hope,
One of my Height, in Youth, in Birth and Fortune,
Could e'er deſcend to look upon thy Lowneſs?
Much leſs conſent to make my Lord of one

I'd

I'd not accept, though offer'd for my Slave:
My Thoughts ſtoop not ſo low.
Domitia. There's her true Nature;
No perſonated Scorn.
Domitilla. I wrong my Worth,
Or to exchange a Syllable, or Look,
With one ſo far beneath me.
Paris. Yet, take heed,
Take heed of Pride, and curiouſly conſider,
How brittle the Foundation is, on which
You labour to advance it. *Niobe*,
Proud of her num'rous Iſſue, durſt contemn
Latona's double Burthen.—But what follow'd?
She was left a childleſs Mother, and mourn'd to Marble.
The Beauty you o'er-prize ſo, Time, or Sickneſs
Can change to loath'd Deformity; your Wealth
The Prey of Thieves; Queen *Hecuba Troy* fir'd
Ulyſſes' Bondwoman. But the Love I bring you
Nor Time, nor Sickneſs, violent Thieves, nor Fate,
Can raviſh from you.
Domitia. Could the Oracle
Give better Counſel!
Paris. Say, will you relent yet?
Revoking your Decree that I ſhould die?
Or, ſhall I do what you command?—Reſolve;
I am impatient of Delay.
Domitilla. Diſpatch then:
I ſhall look on your Tragedy unmov'd;
Peradventure laugh at it; for it will prove
A Comedy to me.
Domitia. O Devil! Devil!
Paris. Then thus I take my laſt Leave. All the Curſes
Of Lovers fall upon you! and, hereafter,
When any Man, like me contemn'd, ſhall ſtudy
In the Anguiſh of his Soul to give a Name
To a ſcornful cruel Miſtreſs, let him only
Say this moſt bloody Woman is to me,
As *Anaxarete* was to wretched *Iphis!*

Now

Now feaſt your tyrannous Mind and glory in
The Ruins you have made: For *Hymen*'s Bands
That ſhould have made us one, this fatal Halter
For ever ſhall divorce us; at your Gate,
As a Trophy of your Pride, and my Affliction,
I'll preſently hang myſelf.

Domitia. Not for the World.
—Reſtrain him as you love your Lives.

Cæſ. Why are you
Tranſported thus, *Domitia?* 'Tis a Play;
Or, grant it ſerious, it at no Part merits
This Paſſion in you.

Paris. I ne'er purpos'd, Madam,
To do the Deed in earneſt;—though I bow
To your Care, and Tenderneſs of me.

Domitia. Let me, Sir,
Intreat your Pardon; what I ſaw preſented
Carried me beyond myſelf.

Cæſ. To your Place again
And ſee what follows.

Domitia. No, I am familiar
With the Concluſion; beſides, upon the ſudden
I feel myſelf much indiſpos'd.

Cæſ. To Bed then;
I'll be thy Doctor.

Aret. There is ſomething more
In this than Paſſion,—which I muſt find out,
Or my Intelligence freezes. [*Aſide.*

Domitia. Come to me, *Paris*,
To-morrow, for your Reward.

Steph. Patroneſs, hear me;
Will you not call for your Share? Sit down with this,
And the next Action, like a *Gaditane* Strumpet,
I ſhall look to ſee you tumble.

Domitilla. Pr'thee be Patient.
I, that have ſuffer'd greater Wrongs, bear this;
And that, till my Revenge, my Comfort is. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Parthenius, Julia, Domitilla, Cænis.

Parthen. WHY, 'tis impoſſible—*Paris?*
Julia. You obſerv'd not
(As it appears) the Violence of her Paſſion,
When perſonating *Iphis*, he pretended
(For your Contempt, fair *Anaxarete*) [*To* Domitilla.
To hang himſelf.

Parthen. Yes, yes, I noted that;
But never could imagine it could work her
To ſuch a ſtrange Intemperance of Affection,
As to dote on him.

Domitilla. By my Hopes I think not
That ſhe reſpects though all here ſaw, and mark'd it,
Preſuming ſhe can mould the Emperor's Will
Into what Form ſhe likes, though we, and all
Th' Informers of the World, conſpir'd to croſs it.

Cænis. Then with what Eagerneſs this Morning, urging
The Want of Health, and Reſt, ſhe did intreat
Cæſar to leave her.

Domitilla. Who no ſooner abſent
But ſhe calls, *Dwarf* (ſo in her Scorn ſhe ſtiles me)
Put on my Pantofles—fetch Pen, and Paper;
I am to write;—and with diſtracted Looks,
In her Smock, impatient of ſo ſhort Delay
As but to have a Mantle thrown upon her,
She ſeal'd—I know not what, but 'twas indors'd,
To my lov'd *Paris*.

Julia. Add to this, I heard her
Say, when a Page receiv'd it; let him wait me
And carefully in the Walk, call'd our Retreat,

Where

Where *Cæſar*, in his Fear to give Offence,
Unſent for never enters.

Parthen. This being certain,
(For theſe are more then jealous Suppoſitions)
Why do not you, that are ſo near in Blood,
Diſcover it?

Domitilla. Alas! you know we dare not:
'Twill be receiv'd for a malicious Practice,
To free us from that Slavery, which her Pride
Impoſes on us. But, if you would pleaſe
To break the Ice, on Pain to be ſunk ever,
We would aver it.

Parthen. I would ſecond you,
But that I am commanded with all Speed
To fetch in *Aſcletario* the *Chaldæan*,
Who in his Abſence is condemn'd of Treaſon
For calculating the Nativity
Of *Cæſar*, with all Confidence fore-telling
In every Circumſtance, when he ſhall die
A violent Death. Yet, if you could approve
Of my Directions, I would have you ſpeak
As much to *Aretinus* as you have
To me deliver'd. He in his own Nature
Being a Spy, on weaker Grounds, no doubt,
Will undertake it; not for Goodneſs-Sake
(With which he never yet held Correſpondence)
But to endear his vigilant Obſervings
Of what concerns the Emperor, and a little
To triumph in the Ruins of this *Paris*,
That croſs'd him in the Senate-houſe.

Enter Aretinus.

—Here he comes
His Noſe held up; he hath ſomething in the Wind,
Or I much err already. My Deſigns
Command me hence, great Ladies; but I leave
My Wiſhes with you. [*Exit* Parthenius.

Aret. Have I caught your Greatneſs
I' th' Trap, my proud *Auguſta?*

Domitilla.

Domitilla. What is't raps him?
Aret. And my fine *Roman* Actor? Is't even ſo?
No coarſer Diſh to take your wanton Palate
Save that which, but the Emperor, none durſt taſte of?
—'Tis very well.—I needs muſt glory in
This rare Diſcovery; but the Rewards
Of my Intelligence, bid me think even now;
By an Edict from *Cæſar* I have Power,
To tread upon the Neck of ſlaviſh *Rome*,
Diſpoſing Offices and Provinces
To my Kinſmen, Friends and Clients.
Domitilla. This is more
Than uſual with him.
Julia. Aretinus!
Aret. How!
No more Reſpect and Reverence tender'd to me
But *Aretinus?* 'Tis confeſs'd that Title,
When you were Princeſſes, and commanded all,
Had been a Favour; but being, as you are,
Vaſſals to a proud Woman, the worſt Bondage,
You ſtand oblig'd with as much Adoration
To entertain him, that comes arm'd with Strength
To break your Fetters, as tan'd Galley Slaves
Pay ſuch as do redeem them from the Oar:
I come not to intrap you, but aloud
Pronounce that you are manumiz'd; and, to make
Your Liberty ſweeter, you ſhall ſee her fall,
(This Empreſs, this *Domitia*, what you will)
That triumph'd in your Miſeries.
Domitilla. Were you ſerious,
To prove your Accuſation I could lend
Some Help.
Cænis. And I.
Julia. And I.
Aret. No Atom to me.
My Eyes and Ears are every where, I know all;
To the Line and Action in the Play that took her;
Her quick Diſſimulation to excuſe
Her being tranſported, with her Morning Paſſion;

I brib'd the Boy that did convey the Letter,
And, having perus'd it, made it up again:
Your Griefs, and Angers, are to me familiar;
That *Paris* is brought to her, and how far
He ſhall be tempted.

Domitilla. This is above Wonder.

Aret. My Gold can work much ſtranger Miracles
Then to corrupt poor Waiters. Here join with me—
'Tis a Complaint to *Cæſar.* This is that
Shall ruin her, and raiſe you. Have you ſet your Hands
To th' Accuſation?

Julia. And will juſtify
What we've ſubſcrib'd to.

Cænis. And with Vehemence.

Domitilla. I will deliver it.

Aret. Leave the reſt to me, then.

Enter Cæſar, *with his Guard.*

Cæſ. Let our Lieutenants bring us Victory,
While we enjoy the Fruits of Peace at Home;
And, being ſecur'd from our inteſtine Foes,
Far worſe than foreign Enemies, Doubts, and Fears,
Though all the Sky were hung with blazing Meteors,
Which fond Aſtrologers give out to be
Aſſur'd Preſages of the Change of Empires,
And Deaths of Monarchs, we undaunted yet,
Guarded with our own Thunder, bid Defiance
To them, and Fate, we being too ſtrongly arm'd
For them to wound us.

Aret. Cæſar—

Julia. As thou art
More then a Man—

Cænis. Let not thy Paſſions be
Rebellious to thy Reaſon— [*The Petition delivered.*

Domitilla. But receive
This Trial of your Conſtancy, as unmov'd
As you go to, or from the Capitol,
Thanks given to *Jove* for Triumphs.

Cæſ. Ha!

Domitilla. Vouchſafe
A while to ſtay the Lightning of your Eyes
Poor Mortals dare not look on.
Aret. There's no Vein
Of yours, that riſes high with Rage, but is
An Earthquake to us.
Domitilla. And, if not kept clos'd
With more than human Patience in a Moment
Will ſwallow us to the Center.
Cænis. Not that we
Repine to ſerve her, are we her Accuſers—
Julia. But that ſhe's fall'n ſo low.—
Aret. Which on ſure Proofs
We can make good.—
Domitilla. And ſhow ſhe is unworthy
Of the leaſt Spark of that diviner Fire
You have confer'd upon her.
Cæſ. I ſtand doubtful,
And unreſolv'd what to determine of you.
In this malicious Violence you have offer'd
To the Altar of her Truth, and pureneſs to me,
You have but fruitleſsly labour'd to ſully
A white Robe of Perfection, black-mouth'd Envy
Could belch no Spot on—But I will put off
The Deity, you labour to take from me,
And argue out of Probabilities with you,
As if I were a Man. Can I believe
That ſhe, that borrows all her Light from me,
And knows to uſe it, would betray her Darkneſs
To your Intelligence? And make that apparent,
Which by her Perturbations in a Play
Was Yeſterday but doubted, and find none
But you, that are her Slaves, and therefore hate her,
Whoſe Aids ſhe might employ to make Way for her?
Or *Aretinus*, whom long ſince ſhe knew
To be the Cabinet Counſellor, nay, the Key
Of *Cæſar*'s Secrets? Could her Beauty raiſe her
To this unequal'd Height to make her fall
The more remarkable? Or muſt my Deſires

To

To her, and Wrongs to *Lamia*, be reveng'd
By her, and on herſelf, that drew on both?
Or ſhe leave our Imperial Bed, to court
A publick Actor?

Aret. Who dares contradict
Theſe more then human Reaſons, that have Power
To clothe baſe Guilt, in the moſt glorious Shape
Of Innocence?

Domitilla. Too well ſhe knew the Strength
And Eloquence of her Patron to defend her,
And, thereupon preſuming, fell ſecurely,
Not fearing an Accuſer, nor the Truth
Produc'd againſt her, which your Love and Favour
Will ne'er diſcern from Falſhood.

Cæſ. I'll not hear
A Syllable more that may invite a Change
In my Opinion of her. You have rais'd
A fiercer War within me by this Fable,
(Though with your Lives you vow to make it Story)
Than if, and at one Inſtant, all my Legions
Revolted from me, and came arm'd againſt me.
Here in this Paper are the Swords predeſtin'd
For my Deſtruction; here the fatal Stars,
That threaten more than Ruin; this the Death's Head
That does aſſure me, if ſhe can prove falſe,
That I am mortal, which a ſudden Fever
Would prompt me to believe, and faintly yield to.
But now in my full Confidence what ſhe ſuffers,
In that, from any Witneſs but myſelf,
I nouriſh a Suſpicion ſhe's untrue,
My Toughneſs returns to me. Lead on, Monſters,
And by the Forfeit of your Lives confirm
She is all Excellence, as you all Baſeneſs,
Or let Mankind, for her Fall, boldly ſwear
There are no chaſte Wives now, nor ever were.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter, Domitia, Paris, *Servants.*

Domitia. Say we command, that none preſume to dare
On forfeit of our Favour, that is Life,
Out of a ſaucy Curiouſneſs to ſtand
Within the Diſtance of their Eyes, or Ears,
Till we pleaſe to be waited on. [*Exeunt Servants.*
—And, Sirrah;
Howe'er you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant Opinion
'Tis done to grace you.

Paris. With my humbleſt Service
I but obey your Summons, and ſhould bluſh, elſe,
To be ſo near you.

Domitia. 'Twould become you rather
To fear, the Greatneſs of the Grace vouchſaf'd you
May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no leſs,
If, when you are rewarded, in your Cups
You boaſt this Privacy.

Paris. That were, mightieſt Empreſs
To play with Lightning.

Domitia. You conceive it right.
The Means to kill, or ſave, is not alone
In *Cæſar* circumſcrib'd; for, if incens'd,
We have our Thunder too, that ſtrikes as deadly.

Paris. 'Twould ill become the lowneſs of my Fortune
To queſtion what you can do, but with all
Humility to attend what is your Will,
And then to ſerve it.

Domitia. And would not a Secret
(Suppoſe We ſhould commit it to your Truſt)
Scal'd you to keep it?

Paris. Though it rag'd within me
Till I turn'd Cinders, it ſhould ne'er have Vent.

To

To be an Age a dying, and with Torture,
Only to be thought worthy of your Council,
Or actuate what you command to me,
A wretched obſcure Thing, not worth your Knowledge,
Were a perpetual Happineſs.

Domitia. We could wiſh
That we could credit thee, and cannot find
In Reaſon, but that thou, whom oft I've ſeen
To perſonate a Gentleman, Noble, Wiſe,
Faithful, and Gainſome, and what Vertues elſe
The Poet pleaſes to adorn you with;
But that (as Veſſels ſtill partake the Odour
Of the ſweet precious Liquors they contain'd)
Thou muſt be really in ſome Degree
The Thing thou doſt preſent.—Nay, do not tremble;
We ſeriouſly believe it, and preſume
Our *Paris* is the Volume in which all
Thoſe excellent Gifts the Stage hath ſeen him grac'd with
Are curiouſly bound up.

Paris. The Argument
Is the ſame, great *Auguſta*, that, I, acting
A Fool, a Coward, a Traytor or cold Cinick
Or any other weak and vicious Perſon,
Of force I muſt be ſuch. O gracious Madam,
How glorious ſoever, or deform'd,
I do appear i' th' Scene, my Part being ended,
And all my borrow'd Ornaments put off,
I am no more, nor leſs, than what I was
Before I enter'd.

Domitia. Come, you would put on
A wilful Ignorance, and not underſtand
What 'tis we point at. Muſt we in plain Language,
Againſt the decent Modeſty of our Sex,
Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee?
Or that in our Deſires thou art preferr'd,
And *Cæſar* but thy ſecond? Thou in Juſtice
(If from the Height of Majeſty we can
Look down upon thy Lowneſs and embrace it)
Art bound with Fervour to look up to me.

Paris. O, Madam! hear me with a patient Ear,
And be but pleas'd to underſtand the Reaſons
That do deter me from a Happineſs
Kings would be Rivals for. Can I, that owe
My Life, and all that's mine, to *Cæſar*'s Bounties,
Beyond my Hopes, or Merits, ſhower'd upon me,
Make Payment for them with Ingratitude,
Falſhood, and Treaſon? Though you have a Shape
Might tempt *Hypolitus*, and larger Power
To help, or hurt, than wanton *Phædra* had,
Let Loyalty, and Duty plead my Pardon
Though I refuſe to ſatisfy.

Domitia. You're coy,
Expecting I ſhould court you—let mean Ladies
Uſe Prayers, and Intreaties to their Creatures
To riſe up Inſtruments to ſerve their Pleaſures;
But, for *Auguſta* ſo to loſe herſelf,
That holds Command o'er *Cæſar*, and the World,
Were Poverty of Spirit.—Thou muſt, thou ſhalt;
The Violence of my Paſſion knows no Mean,
And in my Puniſhments, and my Rewards,
I'll uſe no Moderation: Take this only
As a Caution from me, Thread-bare Chaſtity, [6]
Is poor in the Advancement of her Servants,
But Wantonneſs magnificent; and 'tis frequent
To have the Salary of Vice weigh down
The Pay of Virtue. So, without more trifling,
Thy ſudden Anſwer.

Paris. Oh! what a Straight am I brought in!
Alas! I know that the Denial's Death;
Nor can my Grant, diſcover'd, threaten more.
Yet to die innocent, and have the Glory
For all Poſterity to report, that I

[6] ——— *Thread-bare Chaſtity*
Is poor in the Advancement, &c.

This is a fine Reflection and very juſt: I will not tire the Reader with ſimilar Quotation, it being impoſſible either to add, or to detract from its Beauty.

Refus'd

Refus'd an Empreſs to preſerve my Faith
To my great Maſter, in true Judgment muſt
Show fairer than to buy a guilty Life,
With Wealth and Honours. 'Tis the Baſe I build on;
I dare not, muſt not, will not.
Domitia. How? Contemn'd?
Since Hopes, nor Fears, in the Extremes, prevail not,
I muſt uſe a Mean. Think who 'tis ſues to thee:
Deny not that, yet, which a Brother may
Grant to his Siſter:—As a Teſtimony
[Cæſar, Aretinus, Julia, Domitilla, Cænis *above.*
I am not ſcorn'd, kiſs me.—Kiſs me again.
—Kiſs cloſer. Thou art now my *Trojan Paris,*
And I thy *Helen.*
Paris. Since it is your Will.—
Cæſar. And I am *Menelaus.*—But I ſhall be
[Cæſar *deſcends.*
Something I know not yet.
Domitia. Why loſe we Time
And Opportunity. Theſe are but Sallads
To ſharpen Appetite. Let us to the Feaſt;
[*Courting* Paris *wantonly.*
Where I ſhall wiſh that thou wert *Jupiter*
And I *Alcmena,* and that I had Power
To lengthen out one ſhort Night into three,
And ſo beget an *Hercules.*
Cæſar. While *Amphitrio*
Stands by, and draws the Curtains.
Paris. Oh?—— [*Falls on his Face.*
Domitia. Betray'd?
Cæſar. No; taken in a Net of *Vulcan*'s filing,
Wherein myſelf the *Theatre* of the Gods
Are ſad Spectators, not one of 'em daring
To witneſs with a Smile he does deſire
To be ſo ſham'd for all the Pleaſure that
You've ſold your Being for:—What ſhall I name thee?
Ingrateful, treacherous, inſatiate, all
Invectives, which in Bitterneſs of Spirit

Wrong'd Men have breath'd out againſt wicked Women,
Cannot expreſs thee. Have I rais'd thee from
Thy low Condition to the Height of Greatneſs,
Command, and Majeſty, in one baſe Act
To render me? That was before I hugg'd thee?
An Adder in my Boſom more than Man
A Thing beneath a Beaſt? Did I force theſe
Of mine own Blood, as Handmaids to kneel to
Thy Pomp, and Pride, having my ſelf no Thought
But how with Benefits to bind thee mine;
And am I thus rewarded? Not a Knee?
Nor Tear, nor Sign of Sorrow for thy Fault?
Break ſtubborn Silence. What canſt thou alledge
To ſtay my Vengeance?

Domitia. This. Thy Luſt compell'd me
To be a Strumpet, and mine hath return'd it
In my Intent and Will, though not in Act,
To cuckold thee.

Cæſ. O Impudence! take her hence,
And let her make her Entrance into Hell,
By leaving Life with all the Tortures that
Fleſh can be ſenſible of—Yet ſtay—What Power
Her Beauty ſtill holds o'er my Soul, that Wrongs
Of this unpardonable Nature cannot teach me
To right myſelf, and hate her! [*Aſide.*
—Kill her.—Hold.
O that my Dotage ſhould increaſe from that
Which ſhould breed Deteſtation! By *Minerva*
If I look on her longer I ſhall melt,
And ſue to her, my Injuries forgot,
Again to be receiv'd into her Favour
Could Honour yield to it. [*Aſide.*
—Carry her to her Chamber;
Be that her Priſon, till in cooler Blood
I ſhall determine of her. [*Exit Guard with* Domitia.

Aret. Now I ſtep in,
While he's in this Calm Mood, for my Reward
Sir, if my Service hath deſerv'd—

Cæſ.

Cæſ. Yes, Yes:
And I'll reward thee—Thou haſt rob'd me of
All Reſt, and Peace, and been the principal Means
To make me know that, of which if again
I could be ignorant of, I would purchaſe it
With the Loſs of Empire: Strangle him, take theſe hence too,
And lodge them in the Dungeon. Could your Reaſon,
Dull Wretches, flatter you with Hope to think
That this Diſcovery, that hath ſhower'd upon me
Perpetual Vexation, ſhould not fall
Heavy on you?—Away with 'em,—ſtop their Mouths,
I will hear no Reply;
[*Exeunt Guard, with* Aretinus. Julia, Cænis, Domitilla.
O *Paris, Paris!*
How ſhall I argue with thee? How begin,
To make thee underſtand, before I kill thee,
With what Grief and Unwillingneſs 'tis forc'd from me?
Yet, in Reſpect I've favour'd thee, I'll hear
What thou canſt ſpeak to qualify, or excuſe
Thy Readineſs to ſerve this Woman's Luſt,
And wiſh thou couldſt give me ſuch Satisfaction,
As I might bury the Remembrance of it.
Look up: We ſtand attentive.
Paris. O, dread *Cæſar!*
To hope for Life, or plead in the Defence
Of my Ingratitude, were again to wrong you.
I know I have deſerv'd Death; and my Suit is
That you would haſten it; yet, that your Highneſs,
When I am dead (as ſure I will not live)
May pardon me, I'll only urge my Frailty,
Her Will, and the Temptation of that Beauty
Which you could not reſiſt. How could poor I then
Fly that which follow'd me, and *Cæſar* ſu'd for?
This is all.—And now your Sentence.
Cæſ. Which I know not
How to pronounce. O that thy Fault had been
But ſuch as I might pardon! if thou hadſt

In

In Wantonneſs (like *Nero*) fir'd proud *Rome*
Betray'd an Army, butcher'd the whole Senate;
Committed Sacrilege, or any Crime
The Juſtice of our *Roman* Laws calls Death,
I had prevented any Interceſſion,
And freely ſign'd thy Pardon.

Paris. But for this!
Alas! you cannot, nay, you muſt not, Sir;
Nor let it to Poſterity be recorded,
That *Cæſar*, unreveng'd, ſuffer'd a Wrong,
Which, if a private Man ſhould ſit down with it,
Cowards would baffle him.

Cæſ. With ſuch true Feeling
Thou argueſt againſt thyſelf, that it
Works more upon me, than if my *Minerva*
(The grand Protectreſs of my Life, and Empire,)
On forfeit of her Favour, cry'd aloud,
Cæſar, ſhow Mercy. And, I know not how,
I am inclin'd to it. Riſe.—I'll promiſe nothing;
Yet clear thy cloudy Fears, and cheriſh Hopes,
What we muſt do, we ſhall do: We remember
A Tragedy, we oft have ſeen with Pleaſure,
Call'd the *Falſe Servant*.

Paris. Such a one we have, Sir;
In which a great Lord takes to his Protection
A Man forlorn, giving him ample Power
To order and diſpoſe of his Eſtate
In his Abſence, he pretending then a Journey:
But yet with this Reſtraint that, on no Terms
(This Lord ſuſpecting his Wife's Conſtancy
She having play'd falſe to a former Huſband)
The Servant, though ſollicited, ſhould conſent,
Though ſhe commanded him to quench her Flames.
That was, indeed, the Argument.

Cæſ. And what
Didſt thou play in it?

Paris. The *Falſe Servant*, Sir.

Cæſ. Thou didſt, indeed. Do the Players wait without?

Paris.

Paris. They do, Sir, and prepar'd to act the Story
Your Majeſty mention'd.
Cæſ. Call 'em in. Who preſents
The injur'd Lord?

Enter Æſopus, Latinus, *a Boy dreſs'd for a Lady.*

Æſop. 'Tis my Part, Sir,
Cæſ. Thou didſt not
Do it to the Life: We can perform it better.
Off with my Robe, and Wreath; ſince *Nero* ſcorn'd not
The public Theatre, we in private may
Diſport ourſelves. This Cloak, and Hat, without
Wearing a Beard, or other Property,
Will fit the Perſon.
Æſop. Only, Sir, a Foil
The Point, and Edge rebutted, when you act,
To do the Murther. If you pleaſe to uſe this,
And lay aſide your own Sword.
Cæſ. By no means.
In Jeſt nor Earneſt this parts never from me.
We'll have but one ſhort Scene—That, where the Lady
In an imperious Way commands the Servant
To be unthankful to his Patron:—When
My Cue's to enter, prompt me:—Nay, begin,
And do it ſpritely; though but a new Actor,
When I come to Execution, you ſhall find
No Cauſe to laugh at me.
Latin. In the Name of Wonder
What's *Cæſar*'s Purpoſe?
Æſop. There is no contending
Cæſ. Why, when?——
Paris. I am arm'd;
And, ſtand grim Death now within my View, and his
Unevitable Dart aim'd at my Breaſt,
His cold Embraces ſhould not bring an Ague
To any of my Faculties, till his Pleaſures
Were ſerv'd, and ſatisfy'd; which done, *Neſtor*'s Years,
To me would be unwelcome.

Boy.

Boy. Muſt we intreat,
That were born to command? Or court a Servant
(That owes his Food and Cloathing to our Bounty)
For that, which thou ambitiouſly ſhouldſt kneel for?
Urge not, in thy Excuſe, the Favours of
Thy abſent Lord, or that thou ſtand'ſt engag'd
For thy Life to his Charity; nor thy Fears
Of what may follow, it being in my Power
To mould him any Way.

Paris. As you may me,
In what his Reputation is not wounded,
Nor I, his Creature, in my Thankfulneſs ſuffer.
I know you're young, and fair; be virtuous too,
And loyal to his Bed, that hath advanc'd you
To th' Height of Happineſs.

Boy. Can my Love-ſick Heart
Be cur'd with Counſel? Or durſt Reaſon ever
Offer to put in an exploded Plea
In the Court of *Venus*. My Deſires admit not
The leaſt Delay. And therefore inſtantly
Give me to underſtand what I ſhall truſt to.
For, if I am refus'd, and not enjoy
Thoſe raviſhing Pleaſures from thee I run mad for,
I'll ſwear unto my Lord at his Return,
(Making what I deliver good with Tears)
That brutiſhly thou wouldſt have forc'd from me
What I make Suit for. And then but imagine
What 'tis to die with theſe Words, Slave, and Traytor,
With burning Corroſives writ upon thy Forehead,
And live prepar'd for't.

Paris. This he will believe
Upon her Information, 'tis apparent;
And then I am nothing: And of two Extremes,
Wiſdom ſays, chuſe the leſs. [*Aſide.*
Rather then fall
Under your Indignation, I will yield.
—This Kiſs, and this confirms it.

Æſop. Now, Sir, now.

Cæſ. I muſt take them at it.

Æſop.

Æſop. Yes, Sir; be but perfect.

Cæſ. O Villain! thankleſs Villain!—I ſhould talk now;
But I've forgot my Part—But I can do,
Thus, thus, and thus. [*Kills* Paris.

Paris. Oh! I am ſlain in earneſt.

Cæſ. 'Tis true; and 'twas my Purpoſe, my good *Paris:*
And yet, before Life leave thee, let the Honour
I've done thee in thy Death bring Comfort to thee.
If it had been within the Power of *Cæſar*,
His Dignity preſerv'd, he had pardon'd thee.
But Cruelty of Honour did deny it.
Yet, to confirm I lov'd thee, 'twas my Study,
To make thy End more glorious, to diſtinguiſh
My *Paris* from all others, and in that
I've ſhown my Pity. Nor would I let thee fall
By a Centurion's Sword, or have thy Limbs
Rent Piece-meal by the Hangman's Hook, however;
Thy Crime deſerv'd it: But, as thou did live
Rome's braveſt Actor, 'twas my Plot that thou
Shouldſt die in Action, [7] and, to crown it, die
With an Applauſe enduring to all Times,
By our Imperial Hand. His Soul is freed
From the Priſon of his Fleſh, let it mount upward:
And for this Trunk when that the Funeral Pile
Hath made it Aſhes, we'll ſee it inclos'd
In a golden Urn. Poets adorn his Hearſe
With their moſt raviſhing Sorrows, and the Stage
For ever mourn him, and all ſuch as were
His glad Spectators weep his ſudden Death,
The Cauſe forgotten in his Epitaph.

[*Exeunt. A ſad Muſic, the Players bearing off* Paris's *Body,* Cæſar *and the reſt following.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

[7] ——— *'Twas my Plot that thou*
Should'ſt die in Action, &c.

The Emperor's Manner of killing *Paris* is a pretty Invention of the Poet's: As an innocent Perſon we are ſorry for his Death, yet conſidering the Nature of his Offence, and what an abſolute Tyrant he had to encounter with, we cannot but applaud the Action, though we lament his End.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Parthenius, Stephanos, *Guard.*

Parthen. KEEP a ſtrong Guard upon him, and admit not
Acceſs to any, to exchange a Word,
Or Syllable with him, till the Emperor pleaſes
To call him to his Preſence. The Relation
That you have made me, *Stephanos*, of theſe late
Strange Paſſions in *Cæſar*, much amaze me.
The Informer *Aretinus* put to Death
For yielding him a true Diſcovery
Of th' Empreſs' Wantonneſs; poor *Paris* kill'd firſt,
And now lamented; and the Princeſſes
Confin'd to ſeveral Iſlands, yet *Auguſta*,
The Machine on which all this Miſchief mov'd
Receiv'd again to Grace?

Steph. Nay, courted to it:
Such is the Impotence of his Affection!
Yet, to conceal his Weakneſs, he gives out
The People made Suit for her, whom they hate more
Then civil War, or Famine. But take heed,
My Lord, that, nor in your Conſent nor Wiſhes,
You lent or Furtherance, or Favour, to
The Plot contriv'd againſt her: Should ſhe prove it,
Nay, doubt it only, you are a loſt Man,
Her Power o'er doting *Cæſar* being now
Greater than ever.

Parthen. 'Tis a Truth I ſhake at;
And, when there's Opportunity.——

Steph. Say but do,
I am yours, and ſure.

Parthen. I'll ſtand one Trial more,
And then you ſhall hear from me.

Steph.

Steph. Now obſerve
The Fondneſs of this Tyrant, and her Pride.

Enter Cæſar *and* Domitia.

Cæſ. Nay, all's forgotten.
Domitia. It may be, on your Part.
Cæſ. Forgiven too, *Domitia.*—'Tis a Favour
That you ſhould welcom with more cheerful Looks.
Can *Cæſar* pardon what you durſt not hope for
That did the Injury, and yet muſt ſue
To her, whoſe Guilt is waſh'd off by his Mercy,
Only to entertain it?
Domitia. I aſk'd none,
And I ſhould be more wretched to receive
Remiſſion (for what I hold no Crime)
But by a bare Acknowledgment, than if
By ſlighting and contemning it, as now,
I dar'd thy utmoſt Fury. Though thy Flatterers
Perſuade thee, that thy Murthers, Luſts, and Rapes,
Are Virtues in thee, and what pleaſes *Cæſar*,
Though never ſo unjuſt, is right, and lawful;
Or work in thee a falſe Belief that thou
Art more than mortal, yet I to thy Teeth
(When circl'd with thy Guards, thy Rods, thy Axes,
And all the Enſigns of thy boaſted Power)
Will ſay, *Domitian*, nay, add to it, *Cæſar*
Is a weak feeble Man, a Bondman to
His violent Paſſions, and in that my Slave;
Nay, more my Slave, than my Affections made me
To my lov'd *Paris.*
Cæſ. Can I live and hear this?
Or hear and not revenge it? Come, you know
The Strength that you hold on me, do not uſe it
With too much Cruelty; for, though 'tis granted
That *Lydian Omphale* had leſs Command
O'er *Hercules*, than you uſurp o'er me,
Reaſon may teach me to ſhake off the Yoke
Of my fond Dotage.

Domitia.

Domitia. Never; do not hope it;
It cannot be. Thou being my Beauty's Captive,
And not to be redeem'd, my Empire's larger
Then thine, *Domitian*, which I'll exerciſe
With Rigour on thee, for my *Paris'* Death.
And, when I've forc'd thoſe Eyes, now red with Fury,
To drop down Tears, in vain ſpent to appeaſe me,
I know thy Fervour ſuch to my Embraces
(Which ſhall be, though ſtill kneel'd for, ſtill deny'd thee)
That thou with Languiſhment ſhalt wiſh my Actor
Did live again, ſo thou might'ſt be his ſecond
To feed upon thoſe Delicates, when he were ſated.

Cæſ. O my *Minerva!*

Domitia. There ſhe is, invoke her:
She cannot arm thee with Ability
To draw thy Sword on me, my Power being greater:
Or only ſay to thy Centurions
Dare none of you do what I ſhake to think on?
And in this Woman's Death remove the Furies
That ev'ry Hour afflict me? *Lamia*'s Wrongs
When thy Luſt forc'd me from him, are in me
At the Height reveng'd; nor would I outlive *Paris*;
But that thy Love increaſing with my Hate
May add unto thy Torments; ſo, with all
Contempt I can, I leave thee. [*Exit* Domitia.

Cæſar. I am loſt,
Nor am I *Cæſar:* When I firſt betray'd
The Freedom of my Faculties and Will
To this imperious Siren, I laid down
The Empire of the World, and of myſelf,
At her proud Feet. Sleep all my ireful Powers?
Or is the Magick of my Dotage ſuch,
That I muſt ſtill make Suit to hear thoſe Charms
That do increaſe my Thraldom? Wake, my Anger,
For Shame break through this Lethargy, and appear
With uſual Terror, and enable me
(Since I wear not a Sword to pierce her Heart,
Nor have a Tongue to ſay this, let her die)

Though

Though 'tis done with a Fever-ſhaken Hand,
[*Pulls out a Table Book.*
To ſign her Death: Aſſiſt me, great *Minerva*,
And vindicate thy Votary. So, ſhe's now
Among the Liſt of thoſe I have preſcrib'd,
And are, to free me of my Doubts, and Fears,
To die To-morrow. [*Writes.*

Steph. That ſame fatal Book
Was never drawn yet, but ſome Men of Rank
Were mark'd out for Deſtruction.

Parthen. I begin
To doubt myſelf.

Cæſ. Who waits there?

Parthen. Cæſar.

Cæſ. So.
Theſe, that command arm'd Troops, quake at my Frowns,
And yet a Woman ſlights 'em. Where's the Wizard
We charg'd you to fetch in?

Parthen. Ready to ſuffer
What Death you pleaſe t' appoint him.

Cæſ. Bring him in.

Enter Aſcletario, *Tribunes, Guard.*

We'll queſtion him ourſelf. Now you that hold
Intelligence with the Stars, and dare prefix
The Day and Hour in which we are to part
With Life and Empire, punctually foretelling
The Means, and Manner of our violent End,
As you would purchaſe Credit to your Art
Reſolve me, ſince you are aſſur'd of us,
What Fate attends yourſelf?

Aſclet. I've had, long ſince,
A certain Knowledge, and as ſure, as thou
Shall die To-morrow, being the fourteenth of
The Kalends of *October*, the Hour five
'Spite of Prevention, this Carcaſs ſhall be
Torn and devour'd by Dogs, and let that ſtand
For a firm Prediction.

Cæſ. May our Body, Wretch,
Find never nobler Sepulcher if this
Fall ever on thee. Are we the great Diſpoſer
Of Life, and Death, yet cannot mock the Stars
In ſuch a Trifle? Hence with the Impoſtor,
And having cut his Throat, erect a Pile
Guarded with Soldiers, 'till his curſed Trunk
Be turn'd to Aſhes; upon forfeit of
Your Life, and theirs, perform it.

Aſclet. 'Tis in vain;
When what I have foretold is made apparent,
Tremble to think what follows.

Cæſ. Drag him hence,
And do as I command you.

[*The Guard bear off* Aſcletario.

I was never
Fuller of Confidence, for, having got
The Victory of my Paſſions, in my Freedom
From proud *Domitia* (who ſhall ceaſe to live
Since ſhe diſdains to love) I reſt unmov'd;
And, in Defiance of prodigious Meteors,
Chaldeans vain Predictions, jealous Fears
Of my near Friends, and Freemen, certain Hate
Of Kindred, and Alliance, or all Terrors
The Soldiers doubted Faith, or People's Rage
Can bring to ſhake my Conſtancy, I'm arm'd.
That ſcrupulous Thing ſtil'd Conſcience is ſear'd up,
And I inſenſible of all my Actions,
For which by moral and religious Fools
I ſtand condemn'd, as they had never been;
And, ſince I have ſubdu'd triumphant Love
I will not deify pale captive Fear,
Nor in a Thought receive it. For, till thou,
Wiſeſt *Minerva*, that from my firſt Youth
Haſt been my ſole Protectreſs, doſt forſake me,
Not *Junius Ruſticus'* threatned Apparition,
Nor what this Soothſayer but ev'n now foretold,
(Being Things impoſſible to human Reaſon)

Shall

Shall in a Dream disturb me. Bring my Couch there:
[*Enter with Couch.*
A sudden but a secure Drowsiness
Invites me to repose myself. Let Music
With some choice Ditty second it. In the mean Time,
Rest there dear Book, which open'd, when I wake,
[*Lays the Book under his Pillow. The Music and Song.* Cæsar *sleeps.*
Shall make some sleep for ever.

Enter Parthenius *and* Domitia.

Domitia. Write my Name
In his bloody Scroll, *Parthenius?* The Fear's idle
—He durst not, could not.
Parthen. I can assure nothing;
But I observ'd, when you departed from him
After some little Passion, but much Fury,
He drew it out: Whose Death he sign'd, I know not;
But in his Looks appear'd a Resolution
Of what before he stagger'd at. What he hath
Determin'd of is uncertain, but too soon
Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,
His Pleasure known to the Tribunes, and Centurions,
Who never use to enquire his Will but serve it.
Now if, out of the Confidence of your Power,
(The bloody Catalogue being still about him)
As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,
You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer,
Or how to cross it.
Domitia. I would not be caught
With too much Confidence. By your Leave, Sir. Ha!
No Motion! you lie uneasy, Sir,
Let me mend your Pillow.
Parthen. Have you it?
Domitia. 'Tis here.
Cæs. Oh!
Parthen. You have wak'd him: Softly, gracious Madam,
While we are unknown, and then consult at Leisure.
[*Exeunt* Parthenius, *and* Domitia.

A dreadful Music sounding, Enter Junius Rusticus, *and* Palphurius Sura, *with bloody Swords, they wave them over his Head.* Cæsar *in his Sleep troubled, seems to pray to the Image; they scornfully take it away.*

Cæs. Defend me, Goddess, or this horrid Dream[3]
Will force me to Distraction. Whether have
These Furies borne thee? Let me rise, and follow!
I am bath'd o'er with the cold Sweat of Death,
And am depriv'd of Organs to pursue
These sacrilegious Spirits. Am I at once
Rob'd of my Hopes, and Being? No, I live—
[*Rises distractedly.*
Yes, live, and have Discourse, to know myself
Of Gods, and Men forsaken. What Accuser
Within me cries aloud, I have deserv'd it,
In being just to neither? Who dares speak this?
Am I not *Cæsar*?—How! again repeat it?
Presumptuous Traytor! thou shalt die;—what Traytor?
He that hath been a Traytor to himself
And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit
A competent Judge o'er *Cæsar? Cæsar.* Yes,
Cæsar by *Cæsar*'s sentenc'd, and must suffer;
Minerva cannot save him.—Ha! where is she?
Where is my Goddess? Vanish'd! I am lost then.
No; 'twas no Dream, but a most real Truth,
That *Junius Rusticus*, and *Palphurius Sura*,
Although their Ashes were cast in the Sea,
Whereby their Innocence made up again,
And in corporeal Forms but now appear'd,
Waving their bloody Swords above my Head,
As at their Deaths they threatned. And, methought,
Minerva, ravish'd hence, whisper'd that she

[3] *Defend me Goddess, or this horrid Dream*
Will force me to Distraction, &c.

There is a great Likeness between this Speech of *Cæsar*'s and that of King *Richard* the IIId, after the Ghosts vanish: As it is pretty long I shall not set it down here, but refer the Reader to the fifth Act of that Play, Scene the 7th, where he will find it at large.

Was

Was for my Blaſphemies diſarm'd by *Jove*
And could no more protect me. Yes 'twas ſo,
His Thunder does confirm it, againſt which,
[*Thunder and Lightning.*
Howe'er it ſpare the Laurel, this proud Wreath
Is no Aſſurance. Ha! come you reſolv'd
To be my Executioners?

Enter three Tribunes.

1 *Trib.* Allegiance
And Faith forbid that we ſhould lift an Arm
Againſt your ſacred Head.
2 *Trib.* We rather ſue
For Mercy.
3 *Trib.* And acknowledge that in Juſtice
Our Lives are forfeited, for not performing
What *Cæſar* charged us.
1 *Trib.* Nor did we tranſgreſs it
In our Want of Will, or Care; for, being but Men,
It could not be in us to make Reſiſtance,
The Gods fighting againſt us.
Cæſ. Speak, in what
Did they expreſs their Anger? We will hear it,
But dare not ſay undaunted.
1 *Trib.* In brief thus, Sir!
The Sentence, given by your imperial Tongue
For the Aſtrologer *Aſcletario*'s Death,
With Speed was put into Execution.
Cæſ. Well.
1 *Trib.* For his Throat cut, his Legs bound, and his Arms
Pinn'd behind his Back, the breathleſs Trunk,
Was with all Scorn dragg'd to the Field of *Mars*
And there, a Pile being rais'd of old dry Wood,
Smeer'd o'er with Oil, and Brimſtone, or what elſe
Could help to feed, or to increaſe the Fire,
The Carcaſs was thrown on it; but no ſooner
The Stuff, that was moſt apt, began to flame;
But ſuddenly, to the Amazement of

The fearleſs Soldier, a ſudden Flaſh
Of Lightning, breaking through the ſcatter'd Clouds,
With ſuch a horrid Violence forc'd its Paſſage;
And, as diſdaining all Heat but itſelf,
In a Moment quench'd the artificial Fire;
And, before we could kindle it again,
A Clap of Thunder follow'd with ſuch Noiſe,
As if then *Jove*, incens'd againſt Mankind,
Had in his ſecret Purpoſes determin'd
An univerſal Ruin to the World.
This Horror paſt, not at *Deucalion*'s Flood
Such a ſtormy Show'r of Rain (and yet that Word is
Too narrow to expreſs it) was e'er ſeen.
Imagine rather, Sir, that with leſs Fury
The Waves ruſh down the Cataracts of *Nile*;
Or that the Sea, ſpouted into the Air
By the angry *Orc*, endangering tall Ships
But ſailing near it, ſo falls down again.
Yet here the Wonder ends not, but begins:
For, as in vain we labour'd to conſume
The Wizard's Body, all the Dogs of *Rome*
Howling, and Yelling like to famiſh'd Wolves,
Brake in upon us; and, though Thouſands were
Kill'd in th' Attempt, ſome did aſcend the Pile,
And with their eager Fangs ſeiz'd on the Carcaſe.

Cæſ. But have they torn it?

1. *Trib.* Torn it, and devour'd it.

Cæſ. I, then, am a dead Man, ſince all Predictions
Aſſure me I am loſt. O, my lov'd Soldiers,
Your Emperor muſt leave you: yet, however
I cannot grant myſelf a ſhort Reprieve,
I freely pardon you.—The fatal Hour
Steals faſt upon me. I muſt die this Morning;
By five, my Soldiers, that's the lateſt Hour
You e'er muſt ſee me living.

1. *Trib.* *Jove* avert it!
In our Swords lies your Fate, and we will guard it.

Cæſ. O no, it cannot be; it is decreed
Above, and by no Strength here to be alter'd.

Let

Let proud Mortality but look on *Cæsar*,
Compass'd of late with Armies, in his Eyes
Carrying both Life and Death, and in his Arms
Fathoming the Earth; that would be stil'd a God,——
And is, for that Presumption, cast beneath
The low Condition of a common Man,
Sinking with mine own Weight.
1. *Trib.* Do not forsake
Yourself, we'll never leave you.
2. *Trib.* We'll draw up
More Cohorts of your Guard, if you doubt Treason.
Cæs. They cannot save me. The offended Gods,
That now sit Judges on me, from their Envy
Of my Power and Greatness here, conspire against me.
1. *Trib.* Endeavour to appease them.
Cæs. 'Twill be fruitless:
I'm past Hope of Remission.—Yet, could I
Decline this dreadful Hour of Five, these Terrors,
That drive me to Despair, would soon fly from me:
And could you but till then assure me——
1. *Trib.* Yes, Sir,
Or we'll fall with you, and make *Rome* the Urn
In which we'll mix our Ashes.
Cæs. 'Tis said nobly,
I'm something comforted.—Howe'er, to die
Is the full Period of Calamity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Parthenius, Domitia, Julia, Cænis, Domitilla, Stephanos, Sijeius, Entellus.

Parthen. You see we're all condemn'd; there's no Evasion;
We must do, or suffer.
Steph. But it must be sudden;
The least Delay is mortal.
Domitia. Would I were
A Man to give it Action.

Domitilla. Could I make my Approaches, though my Stature
Does promiſe little, I have a Spirit as daring
As hers that can reach higher.

Steph. I will take
That Burthen from you, Madam. All the Art is,
To draw him from the Tribunes that attend him;
For, could you bring him but within my Sword's Reach,
The World ſhould owe her Freedom from a Tyrant
To *Stephanos.*

Sijetus. You ſhall not ſhare alone
The Glory of a Deed that will endure
To all Poſterity.

Entel. I will put in
For a Part myſelf.

Parthen. Be reſolute, and ſtand cloſe.
I have conceiv'd a Way, and with the Hazard
Of my Life I'll practiſe it to fetch him hither.
—But then no trifling.

Steph. We'll diſpatch him, fear not:
A dead Dog never bites.

Parthen. Thus then at all. [Parthenius *goes off; the reſt ſtand aſide.*

Enter Cæſar *and the Tribunes.*

Cæſ. How ſlow-pac'd are theſe Minutes! in Extremes,[9]
How miſerable is the leaſt Delay!
Could I imp Feathers to the Wings of Time,
Or with as little Eaſe command the Sun
To ſcourge his Courſers up Heav'n's Eaſtern Hill,
Making the Hour, I tremble at, paſt recalling,

[9] *How ſlow-pac'd are theſe Minutes! in Extremes,*
How miſerable is the leaſt Delay, &c.

This moſt beautiful Paſſage breathes with the Soul of *Shakeſpear.* On my firſt reading it, I concluded that *Maſſinger* had copied it from him: But, to my infinite Pleaſure, I could not with all my Diligence find any Trace of a Similitude.

As

As I can move this Dial's Tongue to Six,
My Veins and Arteries emptied with Fear,
Would fill and ſwell again. How do I look?
Do you yet ſee Death about me?

1. *Trib.* Think not of him;
There is no Danger: All theſe Prodigies
That do affright you, riſe from Natural Cauſes;
And, though you do aſcribe them to yourſelf,
Had you ne'er been, had happen'd.

Cæſ. 'Tis well ſaid,
Exceeding well, brave Soldier. Can it be
That I, that feel myſelf in Health and Strength,
Should ſtill believe I am ſo near my End,
And have my Guards about me?—Periſh all
Predictions; I grow conſtant they are falſe,
And built upon Uncertainties.

1. *Trib.* This is right,
Now *Cæſar*'s hard like *Cæſar*.

Cæſ. We will to
The Camp, and having there confirm'd the Soldier
With a large Donative, and Increaſe of Pay
Some ſhall—I ſay no more.

Enter Parthenius.

Parthen. All Happineſs
Security, long Life, attend upon
The Monarch of the World.

Cæſ. Thy Looks are chearful.

Parthen. And my Relation full of Joy and Wonder.
Why is the Care of your Imperial Body,
My Lord, neglected, the fear'd Hour being paſt
In which your Life was threaten'd?

Cæſ. Is't paſt Five?

Parthen. Paſt Six, upon my Knowledge, and in Juſtice
Your Clock-maſter ſhould die that hath defer'd
Your Peace ſo long. There is a Poſt new 'lighted
That brings aſſur'd Intelligence, that your Legions
In *Syria* have won a Glorious Day,
And much enlarg'd your Empire. I have kept him

Conceal'd

Conceal'd, that you might first partake the Pleasure
In private, and the Senate from yourself
Be taught to understand how much they owe
To you, and to your Fortune.

Cæs. Hence, pale Fear, then:
Lead me, *Parthenius.*

1. *Trib.* Shall we wait you?

Cæs. No.
After Losses, Guards are useful.—Know your Distance.
[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and* Parthenius.

2. *Trib.* How strangely Hopes delude Men! as I live,
The Hour is not yet come.

1. *Trib.* Howe'er we are
To pay our Duties, and observe the Sequel.
[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Cæsar *and* Parthenius.

Domitia. I hear him coming.—Be constant.

Cæs. Where, *Parthenius*, is this glad Messenger?

Steph. Make the Door fast. — Here, a Messenger of Horror!

Cæs. How! betray'd?

Domitia. No, taken, Tyrant.

Cæs. My *Domitia* in the Conspiracy?

Parthen. Behold this Book.

Cæs. Nay, then I am lost.—Yet, tho' I am unarm'd,
I'll not fall poorly. [*O'erthrows* Stephanos.

Steph. Help me!

Entel. Thus, and thus. [*Stabs* Cæsar.

Sije. Are you so long a falling?

Cæs. 'Tis done—'tis done basely. [*Falls, and dies.*

Parthen. This for my Father's Death.

Domitia. This for my *Paris.*

Julia. This for thy Incest. [*They severally*

Domitilla. This for thy Abuse of *Domitilla.* *stab him.*

Enter Tribunes.

1. *Trib.* Force the Doors.—O *Mars!*
What have you done? *Parthen.*

Parthen. What *Rome* ſhall give us Thanks for.
Steph. Diſpatch'd a Monſter.
1. *Trib.* Yet he was our Prince,
However wicked, and, in you, this Murther,
Which whoſoe'er ſucceeds him will revenge:
Nor will we, that ſerv'd under his Command,
Conſent that ſuch a Monſter as thyſelf,
(For in thy Wickedneſs, *Auguſta*'s Title
Hath quite forſook thee) thou that wert the Ground
Of all theſe Miſchiefs, ſhall go hence unpuniſh'd.
Lay Hands on her, and drag her to Sentence:
We will refer the Hearing to the Senate,
Who may at their beſt Leiſure cenſure you.
Take up his Body: He in Death hath paid
For all his Cruelties. Here's the Difference:
Good Kings are mourn'd for after Life; but ill,
And ſuch as govern'd only by their Will,
And not their Reaſon, Unlamented fall:
No Good-man's Tear ſhed at their Funeral.
Flouriſh. *Exeunt omnes.*

END of the FIRST VOL.